The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche 4

Human, All Too Human II

and Unpublished Fragments
from the Period of *Human, All Too Human II*
(Spring 1878–Fall 1879)

Translated, with an Afterword, by Gary Handwerk

Friedrich Nietzsche

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A Note on This Edition

This is the first English translation of all of Nietzsche's writings, including his unpublished fragments, with annotation, afterwords concerning the individual texts, and indexes, in nineteen volumes. The aim of this collaborative work is to produce a critical edition for scholarly use. Volume 1 also includes an introduction to the entire edition, and Volume 19 will include a detailed chronology of Nietzsche's life. While the goal is to establish a readable text in contemporary English, the translation follows the original as closely as possible. All texts have been translated anew by a group of scholars, and particular attention has been given to maintaining a consistent terminology throughout the volumes. The translation is based on *Friedrich Nietzsche: Sämtliche Werke. Kritische Studienausgabe in 15 Bänden* (1980), edited by Giorgio Colli and Mazzino Montinari. The still-progressing *Nietzsche Werke: Kritische Gesamtausgabe,* which Colli and Montinari began in 1963, has also been consulted, and significant editorial notes that are not to be found in the *KSA* have been taken from this edition. The Colli-Montinari edition is of particular importance for the unpublished fragments, comprising more than half of Nietzsche's writings and published there for the first time in their entirety. Besides listing textual variants, the annotation to this English edition provides succinct information on the text and identifies events, names (except those in the Index of Persons), titles, quotes, and biographical facts of Nietzsche's

own life. The notes are numbered in the text and are keyed by phrase. The Afterword presents the main facts about the origin of the text, the stages of its composition, and the main events of its reception. The Index of Persons includes mythological figures and lists the dates of birth and death as well as prominent personal characteristics. Since the first three volumes have appeared, important corrections to the 1980 edition of the *Kritische Studienausgabe* have been noted, and these corrections have been incorporated into the translation that appears here.

ERNST BEHLER AND ALAN D. SCHRIFT

Human, All Too Human II

Preface[1]

1

One should speak only where one is not permitted to keep silent; and speak only of what one has *overcome*—everything else is chatter, "literature," lack of breeding. My writings speak *only* of my overcomings: "I" am in them along with everything that was inimical to me, *ego ipsissimus*,[2] in fact, if a prouder expression is allowed, *ego ipsissi*mum.[3] One can guess: I already have a great deal—*beneath* me[4] . . . But it has always first required the time, the convalescence, the remoteness, the distance,[5] until the desire moved within me to skin, to exploit, to expose, "to represent" (or whatever one wants to call it) retrospectively for knowledge something that had been experienced and survived, any sort of fact or fate. To that extent, all my writings, with one single, yet essential exception, should be *backdated*—they always speak of something "behind-me"—: some of them, such as the first three *Unfashionable Observations*, even back beyond the time of emergence and experience of a previously published book (the *Birth of Tragedy* in this case: as ought not to remain concealed from a subtler observer and comparer). That angry outburst against the Germanomania, self-contentment and linguistic raggedness[6] of the aged David Strauss, the content of the first *Unfashionable*, gave vent to feelings that I had had long ago as a student, when I sat amid German cultivation and cultivated

Philistinism (I lay claim to the paternity of the now much-used and misused term, "cultivated Philistine"[7] —); and what I have said against the "historical sickness," I said as someone who has slowly, laboriously learned how to cure himself from it and who was not at all willing henceforth to renounce "history" because he had once suffered from it. As I then, in the third *Unfashionable Observation*, brought to expression my respect for my first and only educator, for the *great* Arthur Schopenhauer—I would now express it even more strongly, also more personally—I was, for my own part, already into the midst of moral skepticism and dissolution, *that is to say, just as much into the critique as into the deepening of all previous pessimism*—and already believed "in nothing any more," as the people say, and not in Schopenhauer either: at precisely that time there emerged a piece of writing that was kept secret, "On Truth and Lie in an Extra-Moral Sense." Even my triumphal and festal oration in honor of Richard Wagner, on the occasion of his Bayreuth festival triumph of 1876—Bayreuth signifies the greatest triumph that an artist has ever attained—a work that bears the strongest[8] *appearance* of "actuality," was in its background an expression of homage and gratitude toward a piece of my past, toward the most beautiful, also the most dangerous[9] calmness of my sea-voyage[10] . . . and actually a setting loose,[11] a taking leave.[12] (Did Richard Wagner perhaps deceive himself about this? I do not believe so. As long as we still love, we certainly do not paint any such pictures; we do not yet "observe," we do not place ourselves in that way at a distance, as an observer must do. "Even observation demands a mysterious *antagonism*, an antagonism of looking things in the face"—it says on page 291[13] of the aforementioned text itself, with a revealing and melancholy[14] turn of phrase, which was[15] perhaps only for a few ears.) The composure of *being able* to speak across long intervening years of the most inward solitude and renunciation first came to me with the book *Human, All Too Human*, to which this second for- and foreword shall be dedicated,

too.[16] Upon it, as a book "for free spirits," lies something of the almost cheerful and inquisitive coldness of the psychologist, who retrospectively confirms for himself a multitude of painful things that he has[17] *beneath* him, *behind* him, and *fixes*[18] them fast with the point of a needle, as it were:—is it any wonder if, with such sharp and ticklish work, some blood occasionally flows, too, if the psychologist doing it has blood on his fingers and not always only—on his fingers? . . .

2

The *Mixed Opinions and Maxims* were, like *The Wanderer and His Shadow*, first published *individually* as continuations and appendices of that just-mentioned human, all too human "book for free spirits": at the same time[19] a continuation and doubling of a spiritual cure, namely the *anti-romantic* self-treatment that my instinct, which had remained healthy, had itself discovered, itself prescribed for me against a temporary sickness from the most dangerous form of Romanticism.[20] May it now be acceptable, after six years of convalescence, for the same texts to be *united* as the second volume of *Human, All Too Human*: considered together, they perhaps teach their lessons more strongly and more clearly—a *lesson of health*, which may be recommended to the more spiritual natures of the race just now arising for their *disciplina voluntatis*.[21] From them, there speaks a pessimist who has often enough gone forth from his own skin, but always returned inside it once again, a pessimist, therefore, with good will *toward* pessimism—thus in any case no longer a Romantic: what? should a spirit who understands the serpent's cleverness *in changing its skin*[22] not be permitted to give a lecture to the pessimists of today, who are all still in danger from Romanticism? And to show them[23] at least how one—*does* it? . . .

3

—It was in fact high time then *to take leave*: I immediately received proof of this. Richard Wagner, seemingly the most

triumphant, but in truth a decaying, despairing Romantic, suddenly sank down, helpless and shattered, before the Christian cross . . . Did no German have eyes in his head or sympathy in his conscience at that time for this terrifying spectacle? Was I the *only* one who—suffered from it? Enough, this unexpected event, like a flash of lightning, gave me clarity about the place that I had forsaken—and also the belated terror felt by everyone who has passed through a colossal danger unaware. As I alone went farther, I was trembling; not long afterward, and I was sick, more than sick, that is, weary from the ceaseless disillusionment about everything that remained for the inspiration of us modern human beings, at the energy, labor, hope, youthfulness, love everywhere being *wasted*; weary from disgust at the feministic and dreamily dissolute quality of this Romanticism, at all of the idealistic deceitfulness and softening up of conscience that had here, once again, carried off the victory over one of the most courageous ones; weary finally, and not least, from the sorrow of a relentless suspicion—that I, after this disillusionment, was condemned to mistrust more deeply, to despise more deeply, to be more deeply alone, than ever before. My *task*—where had it gone? What? did it not now seem as if my task was drawing away from me, as if for a long time now[24] I would have no right to it? What was to be done in order to endure *this* greatest renunciation?—I began by thoroughly and fundamentally *forbidding* myself all Romantic music, this ambiguous, swaggering, oppressive art that destroys the spirit's severity and mirth and makes every sort of vague desire and fungal covetousness proliferate. "*Cave musicam*"[25] is, even today, still my advice to everyone who is man enough to maintain cleanliness in matters of the spirit; such music enervates, softens, feminizes, its "eternal feminine" draws *us*—downward! . . . At that time, my first suspicion, my proximate caution turned *against* Romantic music; and if I still hoped for anything at all from music, it was in the expectation that there might appear a musician, bold, subtle, mischievous,

southerly, overly healthy enough *to take revenge* upon that music in an immortal way.

4

Solitary henceforth and badly mistrustful of myself, I took sides in this way,[26] not without anger, *against* myself and *for* everything that caused *me* pain and was difficult: —so I found the way once again to the courageous pessimism that is the opposite of all Romantic deceitfulness and also, as it now seems to me, the way to "myself," to *my* task. That concealed and dictatorial something for which for a long time we have no name, until it finally reveals itself as our *task*—this tyrant in us takes a terrible[27] revenge for every attempt that we make to evade or to escape it, for every premature determination, for every time we set ourselves equal to those to whom we do not belong, for every activity, however estimable, if it diverts us from our primary matter, indeed, even for every virtue that would like to protect us against the harshness of our most personal responsibility. Sickness, every time, is the answer when we wish to doubt our right to *our* task—when we begin to make things easier for ourselves in any way whatsoever. Strange and frightening at the same time! Our *alleviations* are what we must pay for most harshly! And if we wish to get back to health, there remains only one choice for us: we must burden ourselves *more heavily* than we have ever been burdened before . . .

5

It was at that time that I first[28] learned the hermit's way of speaking, which only the most silent and most suffering people understand: I spoke without witnesses, or rather, indifferent toward witnesses, in order not to suffer from silence; I spoke only of things that meant nothing to me, but as if they did mean something to me. It was at that time that I learned the art of *presenting* myself as if cheerful, objective, inquisitive, above all, healthy and malicious—and for a sick person, isn't this, as it seems to me, his "good taste"?[29] What perhaps

constituted the attractiveness of these writings will nonetheless not escape a subtler eye and sympathy — that a sufferer and a renouncer speaks here as if he were *not* a sufferer and a renouncer. Here balance, composure, even gratitude toward life *shall* be upheld; here rules a strict, proud, constantly vigilant, constantly sensitive will, which has set itself the task of defending life *against* pain and breaking down all of the inferences that tend to grow like poisonous fungus out of pain, disillusionment, annoyance, isolation and other swampy ground. Does this perhaps give, precisely to our pessimists,[30] a hint for their self-examination? — for it was at that time that I extracted for myself the proposition: "a sufferer does not *yet* have *any right* to pessimism!", it was at that time that I waged a wearyingly patient campaign with myself against the unscientific basic tendency of every Romantic pessimism to puff up and to interpret[31] individual personal experiences into general judgments, indeed, into world-condemnation[32] . . . in short, it was at that time that I turned my gaze *around*. Optimism, for the purpose of recovery, in order at some time to *be permitted* to be a pessimist once again — do you understand that? Just as a doctor puts his sick patient into totally alien surroundings, so that he will be removed from his entire "up to now," his cares, friends, letters, duties, stupidities and the martyrdom of memories, and learn to stretch his hands and senses toward new nourishment, a new sun, a new future, so I forced myself, as doctor and patient in a single person, into a reversed, untested *climate of the soul*, and especially into a diverting wandering abroad, into the unknown, toward a curiosity about every sort of strangeness . . . A long period of moving about, seeking, changing followed from this, an aversion toward everything settled, toward every blunt affirmation and denial; likewise a dietetic and discipline that wanted to make it as easy as possible for the spirit to run far, to fly high, above all, to fly away again and again. Actually a minimum of living, an unchaining from all coarser desires, an independence amid every sort of external misfortune, together with the pride in

being able to live under this misfortune; a bit of cynicism, perhaps, a bit of "the tub,"[33] but just as certainly a lot of[34] cricket-happiness, cricket-cheerfulness, a lot of quiet, light, subtler foolishness, hidden enthusiasm—all of this ultimately resulted in a great spiritual strengthening, an increasing pleasure and abundance of health. Life itself *rewards* us for our stubborn will to life, for a long war such as I waged at that time against the pessimism of weariness with life, indeed, for every attentive glance of our gratitude in not allowing the smallest, gentlest, most fleeting gift of life to escape. We eventually receive in return for this its *great* gift, perhaps even the greatest one that it is capable of giving—we receive *our task* back once again. ——

6

—Should my experience—the history of a sickness and recovery, for it did lead to a recovery—have been only my personal experience? And really only *my* "human, all too humanness"? I would like today to believe the opposite; the confidence comes to me again and again that my wanderer's books were not designed only for me, as sometimes appeared to be the case—. Do I now dare, after six years of increasing confidence, to send them anew on the experiment of a voyage? Do I dare to lay them especially on the heart and ear of those who are burdened with any sort of "past" and have spirit enough left over to suffer, too, from the *spirit*[35] of their past? Above all, however, you[36] who have it the worst, you rare ones, most endangered ones, most spirited ones, most courageous ones, you who must be the *conscience* of the modern soul and as such must have its *knowledge*, in whom all of the existing sickness, poison and danger comes together—whose fate wants you to have to be sicker than any individual can be, because you are not "*only*[37] individuals" . . . whose comfort it is to know and to go the way of a *new* healthiness, ah! a healthiness of tomorrow and the day after tomorrow, you predestined ones, you triumphant ones, you overcomers of time, you healthiest ones, you strongest ones, you *good Europeans*! ——

7

—Let me finally bring into a formula my opposition to *Romantic pessimism*, that is, to the pessimism of those who renounce, have experienced misfortune, have been overcome: there is a will to the tragic and to pessimism that is as much the sign of severity as of strength of intellect (of taste, feeling, conscience). With this will in our breast, we do not fear the frightening and questionable aspect characteristic of all existence; we even seek it out. Behind such a will there stands courage, pride, the longing for a *great* enemy.—This has been *my* pessimistic perspective from the start—a new perspective, it seems to me? one that today, too, is still new and strange? Even to this moment I hold fast to it and, if you are willing to believe me, just as much for myself as, occasionally at least, *against* myself . . . You just want to see this proven? But what else would, with this long preface, have been—proven?[38]

Sils-Maria, OBERENGADIN,
IN SEPTEMBER 1886

Part One

Mixed Opinions and Maxims

1[1]

To those disillusioned with philosophy. — Even if you[2] previously believed that life had the highest value and now see yourselves disillusioned, do you really have to sell it off right away[3] at the lowest price?

2

Spoiled. — We can become spoiled even with regard to the clarity of concepts: how disgusting it then becomes to deal with things that are only partially clear, hazy, striving, intimated! How ridiculous and yet unamusing to see them eternally fluttering and straining, without being able to fly or to grasp![4]

3[5]

The suitors of reality. — Anyone who finally notices how long and how fully he has been fooled will defiantly embrace even the most hideous reality: so that, considering the ways of the world as a whole, it has at all times been the very best suitors who have fallen prey to this — for it has always been the best who have been the best and longest deceived.

4[6]

Progress of free-spiritedness. — There is no better way to make clear the difference between past and present free-spiritedness

than by recalling the phrase that it took the entire fearlessness of the preceding century to recognize and to express, and that nonetheless, when measured by our present insight, subsides into an involuntary naïveté — I mean the saying of Voltaire's: "*croyez-moi, mon ami, l'erreur aussi a son mérite.*"[7]

5[8]

An original sin of philosophers. — Philosophers have at all times adopted the principles of humanity's examiners (moralists) and have *ruined* them by taking them in absolute terms and by wanting to prove as necessary what the latter had meant only as approximate indications or simply[9] as the established national or civic truth for a single decade — while believing that they thereby raised themselves above those truths. Thus we find popular wisdom, laid down by moralists, as the foundation of the famous doctrines of Schopenhauer concerning the primacy of the will over the intellect, the unalterability of character, the negativity of pleasure — all of which are, in the way he understands them, errors. The very word "will," which Schopenhauer transformed into the common designation for a variety of human circumstances and placed within a gap in language, was a great advantage for him, too, insofar as he was a moralist — because it now stood open to him to speak of the "will" as Pascal had spoken of it — in the hands of its inventor, the "will" of Schopenhauer has turned out to be a disaster for science, due to the philosophers' rage for generalization: for this will is made into a poetic metaphor if it is asserted that all things in nature have wills; and it has in the end been misused and made into a false objectification for the purposes of all sorts of mystical nonsense — and every fashionable philosopher repeats it and seems to know for certain that all things have a will, indeed, that this is a single will (which, according to the picture[10] that they make of this all-one will, is the same as if they wanted to take the *stupid devil* as their god).[11]

6

Against visionaries. — The visionary denies the truth to himself, the liar only to others.

7

Hostility to light. — If we make clear to someone that he could, in the strictest sense, never speak of the truth, but instead only of probability in its various degrees, we generally discover from the unconcealed joy of one so instructed how much people prefer uncertainty in their spiritual horizon and how in the depths of their souls they *hate* the truth because of its certainty. — Is this because they are all secretly afraid that some day the light of truth might fall too brightly upon them? They want to mean something, hence no one ought to know exactly what they *are*? Or is this merely an aversion toward a light that is all too bright, to which their twilight, easily dazzled bat-souls are not accustomed, so that they must hate it?

8

The skepticism of Christians. — Pilate, with his question: what is truth!,[12] is readily introduced now as an advocate for Christ in order to foster the suspicion that everything known and knowable is mere appearance and to raise the cross against the terrifying background of our inability to know.

9

"Law of nature" a superstitious phrase. — When you speak with such rapture of how nature conforms to certain laws, you must either assume that all natural things follow its laws out of freely self-subordinating obedience — in which case you therefore admire the morality of nature — or you are enraptured by the idea of a creative mechanic who has made the most artistic of watches, with living beings decorating it. — Using the expression "conforming to laws" makes the necessity in nature

more human and turns it into a final refuge for mythological dreaming.

10

Fallen to history. — The veil-making philosophers[13] and world-obscurers, that is, all metaphysicians of finer and coarser grain, are afflicted by eye-, ear- and toothaches when they begin to suspect that there may be something right about the proposition: all of philosophy has henceforth fallen to history. They should be forgiven on account of their *pain* for throwing stones and filth at anyone who says this: yet the doctrine itself can thereby be made dirty and unattractive for a time and lose some of its effectiveness.[14]

11[15]

The pessimist of the intellect. — Anyone who is truly free in spirit will think freely even about spirit itself and not conceal from himself certain dreadful facts about its source and direction. Hence others may describe him as the bitterest opponent of free-spiritedness and impose upon him the abusive and frightening label, "pessimist of the intellect": accustomed as they are to call someone not by his distinguishing strength and virtue, but by whatever about him is most alien to them.

12

Metaphysicians' knapsack. — We should not even respond to all those who brag about how scientific their metaphysics are; it suffices to tug at the bundle that they hold rather timidly concealed behind their backs; if we do manage to open it, the results of such scientificity come to light, much to their embarrassment: a cute little Lord God, a pleasing immortality, perhaps a bit of spiritism, and in any case, a completely tangled heap of poor sinners' misery and Pharisees' pride.

13

Occasional harmfulness of knowledge. — The utility that comes along with the unconditional investigation of truth is demonstrated continually, hundreds of times over, so that we must resolutely[16] come to terms with the more subtle and less frequent harm that individuals have to suffer for its sake. We cannot prevent chemists from occasionally getting poisoned or burned during their experiments. — What holds true for chemists holds true for our collective culture: from which it clearly follows, by the way, how careful it should be to provide healing ointments for burns and to make antidotes for poisons readily available.

14

Philistines' necessity. — The philistine thinks that what he needs the most from metaphysics are some rags of purple or a turban, and absolutely refuses to let them slip off: and yet we would find him less ridiculous without this finery.

15

The enthusiasts. — With everything that enthusiasts say in favor of their gospel or their master, they are defending themselves, however much they may behave like judges (and not like the accused), because they are involuntarily and almost constantly reminded that they are exceptions who must legitimate themselves.[17]

16

Good things seduce us to life. — All good things are strong stimulants to life, even all of those good books that have been written against life.[18]

17[19]

Happiness of the historian. — "When we hear the hair-splitting metaphysicians and hinterworlders[20] speaking, we

others admittedly feel that we are the 'poor in spirit,'[21] but also that ours is the heavenly kingdom of change, with spring and fall, winter and summer, and theirs the hinterworld with its gray, frosty, eternal fogs and shadows." — Thus someone[22] said to himself during a walk in the morning sunshine: someone in whom not only the spirit, but also the heart, is forever being newly transformed[23] by history and who, in contrast to the metaphysicians, is happy to shelter within himself not[24] "*one* immortal soul," but *many mortal souls*.

18[25]

Three kinds of thinkers. — There are rushing, gently flowing and trickling mineral springs; and corresponding to them, three kinds of thinkers. The layman appraises them according to the volume of water, the expert, according to the content of the water, that is, according to precisely what in them is *not* water.

19[26]

The picture of life. — The task of painting *the* picture *of* life, however often it may have been set by poets and philosophers, is nevertheless nonsensical: even in the hands of the greatest painter-thinkers only pictures and miniatures *from a single* life, that is, from their own lives, have been produced — and nothing else is even possible. Amid what is becoming, something that is itself becoming cannot reflect itself as fixed and enduring, as any specific "thing."

20

Truth wants no gods[27] *beside it.* — The belief in truth begins with doubting all the "truths" that have previously been believed.

21

Where silence is required. — If we speak of free-spiritedness as if it were a highly dangerous hike across glaciers and seas of

ice, those who do not wish to take that path are offended, as if we had reproached them for their timidity and weak knees. Anything difficult to which we do not yet feel equal should not even be mentioned in our presence.

22

Historia in nuce.[28] —The most serious parody that I have ever heard is this: "In the beginning was nonsense and the nonsense *was*, by God, and God (divine) was the nonsense."[29]

23[30]

Incurable. —An idealist is incorrigible: if we throw him out of his heaven, he turns hell into an ideal. Disillusion him and see! —he will embrace disillusionment no less ardently than he was, just now, embracing hope. Insofar as his inclination belongs among the great, incurable inclinations of human nature, it can give rise to tragic destinies and later become the subject matter for tragedies: as such, it has to do with what is incurable, inescapable, unavoidable in human fate and character.

24

Applause itself as a continuation of the play. —Shining eyes and a benevolent smile are the kind of applause that is to be rendered to the whole grand comedy of the world and of existence—but at the same time a comedy within the comedy, which is supposed to entice the other spectators to a "*plaudite amici.*"[31,32]

25[33]

Courage to be boring. —Anyone who does not have the courage to allow himself and his work to be found boring is certainly no spirit of the first rank, whether in the arts or the sciences. —A mocker who was an exception in also being a thinker might add, after looking at the world and at history: "God does not have this courage; he[34] wanted to make things altogether too interesting, and made them so."

26

From the innermost experience of the thinker. — Nothing is harder for a human than to apprehend a thing impersonally: I mean, to see it precisely as a thing and *not as a person*; indeed, we can ask whether it is in general possible for him to suspend even for a moment the workings of his drive to imagine and invent persons. Yet he himself interacts with *thoughts*, even the most abstract ones, as if they were individuals with which one would have to fight, with which one would have to align oneself, which one would have to protect, care for, nourish. We should simply watch and listen to ourselves in the minutes after we hear or find a proposition that is new to us. Perhaps it displeases us because it stands there so defiantly and authoritatively: unconsciously we ask ourselves whether we couldn't arrange for there to be a counterproposition beside it as its adversary, whether we couldn't attach a "perhaps" or a "sometimes" to it; even the little word "probably" gives us some satisfaction because it breaks down the tyranny that we find personally burdensome in anything unconditional. If, on the other hand, that new proposition comes along in a milder form, politely patient and humble and sinking into the arms of contradiction, as it were, then we investigate it by a different test of our authority: couldn't we come to the aid of this weak creature, caress and nourish it, give it strength and fullness, indeed, truth and even unconditionality? Is it possible for us to behave parentally or chivalrously or compassionately toward it? — Then again, we see one judgment here and another judgment there, far apart from each other, not seeing each other, not making any movement toward each other: and we are tickled by the thought of whether we might not arrange a marriage here or draw a *conclusion*, anticipating that, in case a consequence were to follow from this conclusion, the honor would fall not only to the two matrimonially bound judgments, but to the matchmaker as well. But if we cannot gain purchase upon

that idea either by way of defiance and ill will or by way of good will (presuming we take it to be true—), then we subject ourselves and pay homage to it as a leader and a duke, we give it a seat of honor and do not speak of it without ostentation and pride: for we shine along with it in *its* splendor. Woe to anyone who wants to obscure it; unless it becomes itself suspect to us one day:—then we, the indefatigable[35] "kingmakers"[36] of the history of spirit, push it from the throne, and immediately raise up its opponent. Reflect upon this, and then think a bit further: surely nobody will then say anything more about a "drive for knowledge in and for itself"!—Why then do humans prefer the *true*[37] to the untrue in this *secret* struggle with thought-persons, in the generally concealed thought-matchmaking, thought-statefounding, thought-childrearing, thought-caring for the poor and the sick? For the same reason that they exercise *justice*[38] in their relations with real persons: *now* out of habit, heredity and upbringing, *originally* because what is true—like what is fair and what is just—is *more useful* and *more honorable* than what is untrue. For in the realm of thought, *power* and *reputation* are hard to maintain when they are[39] built upon error or lies: the feeling that such a structure could fall to pieces at any time is *humiliating* for the self-consciousness of its architect; he is ashamed of the fragility of his material and would prefer to do nothing that would not be *more enduring* than the rest of the world because he takes *himself* to be *more important* than the rest of the world. In demanding truth, he embraces the belief in personal immortality, that is to say: the most arrogant and defiant thought that exists, related, as it is, to the afterthought, "*pereat mundus, dum ego salvus sim!*"[40] His work has become his ego, in which he creates himself as something imperishable, all-defying. He takes immeasurable pride in using only the best and hardest stones for his work, truths, or what he takes to be truths. *Arrogance* has at all times rightly been termed "the vice of knowers"—and yet truth and its worth upon the earth

would be in a pitiable state without this powerfully motivating vice. It is in *fearing* our own thoughts, concepts and words, but also *honoring* ourselves in them and involuntarily ascribing to them the strength to reward,[41] despise, praise and censure us; it is therefore in associating with them as we would with free, spiritual persons, with independent powers, as equals with equals—herein lies the root of the strange phenomenon that I have called "intellectual conscience."[42]—Here too, then, something moral, of the highest species, has blossomed from viper's grass.[43]

27[44]

The obscurantists.—What is essential to the dark art of obscurantism is not that it wishes to cloud the mind, but that it wishes to darken the image of the world and to *cloud* our *representation of existence*. That does often serve as its means for hindering illumination of the spirit: but sometimes it uses precisely the opposite means and attempts to have the highest refinement of the intellect produce a satiety with its fruits. Hair-splitting metaphysicians, who prepare the way for skepticism and in their excessive mental acuity invite us to mistrust acuity, make good tools for a subtler obscurantism.—Is it possible that even Kant can be employed for this purpose? indeed, that he, according to his own notorious explanation, *wished for* some such thing at least part of the time: to pave the way for *faith* by showing *knowledge* its limits?[45]—which, to be sure, he did not succeed in doing, he as little as his successors on the wolf- and fox-paths of this most refined and dangerous obscurantism, indeed, the most dangerous of all: for the dark art appears here underneath a cloak of light.

28[46]

The kind of philosophy that ruins art.—When the fogs of a metaphysical-mystical philosophy succeed in making all aesthetic phenomena *opaque*, it then follows that they *cannot be evaluated* against one another either, because each individual

one of them becomes inexplicable. Yet if they can no longer even be compared with one another for the purpose of evaluation, there finally arises a total *non-critique*,[47] blindly letting things be; but from this, in turn, a continual decrease in the *pleasure* of art (which distinguishes itself from the coarse appeasement of a need only by a highly honed capacity for tasting and differentiating). But the more the pleasure decreases, the more the desire for art is transformed back into a common appetite, which the artist now tries to satisfy with ever coarser fare.

29

On Gethsemane. — The most painful thing that the thinker can say to artists goes thus: "Could you then not *watch with me* for one hour?"[48]

30

At the weaver's loom. — Many people (all artists and women, for example) are working against the few who take pleasure in untying the knots of things and separating the weave of their fabric, by constantly tying it back together and entangling it and thus transforming what had been comprehended into something uncomprehended and, wherever possible, incomprehensible. Whatever else may result from this — what has been woven and knotted together will always appear somewhat unclean because too many hands have been working and pulling at it.

31[49]

In the desert of science. — To a scientist engaged in his modest and arduous travels, which often enough must involve journeys through the desert, there appear those gleaming mirages that we call "philosophical systems": with the magical power of illusion, they show the solution to all riddles and the coolest drink of the true water of life to be near at hand; the heart revels in this and the weary traveler practically

touches with his lips the goal of all scientific perseverance and peril, so that he involuntarily pushes onward.[50] Admittedly, those of a different nature remain standing still, as if stunned by the beautiful illusion: the desert swallows them and they are dead for science. Those of yet another nature, who have often experienced those subjective consolations before, become extremely annoyed and curse the salty taste that those apparitions leave in their mouths, from which a raging thirst arises — without one having thereby come even a single step closer to any spring.

32[51]

The supposedly "real reality." — When the poet portrays the individual professions, for example, that of the general, the silk-weaver or the sailor, he pretends that he is thoroughly familiar with these things and is *someone who knows* about them; indeed, in explaining human actions and destinies, he behaves as if he had been present when the whole web of the world was being spun out.[52] And to be sure, he practices his deceit before a host of *people without knowledge* — and therefore he succeeds: these people offer him praise for his genuine and profound knowledge and finally mislead him into the delusion that he really does understand things as well as the individuals who know and make them, even as well as the great world-spider itself. Thus, in the end, the deceiver becomes honest and believes in his own truthfulness. Indeed, sensitive people tell him even to his face[53] that he has a *higher* truth and truthfulness — they are, that is, occasionally tired of reality and take the poetic dream as a beneficial relaxation and nighttime respite for their heads and hearts. What this dream shows them appears to them now to be *worth* more because, as I said, they feel it does them more good: and humans have always believed that what seems more valuable is more true, more real. Poets, who are *conscious* of this power of theirs, intentionally aim to disparage what is generally called reality and to transform it into some-

thing uncertain, apparent, counterfeit, full of sin, sorrow and deceit; they make use of every doubt about the limits of knowledge and every skeptical extravagance in order to spread the crumpled veil of uncertainty over things: so that, after spreading this obscurity, their sorcery and magic of the soul will be understood unreservedly as the way to the "true truth," to the "real reality."

33[54]

Wanting to be just and to be judge. — Schopenhauer, whose great connoisseurship about human and all-too-human things and whose original sense for facts was more than slightly impaired by the bright leopard's pelt of his metaphysics (which we must first pull off of him in order to discover a real moralist's genius beneath it) — Schopenhauer makes an excellent distinction, one that is far more correct than he himself could really acknowledge: "the insight into the strict necessity of human actions is the dividing line that separates *philosophical* minds from *the rest.*"[55] Yet this powerful insight, to which he stood open at times, was counteracted within him by the prejudice that he still shared with moral people (*not* with moralists) and that he expresses so inoffensively and credulously: "the ultimate and true revelation concerning the inner essence of the entirety of things must necessarily cohere tightly with that concerning the ethical meaning of human acting"[56] —which is absolutely not "necessary" and is instead refuted by that other proposition about the strict necessity of human actions, that is, about the unconditional unfreedom and irresponsibility of the will. Philosophical minds are thus distinguished from others by their lack of belief in the metaphysical significance of morality: and that may well place a gulf between them, the depth and unbridgeability of which the much-lamented gulf between "cultivated" and "uncultivated"[57] as it now exists can scarcely let us conceive. Admittedly, many a back door that "philosophical minds" like Schopenhauer himself have allowed themselves to use must be recog-

nized as being useless: *none* leads into freedom, into the atmosphere of free will; *every one* through which anyone has previously slipped showed the glittering bronze wall of fate to be behind it once again: we *are* in prison and can only *dream* that we are free, not *make*[58] ourselves free. That knowledge of this cannot be resisted much longer is indicated by the despairing and unbelieving postures and contortions of those who rush toward it and continue to wrestle with it. — It now goes more or less like this for them: "So no human is responsible? And everything is full of guilt and feelings of guilt? Still, someone must be the sinner: is it impossible and no longer permitted to accuse and to judge the individual, the poor wave caught up in the necessary play of the waves of becoming — well then: the play of waves itself, becoming, is the sinner: here is free will, here something can be accused, condemned, atoned for and expiated: so *God* is *the sinner* and *humanity his savior*: so let world history be guilt, self-condemnation and suicide: so let the criminal become his own judge, the judge his own executioner." — This *Christianity turned on its head* — and what else is it? — is the *final*[59] fencer's pass in the struggle of the doctrine of unconditional morality with that of unconditional unfreedom — a horrible thing, if it were anything *more* than a *logical grimace*, more than a hideous gesture of the underlying thought — the death-spasm, perhaps, of the despairing and salvation-seeking heart to whom[60] insanity whispers: "See, you are the lamb that bears God's sins."[61] — The error lies not only in the feeling that "I am responsible," but just as much in the opposite "I am not, and yet someone must be." — This is just not true: the philosopher therefore has to say, like Christ, "Judge not!"[62] and the final difference between philosophical minds and the others would be that the former want *to be just*, the latter want to be *judges*.[63]

34[64]

Self-sacrifice. — You think that the distinguishing mark of a moral action is self-sacrifice? — But consider whether self-

sacrifice isn't present in *every* action that is done with deliberation, the worst as well as the best.

35

Against the diagnosticians[65] *of morality.* — We must know the best and the worst that a human is capable of conceiving and carrying out in order to judge how strong his moral nature is and has become. Yet it is impossible to discover this.

36

Serpent's tooth. — Whether we have a serpent's tooth or not is something that we do not know until someone has put their heel upon us. A woman or a mother would say: until someone has put his heel upon our darling, our child.[66] — Our character is determined even more by the lack of certain experiences than by what we have experienced.

37[67]

Deceit in love. — We forget many things from our past and dismiss them intentionally from our thoughts: that is, we want the image of ourselves that shines upon us from the past to deceive us, to flatter our self-conceit — we work continually at this self-deceit. — Now do you think, you who speak so much in praise of "forgetting oneself in love" and of "dissolving one's self in the other person," that this is something essentially different? Thus we smash the mirror, project ourselves imaginatively upon a person whom we admire, and then relish the new image of our self, even though we call it by the name of the other person — and this entire process is supposed *not* to involve self-deceit, *not* to involve egoism, you amazing people! — I think that those who conceal some of themselves *from themselves* and those who conceal themselves completely from themselves are alike in that they commit a *robbery* from the treasury of knowledge: from which it follows what crime the saying, "Know thyself!" warns us against.

38

To those who deny their vanity. —Anyone who denies his own vanity generally possesses such a brutal form of it that he instinctively shuts his eyes to it in order not to have to despise himself.[68]

39

Why stupid people so often become malicious. —To the reproaches of an opponent, where our head feels itself too weak to respond, our heart responds by casting suspicion upon the motives behind his reproaches.

40

The art of moral exceptions. —We should only infrequently attend to an art that displays and extols the exceptional cases of morality—where the good becomes bad or the unjust just: just as we buy something from gypsies now and then, while fearing that they are making off with far more than we gain from the purchase.

41

Enjoying and not enjoying poisons. —The only argument that has been decisive at all times in preventing humans from drinking a poison is not that it would kill them, but that it would taste bad.

42

The world without feelings of sin.[69] —If the only actions performed were those that do not engender a bad conscience, the human world would still look sufficiently bad and villainous: but not as sickly and pitiful as now. —All ages have had plenty of villains *without* a conscience: and many good and upright people lack any feeling of pleasure in a good conscience.

43

Conscientious people. — It is more comfortable to follow our conscience than our understanding: for it contains an excuse and compensation for every failure — hence there always exist ever so many conscientious people, versus so few with understanding.

44[70]

Opposite means for preventing embitterment. — One temperament finds it useful to be able to vent its annoyance in words: by speaking, it makes itself sweeter. A different temperament reaches its full bitterness only by speaking out: it is more advisable for this type to have to swallow something: the constraint that people of this kind impose upon themselves before enemies or superiors improves their character and prevents them from becoming all too caustic and sour.[71]

45[72]

Not taking things too hard. — Getting bedsores is unpleasant and yet no proof against the good points of the course of treatment that decided upon putting us in bed. — Humans who have lived outside themselves for a long time and then finally turned to the philosophical inward, interior life know that there also exist bedsores of heart and soul.[73] This is not therefore an argument against the whole of the lifestyle they have chosen, but it does make a few small exceptions and apparent relapses necessary.

46[74]

The human "thing in itself." — The most vulnerable and yet most unconquerable thing is human vanity: indeed, its strength is increased by being wounded and can finally become gigantic.

47[75]

The farce of many hardworking people. — By an excess of exertion, they struggle to gain free time for themselves and afterward know nothing better to do with it than counting the hours until they have elapsed.

48

To have great joy. — Anyone who has great joy must be[76] a good human being: yet perhaps he is not the most clever, even though he has attained precisely what the cleverest person strives for with all his cleverness.

49[77]

In the mirror of nature. — Hasn't someone been rather precisely described when we hear that he likes to walk through high, yellow fields of grain, that he prefers to all others the colors of the woods and flowers of a gleaming and yellowing autumn because they hint at something more beautiful than nature ever attains,[78] that he feels himself as much at home among the large, lush-leaved walnut trees as among blood-relatives, that his greatest joy in the mountains is to encounter those small, out-of-the-way lakes from which solitude itself seems to gaze upon him with its eyes, that he loves the gray stillness of the misty twilight that creeps past the window on autumn and early winter evenings[79] and encloses[80] every soulless sound as if with velvet curtains, that he perceives unhewn stones as the leftover witnesses of an earlier age, eager to speak, and worships them from childhood on, and finally, that the sea with its rippling serpent's skin and predator's beauty is and remains alien to him? — Yes, *something* about this human being has thereby been described, of course: but the mirror of nature says nothing about whether the same human being, with all of his idyllic sensitivity (and not even "despite it"), could be rather unloving, stingy, and conceited. Horace, who understood such things, placed the tenderest

feeling for rural life in the mouth and soul of a Roman *moneylender* in the famous "*beatus ille qui procul negotiis*."[81]

50[82]

Power without victories. — The strongest knowledge (that of the total unfreedom of the human will) is, however, the poorest in consequences: for it always has the strongest opponent, human vanity.

51[83]

Pleasure and error. — One person communicates his benevolent nature to his friends involuntarily, through his being, another does so voluntarily, through individual actions. Although the first *is considered* the higher of the two, it is still only the second who is linked to good conscience and pleasure — that is, with the pleasure of a justification by works that rests upon the belief in the voluntary character of our good and bad actions, that is to say, upon an error.

52

It is foolish to do injustice. — The injustice that we have inflicted upon others is much harder to bear than an alien injustice that has been inflicted upon us (not exactly for moral reasons, let it be noted —); the agent is really always the one who suffers, that is, *if* he is susceptible either to the pangs of conscience or to the insight that he has armed society against him by his action and isolated himself. Therefore we should beware even more of doing injustice, if only for the sake of our inner happiness, in order not to forfeit our sense of being at ease, than of suffering injustice: for the latter comes along with the comfort of a good conscience, the hope for revenge, for the compassion and the approval of the just, indeed, of all of society, which fears the villain. — It is not just a few who understand the unclean ways of defrauding themselves by reminting their own injustice into something inflicted upon them by another and reserving for themselves the right to an

exception, with self-defense as their excuse: in order in this way to bear their burden much more lightly.

53[84]

Envy with or without a mouthpiece. —Ordinary envy tends to cackle as soon as the envied hen has laid an egg: it thereby relieves itself and becomes milder. But there is a still deeper envy: it becomes deadly quiet in such cases and, wishing that every mouth might now be sealed shut, gets more and more enraged that this is not happening. Silent envy grows in silence.

54

Wrath as a spy. —Wrath drains the soul and brings even its sediment to the surface. In cases where we do not know how to gain clarity in any other way, we must therefore know how to arouse the wrath of those around us, our adherents and opponents, in order to learn all that is really being done and thought against us.

55

Defense is more difficult morally than attack. —The true heroism and masterstroke of the good human being does not lie in the way that he attacks the position and continues to love the person, but rather in the much more difficult task of *defending* his *own* position without causing and wishing to cause the attacking person bitter sorrow. The sword of attack is broad and honest, that of defense generally ends in a needle-point.[85]

56

Honest about honesty. —Someone who is publicly honest about himself eventually prides himself upon this honesty: for he knows only too well why he is honest—for the same reason that someone else prefers pretense and dissimulation.

57[86]

Glowing coals. — Heaping glowing coals on someone else's head is generally misunderstood and misses its mark because the other person likewise knows himself to be perfectly right[87] and has for his part also thought about heaping coals.

58

Dangerous books. — Someone says, "I can tell it from myself: this book is harmful." But if he would only wait, he might one day admit that this same book has done him a great service by forcing the sickness concealed in his heart into the open and making it visible. — Changed opinions do not change the character of a human (or only very little); but they do in fact illuminate individual sides of the constellation of his personality, which until then, under a different constellation of opinions, had remained dark and unrecognizable.

59[88]

Feigned compassion. — We feign compassion when we want to *show* that we are above any feeling of enmity: but generally in vain. We do not become aware of this without a large increase in that sensation of enmity.

60

Open contradiction often conciliatory. — At the moment when someone publicly acknowledges his differences with the dogma of a famous party leader or teacher, the whole world believes that he must bear a grudge against him. But that is sometimes precisely when he has ceased to bear a grudge: he dares to set himself up beside him and is free of the torture of undeclared jealousy.[89]

61[90]

Letting our light shine. — In a gloomy state of affliction, sickness, and guilt, we are glad if we still shine for others and

they perceive in us the bright light of the moon. In this indirect way, we share in our own capacity to *illuminate*.

62

Shared joy.[91] — The snake that bites us means to do us harm and rejoices in doing so; the lowest animal can imagine the *pain* of others. But to imagine the joy of others and to rejoice in that is the highest privilege of the highest animals and accessible even among them only to the choicest exemplars — and thus a rare *humanum*:[92] so that there have been philosophers who have denied that shared joy exists.

63

Belated pregnancy. — Those who have come to their works and deeds without understanding how, generally go around afterward all the more pregnant with them: as if in order to prove after the fact that these are their children and not those of chance.

64[93]

Hard-hearted out of vanity. — Just as justice is so often a cloak for weakness, so do right-thinking, but weak human beings sometimes resort to dissimulation out of ambition and behave in a manifestly unjust and harsh way — in order to leave behind an impression of strength.

65

Humiliation. — If someone finds even one grain of humiliation in a sack of advantages he has been given, he will still make the worst of a good thing.

66

Most extreme Herostrateanism.[94] — There might exist Herostratuses who would set fire to the very temple in which their own images were worshipped.

67

The diminutive world. — Because everything weak and needy happens to speak to the heart, we acquire the habit of characterizing everything that speaks to our hearts with belittling and diminishing words — which therefore *makes* us feel as if these things were weak and needy.

68

Bad trait of compassion. — Compassion has an impudence of its own as its companion: because it really would like to help, it has no doubts about the means for a cure nor about the nature or cause of the disease, and so it valiantly sets to work performing its quackery upon the health and reputation of its patient.[95]

69

Intrusiveness. — There is also an intrusiveness toward works; and it shows a complete lack of shame if as a youth we associate with the most illustrious works of all times by already imitating them and treating them familiarly, on a first-name basis. — Others are intrusive simply out of ignorance: they do not know with whom they are dealing — thus, not infrequently, young and old philologists in relation to the works of the Greeks.

70[96]

The will is ashamed of the intellect. — With complete coldness, we make rational reproaches against our affects: but then we commit the crudest mistakes because, at the moment when we ought to execute our resolution, we are frequently ashamed of the coldness and presence of mind with which we formulated it. And so we do precisely what is irrational out of the sort of defiant magnanimity that every affect brings along with it.

71[97]

Why skeptics offend morality. — Anyone who takes his morality as a high and serious thing is annoyed by skeptics in the field of morality: for there, where he expends all his energy, we should be *astonished*, not inquire and have doubts. — Then there are natures whose *final*[98] remnant of morality is the belief in morality: they behave in just this way toward skeptics, or even more passionately, if possible.

72

Shyness. — All moralists are shy because they know that they will be mistaken for spies and traitors as soon as people notice their tendencies. So they are generally conscious of lacking vigor in their actions: for in the midst of performing an act, the motives behind their action nearly distract their attention from the act itself.[99]

73

A danger for general morality. — People who are at the same time noble and honest find ways to idolize all the devilishness their honesty can devise and to make the scale of moral judgment stand still for a time.

74

Bitterest error. — It offends us implacably to discover that somewhere we were convinced we were loved, we have only been considered to be[100] household utensils or decorative furnishings, on which the master of the house can vent his vanity before guests.

75

Love and duality. — What then is love besides understanding and rejoicing in the fact that someone else lives, acts, and feels in a different and opposite way than we do? If love is to use joy to bridge over oppositions, it must not sus-

pend or deny them. — Even love of self assumes an unalloyable duality (or multiplicity) within a *single* person as its precondition.[101]

76[102]

Interpreting from dreams. — What we sometimes do not know or feel exactly while awake — whether we have a good or a bad conscience toward a person — is taught with no ambiguity at all in our dreams.

77

Excess. — The mother of excess is not joy, but joylessness.

78

Punish and reward. — Nobody makes an accusation without having in the back of his mind the thought of punishment and revenge — even when he accuses his fate or himself. — All complaining is accusation, all rejoicing is praise: whether we do one or the other, we always make someone responsible.

79[103]

Twice unjust. — We sometimes promote truth by a double injustice, that is, when we see and present one after another both sides of something, which we are not in a position to see simultaneously, and yet in such a way that we always misconstrue or deny the other side, under the delusion that what we see is the whole truth.

80

Mistrust. — Mistrust of oneself does not always proceed in uncertainty and shyness,[104] but sometimes as if rabid:[105] it has intoxicated itself in order not to waver.

81[106]

Philosophy of the parvenu. — If someone ever wants to be somebody, he must give honor to his shadow, too.

82

Knowing how to wash ourselves clean. — We must learn how to emerge cleaner from unclean conditions and how, when necessary, to wash ourselves with dirty water[107] as well.

83

Letting oneself go. — The more someone lets himself go, the less others let him go.

84

The innocent knave. — There is a slow series of steps leading to every sort of villainy and vice. Anyone reaching the end of them will have been completely abandoned by the swarming insects of bad conscience[108] and, although totally infamous, nonetheless makes his way in innocence.

85[109]

Making plans. — Making plans and formulating designs brings many good sensations along with it, and anyone who would have the strength, his whole life long, to be nothing but a deviser of plans would be a very happy human being: but he will on occasion have to rest from this activity by carrying out a plan — and then come annoyance and sobriety.

86

How we see the ideal. — Every capable human is stubbornly attached to his ability and cannot look freely outward beyond it. If he did not also have his fair share of imperfection, he would, on account of his virtue, not be able to reach any spiritual or moral freedom. Our flaws are the eyes with which we see the ideal.

87[110]

Insincere praise. — Insincere praise causes many more pangs of conscience afterward than insincere blame, probably simply

because we have much more strongly exposed our capacity for judgment by strong praise than by strong, even unjust blame.

88

How we die is a matter of indifference. — The whole way in which a human thinks of death during the fullness of his life and the blossoming of his strength does admittedly provide very telling testimony about what we call his character; but the hour of death itself and his demeanor on the deathbed hardly matter for this at all. The exhaustion of an expiring existence, especially when old people die, the irregular or insufficient nourishment of the brain during this final time, the sometimes very violent pain, the untried and novel nature of the whole situation, and far too often the attack and retreat of superstitious impressions and anxieties, as if dying mattered a great deal and bridges of the most terrifying kind were being crossed — all this does not *allow* us to use dying as testimony about the living person. Nor is it true that a dying person is generally *more honest* than a living one: instead, almost everyone is tempted into a sometimes conscious, sometimes unconscious comedy of vanity by the solemn demeanor of the surrounding people and the repressed or flowing streams of tears and feelings. The seriousness with which every dying person is treated is surely the most exquisite pleasure of his entire life for many a poor, despised devil and a sort of compensation and partial payment for many deprivations.

89

Custom and its victim. — The origin of custom goes back to two thoughts: "the community is worth more than the individual" and "an enduring advantage is preferable to a fleeting one"; from which the conclusion follows that the enduring advantage of the community is to be placed unconditionally ahead of the advantage of the individual, especially of his momentary well-being, but also ahead of his enduring advantage and even his continued existence. Regardless of whether the

individual suffers from an arrangement that benefits the whole, whether he is stunted by it or destroyed by it—custom must be upheld, the victim must be provided. But a conviction like this emerges only in those who are *not* the victim—for he claims in his case that the individual could be worth more than the many and, likewise, that present pleasure, a moment in paradise, might be given higher value than the dull continuation of a painless[111] state of well-being. But the philosophy of the sacrificial beast[112] always gets voiced too late: and so custom and *morality* continue on: as simply a feeling for the aggregate of the customs under which one lives and has been raised—and indeed, raised not as an individual, but as a member of a whole, as an integer of a majority.—Thus it occurs continually that the individual *outvotes* himself by means of his morality.

90[113]

The good and the good conscience.—You think that all good things have at all times had a good conscience?—Science, which is certainly something very good, has no such thing and entered the world completely devoid of pathos, instead secretly, on byways, slipping along with its face disguised or masked like a criminal, and always with at least the *feeling* of being a smuggler. The good conscience has the evil conscience as its preliminary stage—not as its opposite: for everything good has at one time been new, hence unfamiliar, contrary to custom, *immoral*, and has gnawed at the heart of its happy discoverer like a worm.

91

Success hallows the intentions.—We do not shy away from taking the path toward a virtue even when we clearly perceive that nothing but egoism—therefore utility, personal comfort, fear, regard for health, for reputation or fame—are the motives that drive us in this direction. We call these motives ignoble and selfish: fair enough, but if they incite us to a virtue, for example, renunciation, fidelity, orderliness, frugality, measure and

mean, we really should heed them, whatever terms might be used to describe them! For if we do attain what they have called us to, the *attained* virtue *ennobles* forever the more distant motives for our actions by the pure air that it lets us breathe and the feeling of spiritual well-being that it imparts, and we perform the same actions afterward, but no longer from the same coarse motives that led us to do so before.—Education should therefore *impose* virtues, to whatever extent it can, according to the nature of the pupil: virtue itself, as the sunny, summer air of the soul, can then perform its own work and bestow, in addition, ripeness and sweetness.

92

Christianeers,[114] *not Christians.*—So that is your Christianity!—In order to *annoy* people, you praise "God and his saints"; and when, in turn, you want to *praise* humans, you take it so far that God and his saints must get annoyed.—I wish you would at least learn Christian manners, since you so clearly lack the good manners of the Christian heart.

93

Natural impression of the pious and the impious.—A completely pious human must be an object of reverence for us: but so must a completely forthright, out-and-out impious human. If being among humans of the latter sort is like being in the vicinity of high mountains, where the mightiest rivers have their origin, being among pious people is like being beneath succulent, widely shadowing, peaceful trees.

94

Judicial murders.—The two greatest judicial murders[115] in the history of the world are, to put it bluntly, concealed and very well-concealed suicides. In both cases someone *wanted* to die; in both cases he allowed the sword to be plunged into his breast by the hand of human injustice.

95[116]

"Love."—The subtlest trick, which gives Christianity an advantage over other religions, is a word: it spoke of *love*.[117] Thus it became the *lyrical* religion (whereas both of the other creations that the Semitic peoples gave the world were heroic-epic religions).[118] There is something so ambiguous and stimulating, something that speaks so deeply to memory and to hope in the word "love," that even the lowest intelligence and the coldest heart still feel something of the shimmering of this word. It makes the shrewdest woman and the basest man think of the comparatively least selfish moments of their entire lives, even if Eros made only a short flight with them; and the countless people who have *missed out* on the love of parents, children, or lovers, but especially those humans with a sublimated sexuality, have found in Christianity their great discovery.

96[119]

Fulfilled Christianity.—Within Christianity, too, there is an Epicurean sentiment, proceeding from the thought that God could only demand from humans, his creations and image, things that would have to be *possible* for them to fulfill, that Christian virtue and perfection must therefore be attainable and often attained. Now, the *belief* that we *love* our enemies, for example—even if it is only a belief, a fancy, and has absolutely no psychological reality (and therefore is not love)—makes people unconditionally *happy*, as long as they really believe it (why? on that matter, to be sure, the psychologist and the Christian will think differently). And thus the belief, I mean the fancy, that we have satisfied not only the demand to love our enemies, but also every other Christian demand, and really have acquired and incorporated divine perfection in accordance with the call to "be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect,"[120] does in fact turn *earthly life* into a *blessed life*. Error can thus make Christ's *promise* into the truth.

97[121]

Of the future of Christianity. — We can permit ourselves a conjecture about the disappearance of Christianity and about the regions where it will yield most slowly, if we consider for what *reasons* and *where* Protestantism spread so furiously. As we know, it promised that it would accomplish all the same things much more cheaply than the old church accomplished them, that is, without expensive masses for the dead, or pilgrimages, or priestly pomp and luxury; it spread especially among the northern nations, which were not so deeply rooted in the symbolism and the pleasure in forms of the old church as were those of the south: in the latter countries, of course, a much more powerful religious paganism lived on within Christianity, whereas in the north, Christianity signified an opposition to and a break with indigenous traditions, and was therefore from the start more of the mind than of the senses, but for that very reason also more fanatical and defiant in times of danger. If there is any success in uprooting Christianity from *thought*, it is obvious where it will begin to disappear: in precisely the place where it will also defend itself most vigorously. Elsewhere it will bend, but not break, lose its leaves, but sprout new leaves in their place — because there the *senses* and not thought have taken its side. But it is the senses that also sustain the belief that however high the cost of the church may be, things are still managed more cheaply and easily than they would be under strict relationships of work and pay: for how highly we value leisure (or semi-laziness) once we have grown accustomed to it! The senses' objection to a dechristianized world is that too much work would have to be done in it and too little leisure would be produced; they take the side of magic, that is — they prefer to let God work for them (*oremus nos, deus laboret*!).[122]

98[123]

Play-acting and honesty of the nonbelievers. — There is no book that so abundantly contains or so frankly expresses what on occasion does every human being some good — a visionary, joyous fervor, ready for any sacrifice or even death, born of the belief in and contemplation of *his* "truth" as the ultimate truth[124] — as the book that speaks of Christ: a shrewd man can learn from it all of the means for turning a book into a universal book and into every man's friend, especially that masterly expedient of presenting everything as already discovered, nothing still to come and uncertain. Every efficacious book tries to leave behind a similar impression, as if it were circumscribing the most distant mental and spiritual horizon, and as if every star visible now[125] or in the future would have to revolve around the sun shining[126] here. — For the same reason that such books are efficacious, won't every *purely scientific* book therefore have to be ineffective? Isn't it condemned to remaining obscure and to living among the obscure, in order finally to be crucified and never resurrected? Aren't all honest scientists "poor in spirit" in relation to what religious people proclaim of their "knowledge" and of their "holy" spirit? Can any religion demand more renunciation or more relentlessly draw egotistical people forth from themselves than science does? —— Thus and so and in any case with a bit of play-acting might *we* speak, when we have to defend ourselves before believers: for it is scarcely possible to conduct a defense without some play-acting. Among ourselves, however, the language must be more honest: there we make use of a freedom that those others, in their own interest, dare not even understand. Away then with the cowl of renunciation! with the air of humility! Much more and much better: that is how our truth sounds! If science were not tied to the *pleasure* in knowledge and to the *utility* of what is known, why would science matter to us? If a little belief, love, and hope[127] did not lead our soul to knowledge, what else would draw us to science? And if

the self admittedly has no significance in science, still the inventive, happy self and even every honest and hardworking self, has great significance in the republic of scientific human beings. The respect of those who give respect, the joy of those whom we wish well or whom we respect, and, in certain circumstances, fame and a modest personal immorality, are attainable prizes for that depersonalization, not to mention the lesser prospects and rewards, even though it is precisely for their sake that most people have sworn and will forever continue to swear allegiance to the laws of that republic and to science in general. If we had not to some extent remained *unscientific* humans, why would science even matter to us! Everything taken together and expressed roundly, smoothly, and fully: *for a purely knowing being, knowledge would be a matter of indifference.* — It is not the quality, but instead the quantity of belief and piety that distinguishes us from the pious and the believers: we are satisfied with less. But they will call out to us — well then, be satisfied and behave as if you were satisfied! — To which[128] we might readily respond: "In fact, we are not among the most dissatisfied! But you, if your belief makes you blessed, then behave as if you were blessed, too! Your faces have always done more damage to your belief than our reasons![129] If the glad tidings of your Bible were written in your faces,[130] you would not need to insist so stubbornly upon belief in the authority of this book: your words,[131] your actions should continually be rendering the Bible superfluous, and by your efforts, a new Bible should continually be emerging! But all of your apologies for Christianity have their root in your unchristianity; with your defense you write your own indictment. But if you should wish to emerge from this discontent of yours with Christianity, then take into consideration the experience of two millennia: which, clothed in modest interrogatory form, sounds like this: "If Christ really did intend to redeem the world, doesn't it seem that he has failed?"

99[132]

The poet as a signpost to the future.—All surplus poetic strength available among contemporary humans that is not being expended in giving shape to life should be dedicated, without anything being deducted, to a single goal, not to something like portraying present times or to reanimating and condensing the past, but instead to showing the way to the future:—and not as though the poet, like some sort of imaginative political economist, should anticipate in his images more favorable cultural and social conditions and how to make them possible. Instead, just as artists in earlier times continually composed and recomposed images of divine beings, he will compose and recompose images of beautiful human beings and sniff out the cases where, *in the midst* of our modern world and reality and without artificially resisting or withdrawing from it, the beautiful, great soul is still possible, where it can still manage to embody itself in harmonious, well-proportioned circumstances and to obtain from them visibility, durability, and exemplarity, and therefore, by stimulating imitation and envy, help to create the future. The poems of such poets would be distinguished by seeming to be closed off from and protected against the breath and heat of the *passions*: the irreparable mistake of smashing the entire human frame upon which they lyrically play, of mocking laughter and gnashing teeth and everything tragic and comic in the usual old sense, would be felt to be a burdensome, archaizing coarsening of the human image in proximity to this new art. Strength, goodness, mildness, purity, and an unintended, innate sense of moderation in the personages and their actions; a level ground that gives rest and pleasure to the foot, a shining heaven mirrored in faces and events: knowledge and art flowing together into a new unity: the spirit, without arrogance and jealousy, living together with its sister, the soul, and luring forth from opposites the grace of seriousness, not the impatience of division:—all of this would be the inclusive, general, golden background upon

which now, for the first time, the delicate *differences* among embodied ideals would make up the actual *painting*—that of an ever-increasing human majesty.—From *Goethe*, there are many paths that lead to this poetry of the future: but it requires good pathfinders and, above all, a much greater power than possess today's poets, that is, the inoffensive depicters of semi-animals and of an immaturity and immoderation that they confuse with force and nature.

100[133]

The muse as Penthesilea.[134]—"Better to rot than to be a woman who lacks *charm*." If the Muse ever begins thinking in this way, the end of her art is again near at hand. But it can be a tragic as well as a comic exit.

101[135]

What the detour to the beautiful is.—If the beautiful is the same as the delightful—and so the muses once sang—then the useful is often the necessary *detour to the beautiful* and can quite rightly reject the shortsighted reproaches of people who live in the moment, who do not want to wait and who think that they can reach everything good without any detours.

102

An excuse for much guilt.[136]—The artist's unremitting creative urge and his peering around outside himself prevent him from becoming more beautiful and better as a person, that is, from creating *himself*—unless his ambition is so great that it forces him, in his daily life with others, to show that he has himself grown in proportion to the growing beauty and greatness of his works. In any case, he has only a certain amount of energy: what he expends upon *himself*—how could this still benefit his *work*?—And vice versa.

103[137]

Satisfying the best. — If someone has "satisfied the best of his age" with his art, this is a sign that he *will not satisfy* the best of the next age: though admittedly "he will have lived for all ages" — the applause of the best ensures one's fame.

104

Of the same material. — If we are made of the same material as a book or a work of art, we believe deep inside that it must be excellent and are offended if others find it to be ugly, overseasoned, or ostentatious.

105

Language and feeling. — We see that language has not been given to us for the communication of *feeling* in the way that all simple humans are ashamed of looking for words to describe their deeper agitations: such things are expressed only in actions and even here they blush if someone else seems to guess their motives. Among poets, who were in general denied this shame by the gods, the nobler ones are nonetheless more monosyllabic in the language of feeling and betray a certain constraint: whereas the true poets of feeling are mostly shameless in practical life.

106[138]

Error about a deprivation. — Anyone who has not completely broken the habit of an art for a long time, but still remains at home in it, cannot begin to comprehend *how little* we deprive ourselves of when we live without this art.

107[139]

Three-quarter strength. — A work that is supposed to make an impression of health should be produced at no more than three-quarters of its creator's strength. If, on the contrary, he has gone to his furthest limit, the work will stimulate the

spectator so much that he will find its tension alarming. All good things have something negligent about them and lie like cows upon the meadow.

108[140]

Turning hunger away as a guest. — Because the coarsest fare serves just as well for those who are hungry as the finest, and no better, the more demanding artist will not even think of inviting hungry people to his meal.[141]

109[142]

Living without art and wine. — It is the same with works of art as with wine: it is better if we need neither, sticking to water and continually transforming that water into wine ourselves through inward fire and inward sweetness of soul.

110[143]

The robber-genius. — The robber-genius[144] in the arts, who knows how to deceive even keen spirits, emerges when someone from youth on[145] has no scruples about taking as free booty anything good that has not been explicitly protected by law as the property of some specific person. Now everything good from past ages and masters lies freely about, hedged in and sheltered by the reverent awe of the few who recognize it: by virtue of his lack of shame, this genius defies those few and amasses for himself a treasure that engenders in turn its own sense of reverence and awe.

111

To the poets of big cities. — The gardens of contemporary poetry, we perceive, are too close to the sewers of the big cities: the scent of flowers is mixed with something that betrays disgust and decay. — With sorrow I ask: do you poets find it so necessary always to invite wit and filth to be the godfathers when some innocent and beautiful sentiment of yours is to be baptized? Do you absolutely have to place a joker's or a devil's cap

upon your noble goddess? Where does this need, this imperative come from?—Precisely from the fact that you live too close to the sewers.

112

Speaking of salt.—No one has yet explained why the Greek authors made such extremely sparing use of the means of expression that were available to them in unheard-of abundance and strength, so that every book coming after them appears by contrast shrill, showy, and extravagant.—We hear that the use of salt is more sparing at the icy north pole, just as it is in the hottest lands, and that it is by contrast the inhabitants of the plains and the coasts in more temperate zones who use it most plentifully. Were there perhaps two reasons why the Greeks did not need salt and spices to the extent that we do, because their intellect was colder and clearer, yet the basis of their passionate natures much more tropical than ours?

113

The freest of writers.—How could Laurence Sterne, whom Goethe honored as the freest spirit of his century, go unnamed in a book for free spirits? May he be content here with the honor of being called the freest writer of all ages, in comparison with whom all others seem stiff, stolid, intolerant, and boorishly direct. We should praise in him not the unbroken and clear, but rather[146] the "infinite melody":[147] if this term puts a name to a style of art in which the given form is continually broken, displaced, translated back into something indefinite, so that it means one thing and another at the same time. Sterne is the great master of *equivocation*[148]—taking this term in fairness much more broadly than we generally do when we use it thinking of sexual relations. The reader who wants to know at all times exactly what Sterne really thinks about something, whether he is making a serious or a smiling face, has to be given up for lost: for he knows how to convey both with a *single* crease of his face; he likewise knows how to

and even wants to be right and wrong at the same time, to entangle profundity and farce. His digressions are at the same time continuations and developments of the story; his aphorisms contain at the same time an irony toward all sententiousness, his aversion to seriousness is joined to a disposition that can take nothing in a merely shallow and superficial way. Thus he elicits from the right sort of reader a feeling of uncertainty as to whether one is walking, standing still, or lying down: a feeling that is most closely related to floating. The most supple of authors, he also imparts some of this suppleness to his reader. Indeed, Sterne unexpectedly switches roles and at times becomes as much of a reader as he is an author; his book resembles a play within a play, one theater audience in front of another. We have to give ourselves without reserve to Sterne's mood—and can moreover expect it to be gracious, always gracious.—It is strange and instructive to see the stance that so great a writer as Diderot adopted toward this pervasive equivocation of Sterne's: namely, likewise equivocal—and precisely that is what genuine Sternean metahumor[149] is. Was he, in his *Jacques le fataliste*, imitating, admiring, mocking, or parodying Sterne—we cannot fully make it out—and perhaps this is exactly what its author wished. It is precisely this doubtfulness that makes the French *unjust* toward the work of one of the first of their masters (who does not need to be ashamed by comparison with any author, old or new). In regard to humor—and especially to humor taking itself humorously—the French are too serious.—Do we even need to add that Sterne is the worst model and the truly inimitable author among all the great writers, and that even Diderot had to pay the price for taking such a risk? What the good French and before them a few Greeks[150] wanted to and could do as writers of prose is exactly the opposite of what Sterne wants to and can do: he soars above as a masterful exception to what all literary artists demand from themselves: discipline, tenacity, character, steadfastness of intentions, comprehensiveness, simplicity, restraint in pace and demeanor.—Unfortunately, Sterne the human being

seems to have been all too closely related to Sterne the writer: his squirrel-soul leaped with unrestrained restlessness from branch to branch; he was acquainted with everything lying between the lofty and the base; he sat in every place, with shamelessly watering eyes and the play of sentiment in his expression. He was, if language did not find such a combination too startling, of a hard-hearted good nature and had, amid the pleasures of a baroque, indeed a corrupted imagination, almost the imbecilic charm of an innocent. Perhaps no other human has ever possessed the same corporeal and spiritual equivocation, the same free-spiritedness extending into every fiber and muscle of the body as he did.[151]

114[152]

Select reality.—Just as the good prose writer takes only words that belong to everyday speech, yet far from all of its words—whereby the select style emerges—so, too, the good poet of the future will represent[153] *only the real* and completely disregard all the fantastic, superstitious, halfway sincere, faded subjects upon which earlier poets displayed their powers. Only reality, but far from just any reality!—instead, a select reality!

115

Degenerate varieties[154] *of art.*—Besides the genuine species of art, those of great calmness and those of great movement, there are degenerate varieties, the blasé art that yearns for calmness and the agitated art: both would like us to take their weakness for strength and to confuse them with the genuine species.

116

We now lack the colors for heroes.—The real poets and artists of the present love to apply their paints upon a flickering background of red, green, gray, and gold, the background of *nervous sensuality*: this is what the children of this century understand. This has the disadvantage—that is, if we do *not* look at

those paintings with the eyes of this century—that the largest figures they paint seem to have something shimmering, trembling, whirling about them: so that we do not really believe them capable of heroic deeds, but at most would-be heroic, boastful misdeeds.

117

Ornate style.—The ornate style in art is the result of having an impoverishment in the organizing force, along with a lavish availability of means and intentions.—In the beginnings of art, we sometimes find the exact opposite of this.

118[155]

Pulchrum est paucorum hominum.[156]—History and experience tell us that the meaningful monstrosity that secretly arouses the imagination and transports it beyond the real and the everyday is *older* and grows more luxuriantly than the beautiful in art and the reverence for it—and that it immediately bursts forth in great abundance once again if the sense for beauty grows dim. For the great majority of humans it seems to be a higher need than that for the beautiful: doubtless because it contains the coarser narcotic.

119[157]

Origins of the taste for artworks.—If we think about the initial seeds of the artistic sense and ask ourselves what various kinds of pleasure are elicited by the first fruits of art, among savage peoples, for example, we find first of all the pleasure in *understanding* what someone else *means*; art is here a sort of posing of riddles that produces gratification for the guesser in his own quickness and acuteness.—Then, too, even the crudest artwork reminds us of what *has been* pleasant for us in our experiences and thus we feel pleasure, for example, if the artist alludes to hunting, to victory, or to marriage.—Then again, we can feel ourselves stimulated, stirred, enkindled by what is represented, for example, by the glorification of revenge and

danger.[158] The gratification here lies in the stimulation itself, in the victory over boredom.—Even the memory of something unpleasant, to the extent that it has been overcome, or to the extent that it makes us appear interesting in ourselves to the audience as a subject of art (as when the bard describes the misfortunes of a daring seafarer), can cause great pleasure, which we then credit to art.—The pleasure that emerges at the sight of anything regular and symmetrical in lines, points, rhythms is already of a more refined kind; for any such similarity awakens in us the feeling for everything orderly and regular in life, to which alone we owe our entire sense of well-being: in the cult of symmetry we therefore unconsciously honor regularity and proportionality as the source of our preceding happiness; this pleasure is a sort of prayer of thanks. Only when this last-mentioned pleasure has been overly satiated does the still more refined feeling emerge that pleasure could also lie in breaching the symmetrical and orderly; if it incites us, for example, to look for reason in what is apparently unreasonable, whereby it then, as a form of aesthetic unriddling, stands forth as a higher species of the first aesthetic pleasure mentioned above.—Anyone who reflects further upon this observation will know *what sort of hypotheses* for the explanation of aesthetic phenomena are being renounced here on principle.

120

Not too close.—It is a disadvantage for good ideas if they follow too quickly after one another; each blocks the view of the others.—Hence the greatest artists and writers have made ample use of mediocrity.

121[159]

Crudeness and weakness.—Artists in all ages have made the discovery that there is a certain force that lies in *crudeness* and that not everyone can be crude who might like to be; likewise that many kinds of *weakness* have strong effects upon feeling.[160] More than a few surrogate means of art have been de-

rived from this, which even the greatest and most conscientious artists have found it hard to refrain fully from using.

122

Good memory. — There are many who do not become thinkers only because their memories are too good.

123

Making hungry rather than stilling hunger. — Great artists presume that through their art they have taken full possession of a soul and filled it up: in truth, and often to their painful disappointment, that soul has simply become so much more capacious and unfillable that ten greater artists could now plunge into its depths without sating it.

124[161]

Artist's anxiety. — The anxious fear that we might not believe their figures to be really *alive* can mislead artists of subsiding tastes into shaping them so that they behave as if *mad*: as, on the other hand, the same fear led Greek artists at the first dawn of art to give even to the dying and severely wounded the smile that they knew as the liveliest sign of life — unconcerned about the shapes that nature gives to cases where people are still living, but barely alive.

125

The circle must be completed. — Anyone who has followed a philosophy or a form of art to the end of its path and then around its end,[162] grasps from inner experience why subsequent masters and teachers turned away from it onto a new path, often with a dismissive expression. The circle must be circumscribed — but the individual, even the greatest one, sticks fast to his point on the periphery, sitting there with an inflexible expression of stubbornness, as though the circle ought never to be closed.[163]

126[164]

Earlier art and the soul of the present. — Because every art becomes ever more capable of expressing states of the soul in a more lively, more delicate, more drastic, more passionate way, the later masters, having been spoiled by these means of expression, feel uncomfortable with artworks from an earlier age, as if the ancients had simply lacked the means, or perhaps only a few technical preconditions, for making their souls speak clearly; and they think that they must help them along here — for they believe in the equality, indeed, the unity of all souls. But in truth, the very soul of those masters was a different one, *greater* perhaps, but colder and still averse to what is attractive and lively: moderation, symmetry, disdain for the charming and delightful, an unconscious austerity and morning coolness, an avoidance of passion, as if it would be the ruin of art — this constitutes the disposition and morality of all the older masters, who selected and infused spirit into their means of expression not by accident, but by necessity, according to that same morality. — But in acknowledging this, should we deny to those who come later the right to animate the older works as their own souls see fit? No, for these works can continue to live only if we give our souls to them: it is *our* blood that first lets them speak to *us*. A truly "historical" speech would speak in a ghostly way to ghosts.[165] — We honor the great artists of the past less by the barren awe that leaves every word, every note lying where it was placed than by active efforts at helping them come back to life again and again. — To be sure: if we were to imagine Beethoven suddenly coming back to life and being confronted by one of his works resounding with the most modern animation and the refinement of nerves that serve the fame of our masters of execution: he would probably remain for a long time silent, uncertain whether he should raise his hand to curse or to praise, but perhaps finally say: "Well, well! That is neither I nor not-I, but some third thing — yet it seems to me right enough, even if it is not exactly *right*. But you might want to watch what

you are doing,[166] because you are in any case the ones who have to listen to it—and the living are right, as our Schiller says.[167] So *be* right, then, and let me descend once again."

127[168]

Against the faulters of brevity.—A brief saying can be the fruit and harvest of much long thought: but the reader who is a novice in this field and has not yet reflected upon it at all sees in all brief sayings something embryonic, not without a disparaging sign to the author for having placed upon his table something so immature and unripe.

128

Against the shortsighted.—Do you then think that this work must be fragmentary because it is (and has to be) given to you in pieces?

129[169]

Readers of aphorisms.—The worst readers of aphorisms are the friends of their author, at least when they are intent upon guessing from the generalizations back to the specifics to which the aphorism owes its origin: for by watching the pot in this way they annul all of the author's efforts, so that instead of acquiring a philosophical disposition and instruction, in the best or the worst case they get what they deserve, nothing but the satisfaction of common curiosity.

130[170]

The reader's bad manners.—The reader's doubly bad manners toward the author consist of praising his second book at the price of the first (or the reverse) and at the same time demanding that the author be grateful to him.

131[171]

What is stimulating in the history of art.—If we follow the history of an art, that of Greek rhetoric, for example, as we go

from master to master, we eventually fall into a painful tension at the sight of the ever-increasing presence of mind required to obey the totality of the old and the newly added laws and self-limitations: we comprehend that the bow *must* break and that the so-called inorganic composition, covered and masked with the most wonderful means of expression — in that case, the baroque style of Asianism — was once a necessity and almost a *blessing*.

132

To the great ones in art.[172] — That enthusiasm for a thing that you, o great one, bring into the world, *cripples* the understanding of many other people. To know this is humbling. But the enthusiast bears his hump with pride and joy: to this extent you take comfort in the fact that through you the happiness in the world has been *increased*.

133

Those without aesthetic conscience. — The real fanatics of an artistic faction are those completely inartistic natures who themselves have not fathomed even the basic elements of artistic theory and artistic practice, but who are stirred in the most powerful way by all the *elementary* effects of an art. For them, there exists no aesthetic conscience — and therefore nothing that could restrain them from fanaticism.

134[173]

How the soul should be moved, according to modern music. — The artistic aim pursued by modern music[174] in what now gets described in very strong, but vague terms as "infinite melody" can be made clear by going down into the sea, gradually losing our secure grip upon the bottom, and finally surrendering ourselves unconditionally to the billowing elements: we are supposed to be *swimming*. In the older music preceding this, one had to *dance*, moving back and forth in a graceful or solemn or fiery way, faster and slower: where the measure required for

maintaining a certain balanced pace of time and energy demanded continual *self-possession* from the soul of the listener: the spell of that music was based upon the opposition between this cooler current of air, arising from self-possession, and the thoroughly warmed breath of musical enthusiasm. —Richard Wagner wanted a different sort of *movement of the soul*, one that is, as noted, related to swimming and floating. This is perhaps the most essential of all[175] his innovations. His celebrated artistic technique, arising from and adapted to this desire—the "infinite melody"—strives to break and sometimes even to mock all mathematical symmetry of tempo and energy, and he is overly rich in inventing these effects, which sound to older ears like rhythmical paradoxes and blasphemies. He fears petrification, crystallization, the transition of music into something architectonic—and so he sets a three-beat rhythm against the two-beat one, frequently introduces the five- and seven-beat, repeats the same phrase immediately, but extending it so that it lasts two or three times as long. From complacent imitators of such art, a great danger for music can emerge: the degeneration, the decay of rhythmics has always lurked alongside an overripeness of rhythmical feeling. This danger becomes particularly great when such music relies ever more closely upon a completely naturalistic art of acting and language of gesture, untrained and uncontrolled by any higher plastic art, for this art and language have no measure in themselves and cannot impart any measure to the element that adheres to them, the *all-too-feminine* nature of music.[176]

135

Poet and reality. —The muse of the poet who is not *in love* with reality will for that reason not be reality and will bear him hollow-eyed and all-too-frail-limbed[177] children.

136[178]

Means and end. —In art the end does not sanctify the means: but sanctified means can here sanctify the end.

137[179]

The worst readers. — The worst readers are those who behave like plundering soldiers: they take the few things they can use, leave the rest dirty and disordered, and slander the whole.

138

Characteristics of the good writer. — Good writers have two things in common: they prefer to be understood rather than admired; and they do not write for shrewd and overly acute readers.

139

The mixed genres. — The mixed genres in the arts bear witness to the mistrust that their originators felt toward their own strength; they sought assistants, advocates, hiding places — so it is with the poet who calls upon philosophy, the musician who calls upon drama, the thinker who calls upon rhetoric for assistance.

140

Shutting one's mouth. — The author should shut his mouth when his work opens its mouth.

141[180]

Insignia of rank. — All the poets and writers who are in love with the superlative want more than they can manage.

142[181]

Cold books. — The good thinker counts upon readers who are receptive to the happiness that lies in good thinking: so that a book appearing to be cold and sober can, when seen with the right eyes, seem to be played upon by the sunshine of spiritual cheerfulness and a true source of comfort for the soul.

143

Artifice of ponderous people. — The ponderous thinker generally chooses loquaciousness or solemnity as allies: through the former he thinks he can acquire agility and an easy fluency, through the latter he arouses the impression that his qualities were an effect of free will, of artistic intent, with dignity, which demands slowness of movement, as its aim.

144[182]

Of the baroque style.[183] — Anyone who does not know himself to have been born or bred to[184] dialectic and to the unfolding of ideas will as a thinker and writer involuntarily reach for what is *rhetorical* and *dramatic*: for it is for him in the end a matter of making himself *understandable* and thereby acquiring forcefulness, regardless of whether he leads this feeling toward himself upon a level path or falls upon it unawares — whether as shepherd or as robber. This holds true as much in the plastic as in the poetic arts; where the feeling of deficiency in dialectic or insufficiency in expression and narration, along with an extravagant, insistent formal impulse,[185] brings to light the kind of style that we call *baroque style.* — Only those who are badly instructed and arrogant, by the way, will feel an immediate contempt upon hearing this term. The baroque style arises every time a great art begins to fade, when the demands in the art for classical expression have become all too great, as a natural occurrence that we may well view with sorrow — because it precedes[186] the night — but at the same time with admiration for the ersatz arts of expression and narration characteristic of it. Among these are the choice of subject matter and themes of the highest dramatic tension, at which the heart trembles even without any art because the heaven and hell of feeling are all too near: and then the eloquence of strong affects and gestures, of the hideous-sublime, of great masses, of quantity as such—as this already announces itself

in Michelangelo, the father or grandfather of Italian baroque artists—: the gleam of twilight, of transfiguration or of passion upon such strongly molded forms: in addition, the continual new risks with techniques and aims, forcefully underscored by the artist for other artists, whereas laypeople must imagine they are seeing the continuous, involuntary overflowing of all the cornucopias of some primeval art of nature: all of these characteristics, in which that style has its greatness, are not permitted, not allowed in the earlier, preclassical and classical epochs of an art form:[187] such delicacies hang for a long time as forbidden fruits on the tree.[188]—Precisely now, when *music* is crossing over into this final epoch, can we come to know the phenomenon of the baroque style in particular splendor and learn much about earlier ages by comparison with it: for a baroque style has already existed many times, from the age of the Greeks on, in poetry, in rhetoric, in prose style, in sculpture, and as is more generally known, in architecture as well—and each time this style has been beneficial for many of the best and most serious of its age, whether or not it has lacked the highest nobility or an innocent, unconscious, triumphant perfection:—it is therefore, as noted, presumptuous to judge it instantly with contempt, however lucky everyone may consider himself to be whose sensibility has not been rendered by it unreceptive for the purer and greater style.

145

Value of honest books.—Honest books make the reader honest, at least insofar as they coax forth his hatred and antipathy, which canny shrewdness otherwise knows how best to conceal. But we let ourselves go in reading a book, however much we restrain ourselves with regard to human beings.[189]

146[190]

How art creates a partisan following.—Some individual beautiful passages, stimulating overall progression, and some

ravishing, stirring impressions at the end—this *much* of a work of art is still accessible to most laypeople: and in a period of art in which one wishes *to draw* the great[191] mass of laypeople *over* to the side of artists, that is, create a partisan following, perhaps for the sake of preserving art in general, the creator will do well not to give *more* than this: so that he does not come to squander his strength in places where no one will be grateful to him. To accomplish *the remainder*—to imitate nature in its *organic* structure and growth—would in that case mean: sowing seed upon the waters.

147[192]

Becoming great, to the detriment of history.—Every later master who guides those who enjoy art onto *his* path brings about involuntarily a selection and a reassessment of the older masters and their works: whatever conforms to and is related to *him*, whatever in them gives a foretaste of and announces *him*, counts from now on as what is truly *significant* in them and in their works[193]—a fruit in which there generally lies concealed the worm of a great *error*.

148[194]

How an age is lured into art.—If we were, with the help of all the magical tricks of artists and thinkers, to teach humans to feel respect for their defects, for their spiritual poverty, for their senseless delusions and passions—and this is possible—if we were to show only the sublime side of crime and of insanity, only what is touching and affecting in the weakness of the irresolute and blindly acquiescent—: and this, too, has happened often enough—then we have employed the means for infusing a visionary *love* for philosophy and art (especially for artists and thinkers as persons) into even a completely inartistic and unphilosophical age and, amid trying circumstances, perhaps the only means for preserving the existence of such delicate and endangered creations.

149[195]

Criticism and joy. — Criticism, one-sided and unjust as well as reasonable, provides to its practitioner so much pleasure that the world owes thanks to every work and every action that calls forth much criticism from many people: for it draws behind it a flashing tail of joy, wit, self-amazement, pride, instruction, intent upon improvement. — The god of joy created the bad and mediocre for the same reason he created the good.

150

Beyond his limits. — When an artist wants to be more than an artist, to be, for example, the moral awakener of his people, he eventually gets punished by falling in love with a monster of moral substance — and the muse laughs at this: for this goddess, good-hearted though she is, can also become malicious out of jealousy. Consider Milton and Klopstock.[196]

151[197]

Glass eye. — Directing his talent toward *moral* material, characters, motives, toward the beautiful soul of the work of art is sometimes only the glass eye that the artist who *lacks* a beautiful soul inserts inside himself: with the rare success of having this eye eventually become living nature, albeit vestigial nature — but commonly successful in having the whole world think that it sees nature where there is only cold glass.

152

Writing and wanting victory. — Writing should always report a victory, specifically an overcoming of *ourselves*, which must be communicated to others for their benefit; but there are dyspeptic authors who write only[198] when they cannot digest something, indeed, when it is still stuck in their teeth: they involuntarily attempt to vex the reader, too, with their annoyance and thus to exert force over him, that is to say: they, too, want to gain victory, but over others.

153

"A good book takes time."[199] — Every good book tastes tart when it appears: it has the fault of novelty. To have a living author, moreover, does it harm if he is well known and widely discussed: for the whole world tends to confuse the author and his work. Whatever there is in the latter of spirit, sweetness and golden sheen must first develop over the years, nurtured by a respect for it that increases, then grows old, and finally becomes traditional. Many an hour must have passed over it, many a spider have spun its web upon it. Good readers make a book ever better and good opponents clarify it.

154

Extravagance as an artistic technique. — Artists understand full well what it means to use extravagance as an artistic technique in order to elicit an impression of abundance. This is one of the innocent stratagems for seducing the soul at which artists must be experts: for in their world, where appearance is the aim, the techniques of appearance do not necessarily need to be genuine, too.

155[200]

The concealed barrel organ. — Geniuses understand better than talented people how to conceal the barrel organ, thanks to their more voluminous drapery: but basically they, too, can do nothing more than play their same old seven pieces over and over again.

156[201]

The name upon the title page. — That the author's name is placed upon a book is admittedly now a custom and almost a duty; yet it is one of the primary reasons books have so little effect. For if they are good, then they are worth more than the author's person, as his quintessence; but as soon as the author lets himself be known through the title, that quintessence gets

diluted on the part of the reader with the personal, indeed, with the most personal elements, thereby frustrating the aim of the book. It is the ambition of the intellect to no longer seem to be individual.

157

Sharpest criticism. — We criticize a human being or a book most sharply when we sketch out their ideal.

158

Few and without love. — Every good book has been written for a particular reader and his kind and will therefore be viewed unfavorably by all other readers, the great majority: hence its reputation rests upon a slender foundation and can be built up only slowly. The mediocre or bad book is what it is because it seeks to be and is pleasing to many people.[202]

159

Music and sickness. — The danger in modern music lies in how it places the cup of delight and grandeur so enchantingly upon our lips and with such an appearance of moral ecstasy that even those who are moderate and noble always drink a few drops too many from it. This minimal intemperance, continually repeated, can, however, bring about in the end a more profound convulsing and undermining of spiritual health than any coarser excess could accomplish: so that there is nothing left to do except to flee one day from the nymph's grotto[203] and to make our way through the billows and dangers of the sea, toward the smoke of Ithaca and the embraces of a simpler and more human wife.[204]

160

Advantage for the opponents. — A book filled with spirit communicates some of this even to its opponents.

161

Youth and criticism. — To criticize a book — for young people that only means not allowing a single productive thought from it to get near them and defending their lives tooth and nail against it. A youth lives in a condition of self-defense toward everything new that he cannot wholeheartedly love and in doing so commits as often as he can a superfluous crime.

162[205]

Effect of quantity. — The greatest paradox in the history of the poetic art lies in the fact that in everything in which the old poets have their greatness, someone can be a barbarian, that is, error-ridden and deformed from head to toe, and still remain the greatest of poets. So it is, indeed, with Shakespeare who, compared with Sophocles, is like a mine filled with an immeasurable quantity of gold, lead and rubble, whereas the latter is not simply gold, but gold in its purest form, almost making us forget its value as metal. But quantity, raised to the highest power, *has the effect* of quality — that works to Shakespeare's benefit.

163[206]

All beginnings are dangerous. — The poet has the choice of either raising feeling from one step to the next and thus eventually increasing it to a very high level — or else attempting a sudden onslaught and pulling upon the bell-rope with all his might from the beginning. Both have their dangers: in the first case, that his audience may flee out of boredom, in the second, out of fear.

164

On behalf of critics. — Insects sting not out of malice, but because they, too, want to live; likewise our critics; they want our blood, not our pain.[207]

165

Success of maxims. — Whenever a maxim is immediately evident to them by virtue of its simple truthfulness, inexperienced people always think that it is something old and familiar, and look askance at the author, as if he wanted to steal from the common property of all: whereas they take pleasure in spicy half-truths and let the author know this. He knows how to value such a hint and easily divines where he has succeeded and where he has failed.

166

Wanting victory. — An artist who exceeds his own powers in everything that he undertakes will eventually carry the crowd away with him through the spectacle that he provides of a mighty struggle: for success lies not only in victory, but sometimes just in wanting victory.

167

Sibi scribere.[208] — The reasonable author writes for no other posterity than his own, that is, for his old age, so that then, too, he will be able to take pleasure in himself.

168

Praise of the maxim. — A good maxim is too hard for the teeth of time and will not be consumed by all the passing millennia,[209] even though it serves every age as nourishment: it is thus the great paradox of literature, the eternal amid the changing, the food that, like salt, is always prized, and, unlike salt, never loses its taste.

169[210]

Second-rank need for art.[211] — The people certainly have something of what we might call a need for art, but it is slight and cheaply satisfied. The scraps of art are basically sufficient: we should honestly admit it to ourselves. Just consider, for ex-

ample, the kind of melodies and songs in which the most vigorous, most unspoiled, most guileless layers of our populace take heartfelt pleasure, or go live among shepherds, cowherds, farmers, hunters, soldiers, sailors and give yourself the answer. And isn't it the worst possible music among what is now being produced that is loved, even caressed, in small towns, in precisely the houses where bourgeois virtue has long been established and passed down? Anyone who speaks of a deeper need, of an unfulfilled desire for art in connection with the people *as they are*, is speaking either drivel or humbug. Be honest!— Only among *exceptional human beings* does there exist a need for art in *the high style* at present—because art in general is once again in decline and human energies and hopes have for a time been thrown into other things.—Besides this, that is, apart from the people, there does admittedly exist among the higher and highest levels of society a broader, more extensive need for art, but a need *of the second rank*: here something like an artistic community that means this sincerely is possible. But look at its constituent elements! They are in general the more subtly dissatisfied, who take no real pleasure in themselves: the cultivated person who has not become free enough to be able to do without the consolations of religion and yet does not find its oils to be sufficiently fragrant: the half-noble person who is too weak to fix a fundamental mistake in his life or the harmful tendency of his character through heroic reversal or renunciation: the richly endowed person who thinks he is too refined to be of any use for humble activity and who is too lazy for great[212] and self-sacrificing work: the girl who does not know how to create for herself any satisfactory circle of duties: the woman who has tied herself to a rash or sacrilegious marriage and knows that she is not tied tightly enough: the scholar, doctor, businessman or bureaucrat who turned to a specialty too early and has never allowed his entire nature free rein, and hence does his nonetheless competent work with a worm in his heart: finally all the unfinished artists—these are the ones who truly need art *now*! And what do they really

desire from art? It is supposed to banish their discontent, boredom, half-bad conscience for a few hours or a few moments and, if possible, to reinterpret on a grand scale the mistake of their lives and characters as a mistake in world destiny—quite differently from the Greeks, who felt in their art the outflow and overflow of their own well-being and health and who loved to see their perfection *one more time* outside themselves—their pleasure in themselves led them to art, but what leads these contemporaries of ours is—their annoyance with themselves.

170[213]

The Germans in the theater.—The real theatrical talent among the Germans was Kotzebue; he and his Germans, those of higher as well as those of more middle-class society,[214] necessarily belonged together, and his contemporaries might well have said of him quite seriously: "in him we live and move and have our being."[215] Here there was nothing forced, overly cultivated, halfway or overly enjoyable:[216] what he wanted to do and could do was understood; indeed, to this day *honest* theatrical success on the German stage is in the possession of the ashamed or the unashamed heirs of Kotzebuean techniques and effects, especially insofar as comedy continues to blossom at all; which goes to show that much of that earlier Germanness still lives on, especially outside the big cities. Good-natured, self-indulgent in small pleasures, shamelessly teary-eyed, wanting to be allowed at least in the theater to shed their innate, strictly dutiful sobriety and to exercise a smiling, indeed a laughing tolerance that confuses and mingles together goodness and compassion—as is the essence of German sentimentality—overjoyed by a beautiful, magnanimous action, but for the rest servile toward superiors, envious toward one another, and yet self-satisfied at their innermost core[217]—so were they, so was he.[218]—The second theatrical talent was Schiller: he discovered a class of spectators who had not previously been considered; he found them among those of immature age, among German girls and youths. He matched their higher, nobler, more

tumultuous, if also vaguer impulses, their pleasure in the jangle of moral sayings[219] (which tends to vanish in one's thirties) with his poetry and thereby gained[220] a success commensurate with the passion and partisanship of that age group, which gradually produced an advantageous effect upon those of more mature age, too: Schiller has in general *rejuvenated* the Germans. — Goethe stood above the Germans in every respect and still stands above them today: he will never belong to them. How could any people ever measure up to Goethean *spirituality in well-being and well-wishing*! Just as Beethoven made music above and beyond the Germans, just as Schopenhauer philosophized above and beyond the Germans, so Goethe composed his *Tasso*, his *Iphigenia* above and beyond the Germans. He was followed by a *very small* band of the most highly cultivated people who, educated by antiquity, life and travel, had grown beyond their German nature: — he himself wanted it no other way. — When the Romantics then established their consciously purposeful Goethe cult, when their astonishing artistic skill in taste was then passed along to Hegel's pupils, the real educators of the Germans this century, when awakening national ambition also began to benefit the fame of German poets, and the real measure of a people, whether it can *sincerely enjoy* something, came to be relentlessly subordinated to the judgment of individuals and to that national ambition — that is, when one began to be *required* to enjoy things — then there emerged that deceitfulness and falsity of German cultivation that was ashamed of Kozebue, that brought Sophocles, Calderón and even Goethe's continuation of *Faust* on to the stage and that eventually no longer knows what it likes and what it finds boring because its tongue is coated and its stomach phlegmatic. — Blessed are those who have taste, even if it is bad taste! — And not only blessed, we can become wise as well only by virtue of this quality: which is why the Greeks, who were very acute in such matters, designated someone wise with a word that means *the man of taste*, and called wisdom, artistic as well as intellectual, simply "taste"[221] (Sophia).[222]

171[223]

Music as the late fruit of every culture. — Of all the arts that are typically found growing in a specific cultural soil under specific social and political conditions, music is the *last* of all plants to appear, arriving in the autumnal fading of the culture to which it belongs: generally at a time when the first messengers and signs of a new spring are already noticeable; indeed, music sometimes sounds in an astonished, new world like the language of a vanished age and arrives too late. It was in the art of the Dutch musicians that the soul of the Christian Middle Ages first found its full resonance: their tonal architecture is the late-born, but legitimate and equally highly born sister of the Gothic. It was in Händel's music that what was best in the souls of Luther and his kindred, the great Jewish-heroic disposition that created the whole Reformation movement, first resounded. It was Mozart who first delivered in *tones* of gold the age of Louis the Fourteenth and the art of Racine and Claude Lorrain. It was in the music of Beethoven and Rossini that the eighteenth century first sang forth, the century of visionary enthusiasm, of shattered ideals and of fleeting happiness. And so a friend of sentimental images might then say that all truly significant music is a swan song. — Music is precisely *not* a universal, timeless language, as we so often say to honor it, but instead corresponds exactly to the amount of feeling, of warmth and of time that a quite specifically individual, temporally and geographically delimited culture carries within itself as its inner law: the music of Palestrina would be wholly inaccessible for a Greek, and conversely — what would Palestrina hear in the music of Rossini? — It is possible that even our newest German music, however much it now rules and yearns to rule, will within a short span of time cease to be understood: for it has sprung from a culture that is rapidly subsiding; its soil is that period of reaction and restoration in which a certain *Catholicism of feeling* along with the pleasure in everything *nativist, national-*

ist or primeval flourished and diffused a mingled scent across Europe: both of which tendencies of feeling, grasped in their greatest intensity and carried to their furthest conclusions, finally became audible in Wagnerian art. Wagner's appropriation of the traditional sagas, where he simply follows his own inclinations in ennobling such strange gods and heroes—who are really sovereign beasts of prey, occasionally lapsing into thoughtfulness, magnanimity or ennui—the reanimation of these figures, to whom he added the medieval Christian thirst for ecstatic sensuality and asceticism,[224] this whole Wagnerian giving and taking with regard to subject matter, souls, forms and words clearly expresses the *spirit of his music*, if only it, like all music, were not incapable of speaking wholly unambiguously about itself: this spirit leads the *last of all* reactionary military campaigns against the spirit of the Enlightenment, which blows from the preceding century into this one, as well as against the supranational ideas of French revolutionary enthusiasm and Anglo-American sobriety in the reconstruction of state[225] and society.—But isn't it obvious that the circle of ideas and feelings still seemingly repressed here—in Wagner himself and in his adherents[226]—has long since regained dominion and that the recent musical protest against it sounds *mostly in ears that prefer to hear different and opposite tones*?[227] so that one day this wonderful and high art could quite suddenly become incomprehensible and find itself covered with cobwebs and forgotten.—We should not let ourselves be misled about this state of affairs by the fleeting variations that appear as a reaction within the reaction, as a temporary sinking of the crest of the wave amid the overall movement; thus the more subtle aftereffects of this decade of national wars, of ultramontane martyrdom and socialist alarm may be to help the previously mentioned art attain a sudden glory—without thereby guaranteeing that it "has a future," much less that it has *the future*.—It lies in the nature of music that the fruit of its great cultural vintages becomes unpalatable more quickly and spoils more rapidly than the fruit of the plastic

arts or even that which has grown on the tree of knowledge: among all the creations of human artistic sense, it is *ideas* that are the most lasting and durable.

172[228]

The poets no longer teachers. — However strange it may sound to our age: there once were poets and artists whose souls were beyond the passions, with their convulsions and raptures, and who therefore took their pleasure in purer materials, worthier human beings, more delicate combinations and solutions. If the great artists of today are mostly unchainers of the will and thereby under certain circumstances liberators of life, those others were — tamers of the will, transformers of animals, creators of human beings and, above all, sculptors, reshapers and further shapers of life: whereas the fame of the present-day ones may lie in unharnessing, unchaining, smashing. — The ancient Greeks demanded of the poet that he should be the teacher of adults: but how ashamed a poet would now have to be if we demanded this of him — he who was not a good teacher[229] even for himself and therefore never himself became a good poem or a beautiful creation, but even in a favorable case only the timid, attractive rubble of a temple, as it were, yet at the same time a cave of desires, ruinously overgrown with flowers, prickly plants and poisonous weeds, inhabited and frequented by snakes, reptiles, spiders and birds — an object for the melancholy reflection, why must those who are most noble and most precious now grow up[230] already in ruins, without any past or future of perfection? —

173[231]

Forward and backward glance. — An art as it *flows forth* from Homer, Sophocles, Theocritus, Calderón, Racine, Goethe as the *surplus* of a wise and harmonious mode of life — that is the right sort of art, toward which we finally learn to reach when we have ourselves become wiser and more harmonious, not the barbaric, however delightful bubbling over of heated

and brightly colored things from an untamed, chaotic soul, which we had earlier, as youths, understood to be art. Yet it is self-evident that at certain times of life an art that is overwrought, agitated, averse to anything orderly, monotonous, simple or logical is an essential need that artists *must* acknowledge if the soul is not to discharge itself at such times in another way, by all sorts of mischief and bad behavior. Thus youths, filled and seething as they generally are, tormented by nothing *more* than by boredom, thus women who lack a good employment for filling their souls, need an art of delightful disorder: so much more vehemently does this kindle their yearning for a contentment without change, a happiness without stupefaction and intoxication.

174[232]

Against the art of artworks. —Art should first and foremost *embellish* life, therefore make *us* ourselves tolerable and, wherever possible, pleasing to others: with this task before its eyes, it restrains and reins us in, creates forms for social intercourse, binds ill-bred people to the laws of propriety, purity, politeness, of speaking and keeping silent at the right time. Then, too, art should *conceal* or *reinterpret* everything ugly, those painful, frightening, disgusting things that will, despite all our efforts, break out again and again in accordance with the descent of human nature: it should proceed in this especially with regard to the passions and to the soul's pains and fears and allow the *meaning* behind whatever is unavoidably or insurmountably ugly to shine through. Compared to this great, indeed colossal, task of art, the so-called real art, *that of the artwork*, is only an *appendage*:[233] any human being who feels a surplus of such embellishing, concealing and reinterpreting energies within himself will eventually seek to discharge this surplus in artworks; so, too, in the right circumstances, an entire people. —But we generally now begin with the end of art, hanging on to its tail and thinking that the art of the artwork is the real thing, that it ought to be what improves and

transforms life—we fools! If we begin the meal with dessert and taste one sweet thing after another, is it any wonder that we ruin our stomachs and even our appetite for the good, strengthening, nourishing meal to which art invites us!

175[234]

Durability of art.—What is it, basically, that still allows an art of artworks to endure? It is because most of those who have leisure time—and such art exists only for them—do not believe that they could fill up their time without music, visits to theaters and galleries, reading novels and poems. Supposing that we could *deter* them from this satisfaction, either they would not strive so zealously for leisure and the envy-inducing sight of the rich would become *more rare*—a great gain for the stability of society; or they would have leisure, but would learn instead to *reflect*—something that we can learn and unlearn—upon their work, for example, or their ties to others, upon the pleasures that they could render to others; the whole world, with the exception of artists, would in both cases derive benefit from this.—There are certainly many energetic and sensible readers who know how to raise a valid objection here. Yet it might as well be said for once, because there are coarse and malicious people, that here, as so often in this book, the objection is precisely what matters to the author, and many things can be read in it that are not exactly what was written.

176[235]

The mouthpiece of the gods.—The poet expresses the general, higher beliefs that a people possesses; he is their mouthpiece and flute—but he expresses them in such a way, using meter and all of the other artistic devices in such a way that the people takes them to be something wholly new and miraculous and quite seriously believes the poet to be the mouthpiece of the gods. Indeed, in the nebulous state of creation, the poet himself forgets whence he has gained all his spiritual wisdom—from father and mother, from teachers and books of all kinds,

from the street and especially from the priests; his own art deceives him and he really believes, in a naive age, that *a god* is speaking through him, that he is creating in a state of religious illumination —:[236] whereas he is really only saying what he has learned, folk-wisdom and folk-foolishness mingled together. Therefore: insofar as the poet really *is* the *vox populi*, he is *taken* to be the *vox dei*.[237]

177

What all art wants to do and cannot. —The hardest and final task of the artist is to represent what remains the same, resting in itself, high, simple, disregarding any individual stimulation; that is why weaker artists themselves reject the highest forms of moral perfection, seen by them as inartistic subject matter and disparaged because the sight of this fruit is far too painful to their ambition: it shines down upon them from the most distant branches of art, but they lack the ladder, the courage and the firmness of grip that would let them dare to be so high. In theory, a Phidias *as poet* is certainly possible, but, considering the level of modern energies, practically only in the sense of the saying that for God, nothing is impossible. Even the wish for a poetic Claude Lorrain is at present presumptuous, however much someone commands his heart to yearn for it. —Representing the *last*[238] human, *that is, the simplest and at the same time most complete*, is something of which no artist has yet been capable; but it is perhaps the Greeks who, *in the ideal of Athena*, cast their gaze the farthest of any human beings thus far.[239]

178[240]

Art and restoration. —Movements backward in history, the so-called ages of restoration, which seek to restore life to a spiritual and social condition that *preceded* the most recent one and which really do seem to succeed in awakening it briefly from the dead, have the charm of an agreeable recollection, of a yearning desire for what has almost been lost, of a

hasty embrace of momentary happiness. Because of this strange deepening of mood, art and poetry find a natural soil in precisely such fleeting, almost dreamlike ages, just as the most delicate and rarest plants grow upon steeply plunging mountain slopes. —And so many a good artist is driven unawares toward a restoration way of thinking in politics and society, for which, on his own account, he arranges a quiet little corner and a tiny garden: where he then gathers around himself the human detritus of that historical epoch where he feels at home and lets his lyre resound solely for the dead, the half-dead and the weary of dying, perhaps with the aforementioned success of briefly awakening the dead.[241]

179[242]

Good fortune of the age. — In two respects, our age can be deemed fortunate. With regard to the *past*, we find enjoyment in all cultures and in their productions and nourish ourselves on the noblest blood of every age, and we still stand near enough to the magic of the powers from whose womb they were born to be able to yield ourselves temporarily to them with pleasure and awe: whereas earlier cultures could find enjoyment only in themselves and did not see beyond themselves, but lived instead as if within the span of a more broadly or more narrowly arched bell: from which, to be sure, light streamed down upon them, but through which no gaze could penetrate. With regard to the *future*, the enormous prospect of ecumenical human goals that span the entire inhabited earth has opened itself up to us for the first time in history. At the same time, we feel conscious of having the strength that would let us take this new task into our own hands, without presumption, without needing supernatural assistance;[243] indeed, however our undertaking may happen to turn out, and even if we have overestimated our strength, there is in any case nobody to whom we are accountable except ourselves: humanity can henceforth do with itself whatever it wants. — There are, admittedly, strange human bees who know

how to suck from every calyx only what is bitterest and most annoying—and in fact, all things do contain something of this not-honey in themselves. May these beings feel the depicted happiness of our age in their own way and keep building their beehive of discontent.

180

A vision. —Hours of learning and contemplation for adults, for the mature and the maturest of them, attended by everyone daily, without compulsion, but commanded by custom: churches as the most esteemed and memory-laden sites for this: festivals every day, as it were, honoring the attained and attainable dignity of human reason: a newer and fuller blossoming and fading of the ideal of the teacher, in which the priest, the artist and doctor,[244] the possessor of knowledge and of wisdom are blended together, just as their individual virtues would have to be visible in the total virtue of the doctrine itself, in its presentation and its methods—this is my vision, which perpetually recurs to me and which I firmly believe has lifted a corner of the veil that lies over the future.

181[245]

Education as contortion. —The exceptional uncertainty of all systems of instruction is the reason every adult now has the feeling that his only educator has been chance—the weathervane quality of educational methods and aims can be explained by the fact that, as in a raucous popular assembly, the *oldest* and the *newest* cultural powers want more to be heard than to be understood, and want to demonstrate at any price by their voices and screams that they *still exist* or that they *already exist*. The poor teachers and educators are at first deafened by this senseless noise, then made quiet and finally indifferent, letting it all wash over them, just as they let it all wash over their pupils, too. They have not been educated themselves: how are they supposed to educate others? They themselves are not stems that have grown straight, strong, succulent: anyone

who wants to join them will have to twist and bend himself, and will finally appear to be contorted and misshapen.

182

Philosophers and artists of the age.[246]—Dissoluteness and coldness, the burning of desires, the cooling of the heart—this disgusting juxtaposition is to be found in the picture of higher European society today. There the artist thinks that he has already attained a great deal if his art manages to ignite the flames of the heart *along with* the flames of desire: and likewise the philosopher, having coolness of heart in common with his age, if his judgments repudiating the world also manage to cool the heat of desire in himself and in this society.

183[247]

Not being a soldier of culture unless necessary.—Finally, finally we learn what cost us so much by not having been known in younger years: that we must first *do* what is excellent, and secondly seek out excellence, wherever and under whatever names it may be found: that we should, on the contrary, immediately get out of the way of everything bad and mediocre, *without fighting against it*, and that any doubt about the goodness of a thing—as quickly occurs for more experienced taste—should already count for us as an argument against it and as a reason to avoid it completely: at the risk of sometimes making mistakes and confusing the harder-to-access good with what is bad and imperfect. Only someone who can do nothing better should assault the bad things in the world as a soldier of culture. But the peasant and scholarly classes destroy themselves if they want to go in for weapons and turn the peacefulness of their occupations and homes into uncomfortable unpeacefulness through all their precautions, night watches and bad dreams.

184

How natural history is to be narrated. — Natural history, as the history of the wars and victories of moral-spiritual force in opposition to fear, imagination, indolence, superstition, folly, should be narrated in such a way that everyone who hears it would be irresistibly impelled to strive for spiritual-physical health and maturity, to feel gladness at being the heir and continuer of humanity, to sense his need for ever nobler undertakings. Up to now, it has not yet found its proper language because the linguistically inventive and eloquent artists — for they are needed for this[248] — could not break free of a stubborn mistrust of it and, above all, did not wish to be thoroughly instructed by it. Still, one must concede that the English have made admirable steps toward this ideal in their natural science textbooks for the lower classes of society: for the reason that these have been produced by their most distinguished scholars — whole, filled, filling natures — not, as among us, by the mediocrities of research.

185[249]

Genius of humanity. — If genius, as Schopenhauer observed,[250] consists of the coherent and vivid recollection of what one has oneself lived through, then we might recognize in the striving for knowledge of the entirety of historical becoming — which distinguishes ever more forcefully the modern age from all earlier ones and has for the first time shattered the ancient walls between nature and spirit, human and animal, morality and physics — a striving toward the genius of humanity as a whole. History, thought through completely, would be cosmic self-consciousness.

186

Cult of culture. — The intimidatingly all-too-human aspect of their nature, their blindnesses, misunderstandings[251] and their extravagancies[252] have been added to great spirits so

that their forceful, easily all-too-forceful influence might constantly be held within bounds by the mistrust that these qualities instill. For the system of all that humanity needs in order to endure is so extensive and demands such varied and numerous energies that humanity as a whole has to pay a great penalty for every *one-sided* preference, whether for science, for the state, for art or for commerce, toward which those individuals press. It has always been the greatest misfortune for culture when human beings have come to be worshipped: in which sense we may even feel in accord with the commandment of Mosaic law that forbids us to have other gods besides God.[253] — We must always set the cult of culture beside the cult of genius and of might, as its completion and cure: for it knows how to grant a sympathetic assessment to what is material, humble, inferior, misunderstood, weak, imperfect, one-sided, partial, untrue, apparent, even to what is evil and frightful, conceding *that all of this is necessary*; for the harmony and continued resonance of all that is human, which has been attained by astonishing labors and lucky accidents, and which is as much the work of cyclopses and ants as of geniuses, must not be lost again: how could we dispense with the common, deep, often uncanny ground bass, without which, of course, melody could not be melody?

187

The ancient world and joy. — Humans in the ancient world knew better how to *rejoice*: we, how to *depress ourselves less*; they continually used all their wealth of discernment and reflection to discover new reasons for feeling well and for celebrating festivals; whereas we expend our spirit in solving tasks that focus instead upon eliminating pain and removing sources of displeasure. With regard to the suffering of existence, the ancients sought to forget it or to somehow turn the sensation into something pleasant: so that they sought to help here in a palliative way, whereas we attack the causes of the suffering and prefer on the whole to work in a prophylactic

way. — Perhaps we are only building the foundations upon which later humans will once again erect the temple of joy.

188

The muses as liars. — "We know how to speak many lies" — so the muses once sang as they revealed themselves to Hesiod.[254] — It leads to essential discoveries if for once we conceive of the artist as a deceiver.

189

How paradoxical Homer can be. — Is there anything more audacious, more terrible, more unbelievable shining down upon human destiny like the winter sun than the idea that we find in Homer:[255]

> The gods did this, and spun the destruction of peoples,
> *for the sake of the singing of men hereafter.*[256]

Therefore: we suffer and perish so that the poets may not lack for *material* — and this is precisely how things are ordained by Homer's gods, who seem to care a good deal about the amusement of coming generations, but all too little about us, the present one. — That such ideas should ever have entered the head of a Greek!

190[257]

Retrospective justification of existence. — Many ideas have entered the world as errors and phantasms, but have become truths because humans have afterward imputed a real substratum to them.

191

Pro and contra necessary. — Anyone who has not grasped the fact that every great man must not only be promoted, but also, for the sake of the general welfare, be *opposed*, is surely still a great child — or himself a great man.

192

Injustice of genius. —A genius is most unjust toward other geniuses if they happen to be his contemporaries: in the first place, he believes he does not need them and therefore takes them to be completely superfluous, for he is what he is without them; and terms them *harmful*.

193

Worst fate for a prophet. —He worked for twenty years to convince his contemporaries about himself—he finally succeeds; but meanwhile his opponents also succeeded: he was no longer convinced about himself.

194[258]

Three thinkers like a single spider. —In every philosophical sect, three thinkers follow after one another in this relation: the first produces from himself the sap and the seeds, the second draws these out into threads and spins an artificial net, the third watches in the net for victims who get entangled here—and tries to live off the philosophy.

195[259]

From associating with authors. —It is an equally bad way of dealing with an author if we grab him by the nose as if we grab him by his horn—and every author has his horn.

196

Yoked together. —Obscurity of thought and raptures of emotion are as frequently connected to the ruthless will to use any means to get one's own way, to make oneself all that matters, as wholeheartedly helpful, ungrudging and benevolent behavior are with the drive toward clarity and purity of thought, toward moderation and regulation of feeling.

197

What binds and divides. —Doesn't what binds human beings together—an understanding of their shared utility and liability—lie in the head, and in the heart what divides them—their blind selecting and fumbling in love and hate, their tendency to turn toward one at the expense of all others and their resultant contempt for general utility?

198[260]

Marksmen and thinkers. —There are strange marksmen who, even though they miss the target, nevertheless walk away from the shooting range secretly proud that their bullet has in any case flown a very long way (far beyond the target, to be sure), or that although they may have not hit the target, they have hit something else. And there are thinkers of just the same kind.

199[261]

From two sides. —We behave in a hostile way toward a spiritual direction and movement if we are superior to it and object to its goal, or if its goal is set too high and is imperceptible to our eye, that is, if it is superior to us. Thus the same party can be attacked from two sides, from above and from below; and it is not unusual for the assailants to form an alliance with one another that is more offensive than everything that they hate.

200

Original. —Not that we are the first to see something new, but that we see what is old, long-familiar, seen and yet overlooked by everyone *as if it were new*, is what distinguishes genuinely original minds. The first discoverer is generally that altogether ordinary and spiritless fantasist—chance.

201

Error of philosophers. —The philosopher believes that the value of his philosophy lies in the whole, in the structure: pos-

terity finds it in the stone with which he built and which can, from then on, be used to build many more times and better: in the way, that is, that the structure can be destroyed and *nonetheless still* has value as material.

202

Wit. — Wit is the epigram upon the death of a feeling.

203

In the moment before the solution. — In science, it happens all the time that someone remains standing directly in front of the solution, convinced now that his effort has been wholly in vain — like someone who, untying a bow, hesitates in the moment when it has practically been undone: for that is precisely when it looks most like a knot.

204

Spending time with dreamers. — A person who is prudent and confident of his own understanding can profitably spend a decade among fantasists and[262] abandon himself to a modest madness in this torrid zone. He has thereby gone a good piece of the way toward ultimately attaining that cosmopolitanism of spirit that can say without presumption: "nothing of the spirit[263] is foreign to me any longer."[264]

205

Keen air. — The best and healthiest part of science is, as in the mountains, the keen air that blows in it. — Those who are delicate in spirit (like artists) avoid and malign science on account of this air.

206

Why scholars are nobler than artists. — Science has need of *nobler* natures than poetry: they must be simpler, less ambitious, more sober, quieter, not so concerned for posthumous fame, and able to forget themselves in things that rarely seem

to the eye of the many worth such a sacrifice of personality. To which is added another loss of which they are aware: the mode of their occupation, the continual demand for the greatest sobriety weakens their *will*, the fire is not kept as highly heated as in the oven of poetic natures: and therefore, they frequently lose their highest energy and bloom at a younger age than the latter—and as I said, they *know* about this danger. In any circumstances, they *seem to be* less gifted because they sparkle less and are taken to be worth less than they really are.[265]

207[266]

How far piety provides obscurity.—Later centuries bestow upon the great man all of the great qualities and virtues of his century—and thus all the best things are continually *obscured* by piety, because they appear as holy images on which we hang or place all sorts of votive offerings;—until eventually it is completely covered and enveloped by these things and is henceforth more an object of belief than of sight.

208[267]

Standing on our head.—When we turn the truth on its head, we do not generally notice that our head, too, is not standing where it should stand.

209

Origin and utility of fashion.—The visible self-satisfaction of an *individual* with his form excites imitation and gradually produces the form of the *many*, that is, fashion: these many want to use fashion to obtain precisely the same pleasurable self-satisfaction with their form and do in fact attain it.—If we consider how many reasons for anxiety and timid self-concealment every human has and how three-fourths of his energy and his good will can be crippled by those reasons and become barren, we must pay great thanks to fashion insofar as it unshackles that three-fourths and imparts a self-confidence and a reciprocal, cheerful cooperativeness to those who know

themselves to be mutually bound to its law. Even foolish laws give freedom and peace of heart, at least insofar as many have subjected themselves to them.

210

Tongue looseners. — The value of many people and books rests solely upon the quality of forcing everyone to express what is most hidden, most inner: they are tongue-freers and crowbars for the most stubborn teeth. Many events and misdeeds, which apparently exist only as a plague upon humanity, have that same value and utility.

211[268]

Free-moving spirits. — Who among us would dare to call himself a free spirit, if he did not wish to pay homage in his own way to those men upon whom this name was hung as *an insult*, by loading on to his shoulders something of that burden of public distrust and abuse? But we might well call ourselves "free-moving spirits" in all seriousness (and without this arrogant or magnanimous defiance), because we feel moved toward freedom as the strongest drive of our spirit and, in opposition to constrained and firmly rooted intellects, see our ideal almost in a spiritual nomadism — to make use of a modest and almost disparaging expression.

212

Ah, the favor of the muses! — What Homer says about this grips the heart, so true, so terrible it is: "{the excellent singer} whom the Muse had loved greatly, and gave him both good and evil. She reft him of his eyes, but she gave him the sweet singing art."[269] — This is a text without end for thoughtful people: she gives good *and* ill, that is *her* sort of affectionate love! And everyone will give special care to explaining why we thinkers and poets *must* give our *eyes* for this.

213[270]

Against the nurturing of music. — The artistic training of the eye from childhood on, through drawing and painting, through sketching landscapes, persons and incidents, brings along with it, moreover, the invaluable gain for life that the eye is made *sharp, calm* and *persevering* in observing human beings and circumstances. A similar side-benefit does not accrue from artistic nurturing of the ear: for which reason the public schools generally do well in giving preference to the art of the eye over that of the ear.

214

The discoverers of trivialities. — Subtle spirits, for whom nothing lies farther afield than a triviality, often discover one of these after following all sorts of roundabout ways and mountain trails and take great pleasure therein, to the amazement of those who are not subtle.

215[271]

Morality of scholars. — Regular and rapid progress in the sciences is possible only when the individual does *not* have to be *too mistrustful* in verifying every calculation and assertion in areas that lie farther afield for him: but the condition for this is that everyone have competitors in his own field who are *extremely mistrustful* and keep a close eye upon him. From this juxtaposition of "not too mistrustful" and "extremely mistrustful" there emerges accountability in the republic of scholars.

216

Reason for infertility. — There are highly gifted spirits who remain forever infertile simply because, out of weakness of temperament, they are too impatient to await the end of their pregnancy.

217

Upside-down world of tears. — The manifold discontents that the claims of higher culture produce in humans finally turn nature so far upside down[272] that they generally take themselves to be stiff and stoical and have tears left over only for the rare assaults of happiness, indeed, that many people have to cry simply out of delight at the absence of pain: — only in happiness do their hearts still beat.

218

The Greeks as translators.[273] — When we speak of the Greeks, we speak involuntarily of today and yesterday at the same time: their completely familiar history is an empty mirror that always reflects something that is not in the mirror itself. We use the freedom of speaking about them in order to be allowed to remain silent about others — so that the latter can themselves say something in the ear of the attentive reader. Thus the Greeks make it easier for a modern human to communicate many things that are hard to communicate and questionable.

219[274]

Of the acquired character of the Greeks. — We let ourselves be easily deceived by the celebrated Greek clarity, transparency, simplicity and order, the crystalline naturalness and the simultaneous crystalline artificiality of Greek works, into believing that all of this was given to the Greeks as a gift: that they could, for example, have done nothing other than to write well, as Lichtenberg once expressed it.[275] But nothing is more rash and untenable. The history of prose from Gorgias to Demosthenes displays a laboring and struggling from darkness, extravagance and tastelessness out into the light that makes us recall the toil[276] of the heroes who had to build the first pathways through forests and swamps.[277] The dialogue of tragedy is the real *feat* of the dramatist because of its uncommon clarity

and precision amidst a popular propensity that luxuriated in the symbolic and allusive and that was still being expressly trained in this by the great choral lyrics: as it is Homer's feat to have freed the Greeks from Asiatic pomp and stupor and to have attained clarity of architecture on a large and small scale. It was not considered at all easy to say something quite purely and lucidly; where else did the great admiration for the epigram of Simonides[278] come from, which presents itself so simply, without gilded points, without the arabesques of wit—but it says what it has to say clearly and with the calmness of the sun, not straining after effects like the lightning bolt. Because it is Greek to strive toward the light from an almost inborn twilight, a shout of joy passes through the people when they hear a laconic maxim, or the language of the elegy, or the sayings of the seven sages.[279] That is why the giving of precepts in verse, which we find offensive, was so beloved and was seen as the genuine Apollonian task for the Hellenic spirit, in order for it to become victorious over the dangers of meter, over the darkness that is otherwise characteristic of poetry.[280] Simplicity, suppleness, sobriety were *wrung out* of the hereditary popular disposition, not given to it—the danger of a relapse into the Asiatic hovers constantly over the Greeks, and in fact it did come over them from time to time like a dark, overflowing flood of mystical impulses, elementary savagery and gloom. We see them go under, we see Europe, as it were, washed away, flooded over—for Europe was at that time very small—but always they return to the light, good swimmers and divers that they are, the people of Odysseus.

220[281]

The truly pagan.—There may be nothing more astonishing for someone observing the Greek world than discovering that the Greeks from time to time gave festive holidays, as it were, for all of their passions and evil natural tendencies, and even established a sort of festal regulation of what is all too human

as part of their civic policies: this is what is truly pagan about their world, what never was nor could be grasped from a Christian perspective and what Christianity steadily opposed as severely as possible and disdained. — They took what is all too human to be inevitable and preferred, instead of reviling it, to give it a sort of second-order right by finding a place for it among the customs of society and religious cults;[282] indeed, they termed everything in human beings that has *power* divine and wrote it on the walls of their heaven. [283] They do not deny the natural drive that expresses itself in unpleasant qualities, but instead find a place for it and limit it to specific cults and days, after they have invented enough precautionary measures to be able to drain off those wild waters in the least damaging way. This is the root of all the moralistic broad-mindedness of antiquity. They allowed for a moderate discharge of what was evil and questionable, of the regressively bestial as well as the barbaric, pre-Greek and Asiatic elements that still lived at the basis of Greek nature, and did not strive for their complete annihilation. The entire system of such arrangements was encompassed by the state, which was constructed not with an eye to individual people or castes, but to ordinary human qualities. In its construction, the Greeks display the amazing sense for what is typical and factual that later enabled them to become natural scientists, historians, geographers and philosophers. It was not a limited, priestly or caste-based moral code that was decisive in constituting the state and its cults: but instead, the most comprehensive regard for *the reality of everything human.* — Where did the Greeks get this freedom, this sense for what is real? Perhaps from Homer and from the poets before him; for it is precisely the poets, whose own natures tend not to be the fairest and wisest, who instead possess that pleasure in *every kind* of real and effective thing and who do not wish completely to deny even evil: it suffices for them if this is moderated and not allowed to murder or inwardly poison everything — that is, they think like those who constructed the Greek state and were their masters and pioneers.

221

Exceptional Greeks. —In Greece, the deep, solid, serious spirits were the exceptions: the instinct of the people went more toward feeling seriousness and solidity to be some sort of distortion. Borrowing forms from foreigners, not creating them, but reshaping them into the most beautiful appearances—that is Greek: imitating, not for the sake of utility, but for the purpose of aesthetic deception, becoming master again and again over an imposed seriousness, ordering, embellishing, leveling—so it goes from Homer to the Sophists of the third and fourth centuries of the Common Era, who are wholly exterior in orientation, characterized by pompous language and enthusiastic gestures, and appeal to hollowed-out souls who desire only appearance, noise and effect. —And now we esteem the greatness of those exceptional Greeks who created *science*! Whoever tells their story, tells the most heroic history of the human spirit.

222[284]

The simple is neither the first in time, nor the last. —In the history of religious representations, much false development and gradualness has been foisted upon things that have in truth grown up not out of and after one another, but alongside and apart from one another; whatever is simple, in particular, still has far too much of a reputation for being oldest and most original. Much that is human emerges by subtraction and division, and precisely not by duplication, addition, accretion. —For example, we still believe in a gradual development in *representing the gods*, moving from clumsy blocks of wood and stones into fully humanized figures: and yet it is instead the case that so *long* as divinity was located and felt to be present in trees, pieces of wood, stones or animals, one avoided anthropomorphizing its shape as one would an impiety. The poets first had to accustom the inner imagination of humans and to make it receptive to this, apart from the cult and the constraint of religious *shame*: but if more pious moods and moments came to predominate

again, this liberating influence of the poets retreated again and sanctity remained as before on the side of what was monstrous, uncanny, quite intrinsically inhuman. And yet much of what the inner imagination dares to shape for itself would still have painful effects if translated into an external, physical depiction: the inner eye is far bolder and has less shame than the outer one (hence the acknowledged difficulty and partial impossibility of transforming epic material into dramatic). For a long time, the religious imagination absolutely *refuses* to believe in the identity of its god with an image: the image is supposed to allow the *numen*[285] of divinity to appear here, as active, as fixed to this place, in some sort of mysterious, not wholly comprehensible way. The oldest image of the god is supposed to *shelter and at the same time to conceal* the god—to intimate him, but not to make him visible. No Greek ever inwardly *visualized* his Apollo as a wooden pillar or his Eros as a lump of stone; they were symbols whose purpose was precisely to make one afraid of actually seeing them. It is the same with those wooden figures on which individual limbs, sometimes an excess of them, were carved in the scantiest way: as a Laconian Apollo had four hands and four ears. There lies in what is incomplete, intimated or overly complete a dreadful sanctity that is supposed to *prevent* their being thought of in a human or humanlike way. It is not an embryonic stage of art in which one gives shape to such things: as if in the times when people worshipped such images they were *incapable* of speaking more clearly or representing in a more perceptible way. Instead, they avoid precisely one thing: direct, plain speech. As the cella[286] shelters what is most holy, the real *numen* of divinity, and conceals it in a mysterious semidarkness, *and yet not completely*; as the peripteral temple in turn shelters the cella, protecting it, as it were, with a screen and a veil, against the unabashed eye, *but not completely*:[287] so is the image at one and the same time the divinity and the hiding place of the divinity.—Only when, outside of the cult, in the profane world of competition, the joy of the victor in battle mounted so high that the waves stirred up by it washed over into the lake of

religious sensation, only when the statue of the victor had been set up in the temple courtyard and the pious visitor to the temple had had to accustom his eye, like his soul, willingly or unwillingly to this unavoidable sight of *human* beauty and excess strength, so that, amid this spatial and spiritual proximity, adoration for humanity and for god merged into a single sound: only then does the aversion toward real humanizing of the image of the god disappear and large playgrounds open up for large sculpture: yet even then with the restriction that wherever *worship* is to occur, the age-old form and ugliness is to be preserved and carefully imitated. But the *sanctifying and gift-giving* Hellene may now, in perfect bliss, indulge his desire to allow god to become man.

223

Where we must travel.—Immediate self-observation is far from sufficient for getting to know ourselves: we need history, for the past flows on, through us, in a hundred waves; indeed, we are ourselves nothing except what we experience at every moment of this onward flow. And even here, if we want to descend into the river of what seems to be our most individual and personal nature, the saying of Heraclitus holds true: we do not step into the same river twice.[288]—This is a truth that has gradually become stale, to be sure, but that has nonetheless remained as powerful and nourishing[289] as it ever was: just like the other one that says, in order to understand history, we must seek out the living remains of historical epochs—that we must *travel*, as the patriarch Herodotus traveled, to other nations—these are, in fact, only the solidified earlier *stages of cultures*, on which we can *place* ourselves—to so-called savage and half-savage peoples, especially, where human beings have removed or not yet put on the garments of Europe. There is, however, a still more *refined* art of and purpose in traveling, which does not make it always necessary to move from place to place and to cross thousands of miles on foot. The last three hundred years, in all their cultural hues and refractions, are quite

likely still alive even *near to us*: they need only be *discovered*. In many families, even in individual human beings, the strata still lie beautifully and distinctly on top of one another: elsewhere there are dislocations in the stone that are harder to understand.[290] It is certain that in out-of-the-way places and less frequently trodden[291] mountain valleys, a more self-enclosed community can more easily maintain a venerable model of a much older sensibility, which has to be tracked down there: whereas it is, for example, unlikely that we would make such discoveries in Berlin, where people come into the world already leached and blanched. Anyone who, after lengthy practice in this art of traveling, has become a hundred-eyed Argus, will eventually accompany *his*[292] *Io*[293] — I mean his *ego* — everywhere and will rediscover the travel adventures of this becoming and transformed ego in Egypt and Greece, Byzantium and Rome, France and Germany, in the age of nomadic or settled peoples, in the Renaissance and Reformation, at home and abroad, even in the sea, the woods, the plants and the mountains. — Thus, self-knowledge becomes knowledge of everything, with regard to the entire past: just as, according to a different chain of observations only hinted at here, self-determination and self-education could in the freest and most farsighted spirits become the determination of everything, with regard to all future humanity.[294]

224[295]

Balm and poison. — We cannot ponder this thoroughly enough: Christianity is the religion of an aged antiquity, its presupposition the presence of degenerate, aged cultures and peoples; it was and is able to work on these like a balm. In eras when the eyes and ears are "filled with mud," so that the voice of reason and philosophy can no longer be heard, and embodied and changing wisdom, whether it bears the name of Epictetus or Epicurus, can no longer be seen: then it may be that the erect martyr's cross and the "trumpet of the last judgment"[296] may be effective in moving such peoples to live out their lives in *decency*. Think of Juvenal's Rome, of this poisonous toad

with the eyes of Venus[297] — there we learn what it means to make the sign of the cross before the "world," there we admire the serene Christian community and are grateful for how it has overgrown the Greco-Roman earth. If most people at that time were already born with servility of soul and the sensuality of the aged: what a blessing to encounter those beings who were more souls than bodies and who seemed to realize the Greek representation of the shades of Hades: shy, flitting, chirping, benevolent figures with an expectancy of[298] a "better life" that made them so modest, so serenely scornful, so proudly patient! — This Christianity, as the evening chimes of the *good* antiquity, with a cracked, tired and yet pleasantly sounding bell, is still balm even now to the ears of anyone who simply wanders historically through those centuries: what must it have been for those human beings themselves! — By contrast, Christianity is *poison* for young, vigorous barbarian peoples; implanting the doctrine of sinfulness and damnation into the heroic, childish, bestial soul of the ancient Germans, for example, means nothing other than poisoning them; the result had to be a quite colossal chemical fermentation and disintegration, a confusion of feelings and judgments, a wild growth and cultivation of the most fantastic things and therefore, as it proceeded further, a fundamental weakening of such barbaric peoples. — Admittedly: without this weakening, what would we still have of Greek culture! of the whole cultural past of the human species! — for those barbarians who were *untouched* by Christianity understood thoroughly how to do away with the old cultures: as the heathen conquerors of Romanized Britain, for example, demonstrated with frightful clarity. Against its own will, Christianity had to help make the "world" of antiquity immortal. — Now there still remains, even here, one more counterquestion and the possibility of one counterjudgment: if it had not been weakened by the aforementioned poison, might one or another of those vigorous tribes, perhaps the German one, have been capable of gradually finding its way, on its own, to a higher culture, a distinctive, new one? — the remotest idea

of which has therefore been lost to humanity itself?—So it is here, too, like everywhere else: we do not know, to speak as Christians, whether God owes thanks more to the devil or the devil to God that all has come to pass as it did.

225 [299]

Faith makes us blessed and damned.—A Christian who fell upon prohibited paths of thought might well ask himself: is it really *necessary* that there actually *exist* a god, along with a substitute sacrificial lamb,[300] if the *belief* in the *existence* of these beings suffices to produce the same effects? Are they not *superfluous* beings, even if they really were supposed to exist? For everything beneficial, comforting, morally improving, just like everything gloomy and depressing that the Christian religion gives to the human soul, proceeds from this belief and not from the objects of this belief. It is no different here than in another familiar case: no witches really existed, to be sure, but the terrible effects of the belief in witches were the same as if witches really had existed. For all those occasions in which the Christian awaits the immediate intervention of a god—but waits in vain—his religion is inventive enough in excuses and reasons for reassurance: it is in this regard certainly an ingenious religion.—Admittedly, up to now faith has not been able to move any real mountains, although I do not know who asserted this; but it is capable of putting mountains where none exist.[301]

226

Tragicomedy of Regensburg.[302]—Now and then we can see with alarming clarity the farce of Fortuna, how she ties to a few days, to a single place, to the condition and disposition[303] of a single person, the cords of the coming centuries, by which she wants to make them dance. Thus the fate of modern German history[304] lies in the days of that debate in Regensburg: the peaceful outcome of churchly and moral matters without religious wars or Counter-Reformation seemed to have been accomplished, likewise the unity of the German nation; the

deep, gentle temperament of Contarini hovered for a moment above the theological squabbling, triumphantly, as the representative of a more mature Italian piety that reflected the dawn of spiritual freedom upon his wings. But Luther's bony head, full of suspicions and sinister fears, bristled: because justification by grace seemed to him to be *his* greatest discovery and motto, he did not believe this phrase coming from the mouths of Italians: whereas they, as is well known, had already discovered it much earlier and had very quietly spread it through all of Italy. Luther saw in this apparent agreement the tricks of the devil and hindered the work toward peace as much as he could: whereby he advanced the aims of the enemies of the empire a considerable way. —And now, in order to heighten the impression of something terribly farcical, add to this the fact that none of the phrases over which they fought at that time in Regensburg, neither the one about original sin, nor the one about redemption by substitution, nor the one about justification by belief, is in any way true or has anything to do with the truth except that they are all now considered to be indisputable: —and yet the world was set ablaze over them, that is, over opinions that do not correspond to any things and any realities at all; whereas with regard to purely philological questions, for example explaining the sacramental words of communion, a dispute is at least permissible, because here the truth can be said. But where there is nothing, there the truth, too, has lost its rights. —In the end, nothing more remains to be said, except that there certainly arose at that time *sources of energy* so powerful that without them all the mills of the modern world would not have been driven with the same force. And it is in the first place a matter of energy, only then a matter of truth and that not for a very long time—is this not so, my dear, timely contemporaries?[305]

227[306]

Goethe's errings—Goethe is the great exception among the great artists, in that he did not live within the *narrowness of his*

real ability, as if that had to be what was essential and distinctive, unconditional and final, for himself and for the entire world. He twice believed that he possessed something higher than he really possessed—and erred in the *second* half of his life, when he seems to have been completely penetrated by the conviction that he was one of the greatest *scientific* discoverers and enlighteners. And likewise, already in the *first* half of his life: he *wanted* from himself something higher than poetry seemed to him to be—and he erred already in this. That nature wanted to make of him a *plastic* artist—that was his inwardly glowing and singing secret, which finally drove him to Italy so that he could fully indulge this delusion and sacrifice everything to it. This sensible fellow, honestly averse in principle to any delusive misshaping, eventually discovered how a deceitful hobgoblin of desire had stimulated him to believe in this calling, how he had to free himself and to say *farewell* to the greatest passion of his will. The painfully cutting and gnawing conviction that it was necessary *to say farewell* dies away completely in Tasso's mood: there lies over him, the "intensified Werther,"[307] the sentiment of something worse than death, as if[308] someone were saying to himself: "now it is over—after this farewell; how can one live on without going mad!"—These two fundamental errors in his life gave Goethe, with regard to the purely literary stance toward poetry that was all that the world then knew, such an unconstrained and apparently almost capricious attitude. Apart from the time when Schiller—poor Schiller, who had no time and left no time unused—forced him out of his chaste reserve toward poetry, out of his fear of all literary creation and craft—Goethe appears like a Greek, who visits a lover from time to time, uncertain whether she might be a goddess, whose correct name he does not know. In all of his poetry we note the nearby breath of the plastic arts and of nature: the features of these figures hovering before him—and all the time he may think that he is simply on the trail of the metamorphoses of a goddess—became without his will or knowledge the features of all the children of his art.

Without the *digressions of error* he would not have become Goethe: that is to say, the sole German artist whose writing has not yet grown obsolete—because he as little wanted to be a writer by profession as a German.

228[309]

Travelers and their ranks.—We can distinguish five ranks among travelers: those of the first, lowest rank are those who, in traveling, *are* seen by others—they become well traveled and yet are as if blind; the next sort really do themselves see into the world; the third experience something as a consequence of seeing; the fourth internalize what they have experienced and carry it forward with them; finally, there are some human beings of the greatest energy who must eventually live out, by necessity, in actions and deeds, everything that they have seen after it has been experienced and internalized, as soon as they have returned home.—All humans in general go through the entire journey of life like these five species of travelers, the lowest as purely passive beings, the highest acting and living out without any residue what remains behind and goes on within them.

229

In climbing higher.—As soon as we climb higher than people who have up until now admired us, we appear to them to have sunken and fallen lower: for they had in any case believed that they stood up until now *with* us (if also owing to us) *upon the heights.*

230

Measure and mean.—Of two very exalted things, measure and mean, we do best never to speak. A few people do know about their powers and signs from the mystery paths of inner experiences and backtrackings: they revere in them something divine and avoid speaking of them aloud. Everyone else barely listens when such things are spoken of, and imagines it only

involves something boring and mediocre: except perhaps those who did once hear an admonishment ringing from that realm, but have stopped up their ears against it. The memory of that now makes them angry and irritated.

231

Humanity of friendship and mastery. — "You go toward the morning: and so I will head toward the evening"[310] — to feel this way is the high mark of humanity in closer relationship with others: without this feeling every friendship, every discipleship and studentship sooner or later becomes hypocrisy.

232

The depths. — Human beings who think deeply appear in their relations with others like actors because they must, in order to be understood, always first feign having a surface.

233

For the despisers of "herd humanity." — Anyone who considers human beings like a herd and flees from them as quickly as he can will no doubt be overtaken by them and tossed on their horns.

234

Primary offense against the vain. — Anyone who gives someone else the opportunity in society to expound upon what he knows, feels and experiences thereby puts himself above the other and unless he is, without reservation, considered by that person to be someone of higher standing, therefore commits an assault on the other's vanity — whereas he believed that this was precisely what he was gratifying.

235

Disillusionment. — When a long life full of activity, along with speeches and writings, gives public evidence about a person, closer contact with that person tends to be disillusioning

for two reasons: first, because we expect too much from a short time span of interaction—that is, everything that first lets itself become visible in the thousand occasions of life—and then, because notable people do not bother to court further acknowledgment in individual situations. He is too negligent—and we are too intent.

236

Two sources of goodness.—To treat all human beings with an equivalent benevolence and to be good to them without differentiating among persons can be just as much the emanation of a deep contempt for humans as of a fundamental love for humans.

237[311]

The wanderer in the mountains to himself.—There are certain signs that you have moved forward and gotten higher: it is now more open and panoramic around you than it was before, the air blows more coolly upon you, but also more mildly—you have in fact unlearned the folly of confusing mildness and warmth—your pace has become more lively and firmer, courage and prudence have grown together:—for all of these reasons your path shall now be more lonely and in any case more dangerous than your earlier one, though certainly not to the extent that those looking upward from the misty valley toward you, the wanderer striding upon the mountain, believe it to be.[312]

238[313]

Except for the neighbor.—Clearly, it is only on my own neck that my head does not sit correctly; for everyone else, as we all know, knows better than I what I should do and leave undone: it is only myself that I, poor rogue that I am, do not know how to advise. Are not *all* of us like statues upon which the wrong heads have been placed?—is it not so, my dear neighbor?—But no, you are precisely the exception.

239

Caution. — We must either not associate with people who lack an appropriate reserve in personal matters or else, without pity, lay the handcuffs of propriety upon them in advance.

240

Wanting to seem vain. — To express only selected thoughts when conversing with people whom we know not at all or not well, to speak of our famous acquaintances, our important experiences and travels, is a sign that we are not proud, or at least that we would like not to seem to be. Vanity is the mask of politeness in proud people.

241

Good friendship. — Good friendship emerges when we very much respect the other person, more so, in fact, than ourselves, when we likewise love him, and yet not so much as ourselves, and finally, when we understand how to add the delicate *sheen* and downiness of intimacy in order to foster smooth relations, while at the same time wisely holding ourselves back from real, genuine intimacy and any confusion of I and you.

242[314]

Friends as ghosts. — If we change ourselves greatly, then our friends who have not changed become the ghosts of our own past: their voices sound shadowy and terrible as they reach us — as if we heard ourselves, but younger, harder, less mature.[315]

243

One eye and two gazes. — The same persons whose gazes naturally appeal for favors and patronage generally also have an insolent gaze as a result of their frequent humiliations and feelings of vengefulness.

244[316]

The blue distance.—A child for life[317]—that sounds very touching, but is only the judgment from a distance; seen and experienced up close, it always means: boyish for life.

245

Advantage and disadvantage in the same misunderstanding.—The silencing embarrassment of a subtler mind is generally interpreted from the perspective of unsubtle people as silent superiority and is greatly feared: whereas if it is perceived as embarrassment, it would engender good will.

246[318]

The wise man pretending to be a fool.—The philanthropy of the wise man sometimes makes him *pretend* to be irritated, angry, overjoyed in order not to cause pain to those around him by the coldness and self-possession of his *true* nature.

247[319]

Forcing ourselves to be attentive.—As soon as we notice that someone has to *force* himself to be attentive when associating and conversing with us, we have fully validated proof that he does not love or no longer loves us.

248

Path to a Christian virtue.—To learn from our enemies is the best path toward loving them:[320] for it disposes us to be grateful to them.

249

Stratagem of the importunate.—An importunate person gives us change in gold coins for our commonly accepted coins, and wants thereby to oblige us subsequently to treat our agreed-upon conventions as a mistake and him as an exception.

250[321]

Grounds for aversion. — We become hostile to many an artist or writer not because we finally notice that he has deceived us, but because he did not find it necessary to use subtler means to capture us.

251

In parting. — Not in how one soul draws near to another, but in how it distances itself from the other, do I recognize its relation to and affinity with the other.

252

Silentium.[322] — We should not say things about our friends: otherwise we gainsay the feeling of friendship.[323]

253

Impoliteness. — Impoliteness is frequently the mark of a clumsy modesty that loses its head when surprised and wants to hide this by being rude.[324]

254

Miscalculation in honesty. — It is sometimes precisely our newest acquaintances who learn first what we have previously kept silent: in behaving this way, we foolishly think thereby this evidence of our trust in them is the strongest shackle we can use to hold on to them[325] — but they do not know enough about us to feel very strongly the sacrifice we make in speaking out, and they betray our secrets to others without thinking it a betrayal: so that we may as a result lose our old acquaintances.

255[326]

In the anteroom of favor. — Anybody whom we leave standing for a long time in the anteroom of our favor either begins to ferment or turns sour.

256[327]

Warning to the despised. — If we have unmistakably sunk lower in the esteem of human beings, we should hold on fast with our teeth to modesty in associating with them: otherwise we betray to the others that we have also sunk in our own self-esteem. Cynicism in social intercourse is a sign that a human being treats himself in solitude like a dog.[328]

257[329]

Ignorance often ennobles. — With regard to the esteem of those who give esteem, it is more advantageous visibly *not* to understand certain things. Ignorance, too, confers privileges.

258

The adversaries of gracefulness. — Impatient and arrogant people do not like gracefulness and feel it to be a corporeally visible reproach against them; for it is the tolerance of the heart in movement and gesture.

259[330]

Upon reunion. — When old friends see one another again after a long separation, it often happens that they pretend to be interested at the mention of things that have become matters of complete indifference for them: and sometimes they both notice this, but dare not lift the veil — due to a mournful misgiving. Thus there result conversations like those in the realm of the dead.

260

Making friends only with industrious people. — The idle person is dangerous for his friends: because he does not have enough to do, he talks about what his friends are doing and not doing, eventually meddles in their affairs and makes himself annoying: this is why we would be shrewd to make friends only with industrious people.[331]

261

One weapon twice as good as two. — It is an unequal battle when one person speaks for his position with head and heart, the other only with his head: the first has the sun and wind against him, as it were, and his two weapons interfere with each other: he loses the prize — in the eyes of *truth*. Admittedly, the victory of the second with his one weapon is seldom a victory according to the heart of all the *other* spectators and costs him his popularity among them.

262

Deep and murky. — The public easily confuses someone who fishes in murky waters with the one who draws water from the depths.

263

Demonstrating our vanity on friend and foe. — Many people mistreat even their friends out of vanity when there are witnesses present to whom they want to make their superiority evident: and others exaggerate the worth of their foes in order to indicate with pride that they are worthy of such foes.[332]

264

Cooling down. — The heating up of the heart is generally connected to sickness of head and of judgment. Anyone who has cared for a while about the health of the latter must therefore know what he has to cool down: regardless of the future of his heart! For if we are capable of warming up at all, then we will once again become warm and have to have our summer.[333]

265

On a mixture of feelings. — Women and selfish artists hold against science some sort of feeling made up of envy and sentimentality.

266

When danger is greatest. — We rarely break a leg as long as we are arduously climbing upward in life, but instead, when we begin to take things easy and to choose the easy paths.

267[334]

Not too early. — We must take care not to become sharp too early — because we thereby also become thinned out too early.

268

Joy to the recalcitrant. — The good educator knows of cases where he is proud that his pupil remains true to himself *in opposition to him*: namely there, where the youth should not understand the man or would understand him to his own detriment.

269[335]

Attempt at honor. — Youths who want to be more honorable than they were look to sacrifice someone who is recognized for being honorable, whom they attack first by trying through insults to raise themselves to his level — with the ulterior thought that this first attempt is in any case not dangerous: for that person is precisely the one who is not permitted to chastise the impudence of someone attempting to be honorable.

270

The eternal child. — We believe that fairy tales and games belong to childhood: shortsighted as we are! As if we would like to live without fairy tales and games at any age! Admittedly, we call it[336] something else and experience it differently, but this is precisely what speaks for it being exactly the same thing — for the child, too, feels that games are his work and fairy tales his truth. The brevity of life should preserve us from pedantically separating the ages of life — as if each one brought something new — and a poet should sometime present to us a

human being two hundred years old who really does live without fairy tales and games.

271[337]

Every philosophy is philosophy of a particular age. — The age at which a philosopher discovered his doctrine rings forth from within it; he cannot avoid this, however exalted above his time and hour he may feel himself to be. Thus, Schopenhauer's philosophy remains the mirror image of an ardent and melancholy *youth* — it is no way for older people to think; thus, Plato's philosophy recalls the middle thirties, when a cold and a hot river typically plunge into each other, producing spray and delicate little clouds and, under favorable conditions and sunshine, an enchanting image of a rainbow emerges.

272

On the spirit of women. — The spiritual strength of a woman is demonstrated best if she, out of love for a man and his spirit, sacrifices her own, and if, despite inhabiting a new region, originally alien to her nature, toward which the man's character forces her, *a second spirit immediately* grows up within her.[338]

273

Exaltation and degradation in sexuality. — The storm of desire sometimes carries a man up to the height where all desire grows still: a place where he truly *loves* and dwells in a better state of being even more than in a better state of wanting.[339] And a good woman, on the other hand, frequently descends out of true love down into desire and thereby *degrades* herself in her own view. The latter, in particular, is among the most poignant[340] effects that the idea[341] of a good marriage can bring about.

274[342]

The woman fulfills, the man promises. — In woman, nature shows how fully it has finished its work on the human form up

to now; in man, it shows what it has overcome in achieving this, but also all that it still *intends* for human beings. — The perfect woman of every age is the idleness of the creator on every seventh day of culture, the relaxation of the artist in his work.

275

Transplanting. — If someone has applied his spirit to becoming master over the intemperance of the affects, this may occur with the unpleasant result that he spreads intemperance to his spirit and henceforth gives way to excess in his thinking and desire for knowledge.

276

Laughter as betrayal. — How and when a woman laughs is a mark of her cultivation: but in the sound of the laugh her nature discloses itself; among highly cultivated women, perhaps even the final, indissoluble vestige of her nature. — The investigator of humanity will therefore say, like Horace, but for different reasons: *ridete puellae.*[343]

277

From the soul of youths. — Youths alternate between devotion and insolence with regard to the same person: because they basically respect and disdain only themselves in the other and have to stagger back and forth between both sensations with regard to themselves, as long as they have not yet found in experience the measure of their will and abilities.

278

Toward improving of the world. — If we were to forbid the dissatisfied, the bilious and the grumblers from propagating, we could magically transform the earth into a garden of happiness. — This sentence belongs in a practical philosophy for the female sex.

279[344]

Not mistrusting our feelings. — The womanly saying that we should not mistrust our feelings means nothing more than: we should eat what tastes good to us. This may even be a good everyday rule, especially for moderate natures. Different natures, however, must live according to a different principle: "you must eat not only with your mouth, but also with your head, so that your mouth's sweet tooth does not destroy you."[345]

280

Gruesome conceit of love. — Every great love brings along with it the gruesome thought[346] of killing the object of love in order to be removed once and for all from the wanton game[347] of change: for love is more horrified of change than of annihilation.[348]

281

Doors. — Like the man, the child sees doors in everything that it experiences or learns: but for the former they are *entrances*, for the latter always only *passageways*.

282

Compassionate women. — The compassion of women, which is often garrulous, carries the bed of the invalid into the public marketplace.

283

Early merit. — Anyone who has already attained merit when young generally forgets in doing so his awe for age and for his elders and thereby excludes himself from the society of mature, maturity-instilling people, to his own extreme disadvantage: so that he, despite his precocious merit, remains green, obtrusive and boyish longer than others.

284[349]

Wholesale souls. — Women and artists believe that when someone does not contradict them, he cannot contradict them; it seems impossible to them that respect for ten points and silent disapprobation of another ten could go side by side, because they have wholesale souls.

285

Young talents. — With regard to young talents, we must proceed strictly according to the Goethean maxim[350] that often we dare not harm error in order not to harm the truth. Their condition is like the sicknesses of pregnancy and brings strange cravings along with it: which we should satisfy and attend to as well as we can for the sake of the fruit that we expect from them. Admittedly, we must, as the attendants of these odd patients, understand the difficult art of voluntary self-humiliation.

286

Disgust at the truth. — Women are constituted such that all truth (with regard to man, love, child, society, goals in life) disgusts them and that they seek revenge against anyone who opens their eyes.

287

The source of great love. — Whence do the sudden passions of a man for a woman emerge, the deep, inner ones? From sensuality alone, least of all, but when the man finds weakness, neediness, and at the same time presumptuousness in a single being, something takes place in him as if his soul wanted to boil over: he is touched and offended at the same moment. From this point springs the source of great love.

288[351]

Cleanliness. — We should enkindle the sense for cleanliness in the child to the point where it becomes a passion: it will

rise up later in ever new transformations, in almost every virtue, and finally appear, as compensation for every talent, like a luminous abundance of purity, moderation, mildness, character—bearing happiness within itself, spreading happiness around it.

289[352]

Of vain old men. —Deep thinking belongs to youth, clear thinking to age: if old men nevertheless sometimes speak and write in the manner of deep thinkers, they do it out of vanity, in the belief that they thereby take on the charm of what is youthful, fanciful, becoming, full of premonitions and hope.

290

Using what is new. —Men use what has been newly learned or experienced henceforth as a plowshare, perhaps also as a weapon: but women immediately make it into attire.

291

Being right, in the case of the two sexes. —If we concede to a woman that she is right, she cannot refrain from first setting her heel triumphantly upon the neck of the one who has been overcome—she has to savor the triumph; whereas between men in such cases, they are generally ashamed of being right. Hence man is used to being victorious, whereas woman experiences it as an exception.

292

Renunciation in the will to beauty. —In order to become beautiful, a woman should not want to be taken as pretty: that is, in ninety-nine cases where she could be pleasing, she must disdain and thwart pleasing, in order to harvest *one time* the delight of him, the portal of whose soul is large enough to take in something great.

293

Incomprehensible, unendurable. — A youth cannot comprehend that an older man has also once lived through his delights, dawns of feeling, turns and flights of thoughts: it even offends him to think that they might have existed twice — but it puts him in a completely hostile mood to hear that in order to become *fruitful*,[353] he must lose those blossoms, do without their scent.

294

Party with the air of a patient sufferer. — Every party that knows how to give itself the air of a patient sufferer draws the hearts of good-natured people toward it and thereby gains for itself the air of being good-natured, to its greatest advantage.

295[354]

Asserting more certain than proving. — An assertion has a stronger effect than an argument, at least with the majority of humans; for an argument awakens mistrust. Therefore public speakers seek to secure the arguments of their party through assertions.

296[355]

The best concealers. — Everyone who is regularly successful possesses a profound cunning at always bringing their errors and weaknesses to light only as apparent strengths: for which reason, they must know them unusually well and clearly.

297

From time to time. — He sat himself at the city gate and said to someone going through, this is the city gate. The latter responded that this was the truth, but that one would not be very much right to want to have thanks for this. Oh, he answered, I want no thanks; yet from time to time it is very pleasant not only to be right, but to be proved right as well.

298[356]

Virtue was not discovered by the Germans. — Goethe's distinguished air and lack of envy, Beethoven's noble, hermit-like resignation, Mozart's charm and gracefulness of heart, Händel's inflexible manliness and freedom under the law, Bach's cheerful and transfigured inner life, which does not even find it necessary to renounce distinction and success — are these then *German* qualities? — But if not, it at least demonstrates what Germans should strive for and what they can attain.

299

Pia fraus[357] *or something else.* — I may be mistaken; but it seems to me that in contemporary Germany a dual sort of hypocrisy has been made the duty of the moment for every man: we demand Germanness out of imperial-political concern and Christianness out of social anxiety, but both only in words and gestures and especially in the ability to be silent. The *veneer* is what costs so much now, is so highly paid: the *spectators* are the reason the nation creases its face in Germanic and Christian ways.

300

To what extent with the good, too, half can be more than the whole. — With all things that are set up to endure and always demand the service of many persons, many things that are *less good* must be made the *rule*, even though the organizer knows very well what is better (and harder):[358] but he cannot count upon never lacking the persons who *are able to* measure up to the rule — and he knows that a middling quantity of energies is the rule. — A youth rarely perceives this and then believes, as a newcomer, how amazingly right he is and how strange the blindness of others is.

301

The party man. — The genuine party man no longer learns anything, he only experiences and judges: whereas Solon, who was never a party man, but instead pursued his goal aside from and above parties or in opposition to them, is in a characteristic way the father of that simple phrase[359] in which the health and inexhaustibility of Athens is contained: "I grow old, ever learning many things."[360]

302[361]

What is German, according to Goethe. — It is the truly unbearable people, from whom we prefer not to receive even good things, who possess *freedom of opinion*, but who do not notice that they lack *freedom of taste and of spirit*. But it is precisely this, according to Goethe's well-considered judgment,[362] that is *German*. — His voice and his example indicate that the German must *be more* than a German if he wants to be of use or even just tolerable to other nations — and *the direction in which he* should strive to pass above and beyond himself.

303[363]

When it is necessary to stand still. — When the masses begin to rage and reason grows dark, we do well, insofar as we are not completely certain about the health of our souls, to step under a doorway and to keep an eye on the weather.

304

The revolution-minded and the property-minded. — The only remedy against socialism that still remains in your power is: not to challenge it, that is, to live yourselves in a moderate and unpretentious way, to prevent as far as you can any excessive displays of wealth and to come to the aid of the state when it places severe taxes upon everything superfluous and seemingly luxurious. You don't want this remedy? Then, you rich

bourgeois who call yourselves "liberal,"[364] just admit to yourselves that it is your own heartfelt convictions that you find so frightening and threatening in the socialists, but that you consider unavoidable in yourselves, as though they were something different there.[365] If you, such as you are, did not have your *property* and the concern for maintaining it, these convictions of yours would make you into socialists: only the possession of property makes any difference between you and them.[366] You must first gain victory over yourselves if you want to gain any sort of victory over the opponents of your wealth.—And if only that wealth really were well-being! It would not be so superficial and arouse so much envy, it would be more communicative, benevolent, egalitarian, helpful. But the spurious and histrionic air of your joy in life, which lies more in a feeling of opposition (that others do not have it and envy you for it) than in a feeling of the fulfillment and enhancement of your energies—your houses, clothes, vehicles, fancy stores, necessities for palate and table, your noisy enthusiasm for opera and music, and finally your women, formed and shaped, but out of base metal, gilded, but without the ring of gold, chosen by you as showpieces, giving themselves to you as showpieces:—these are what has spread the poison of the public sickness that now communicates itself faster and faster to the masses as socialist scabies, but that has its first seat and incubator *in you.* And who can now stem this plague?[367,368]

305[369]

Party tactics.—When a party notices that one of its members has gone from being an unconditional supporter to a conditional one, it finds this so hard to tolerate that it attempts, by using all sorts of provocations and insults, to bring that person to a decisive defection and to make him into an opponent: for it has the suspicion that the intention of seeing in its faith something *relatively* worthwhile, which allows for a pro and con, a weighing of things and a rejection of some of them, is more dangerous to it than whole-scale opposition.

306

On strengthening parties. — Anyone who wants to strengthen a party internally should offer it the opportunity of having to be treated with visible *injustice*: it thereby accumulates a capital of good conscience that it may previously have lacked.

307[370]

Caring for his past. — Because human beings really respect only what is anciently established and was slowly developed, someone who wants to live on after his death must care not only for posterity, but even more for a *past*: this is why tyrants of every kind (tyrannical artists and politicians, too) are quite willing to do violence to history, so that it might appear as a preparation for and stepladder up to them.

308

Party writer. — The drum roll that is so satisfying to young writers in the service of a party sounds to someone who does not belong to the party like the clanking of chains and awakens compassion rather than admiration.

309

Taking sides against ourselves. — Our supporters never forgive us if we take sides against ourselves: for this means, in their eyes, not only rejecting their love, but also exposing their understanding.

310[371]

Danger in wealth. — Only someone who has *spirit* should possess *property*: otherwise property is *dangerous to the common good*. The proprietor, that is, who does not understand how to make any use of the free time that his property could provide for him, will *continue* forever to strive for more property: this effort becomes his entertainment, his stratagem in the battle with boredom. Thus in the end real wealth is produced from a

moderate property that would satisfy someone with spirit: and, to be sure, as the glistening result[372] of spiritual dependence and poverty. But *now* he *appears* to be completely different from what his impoverished lineage led us to expect, because he can adopt the mask of cultivation and art: he can *buy* masks. He thereby awakens envy among those who are poorer and less cultivated—who basically always envy cultivation and do not see the mask in the mask—and gradually prepares the way for a social revolution: for gilded coarseness and histrionic self-inflation in the supposed "enjoyment of culture" gives them the idea that "it is simply a matter of money"—whereas it is *somewhat* a matter of money, of course, but *much more a matter of spirit*.

311

Joy in commanding and obeying.—Giving commands is enjoyable, as is obedience, the former when it has not yet become a habit, the latter, however, when it has become a habit. Old servants under new givers of commands promote one another's enjoyment.[373]

312

Ambition of the lost outpost.—There is an ambition associated with a lost outpost that impels a party to put itself in the most extreme danger.

313[374]

When asses are necessary.—We won't get the crowd to cry hosannas until we ride into town upon an ass.

314[375]

Party custom.—Every party attempts to represent anything significant that has grown beyond it as insignificant; but if it is not successful at this, it displays enmity toward it that is more bitter, the more excellent it is.

315[376]

Becoming empty. — Less and less remains of someone who resigns himself to events. Great politicians can therefore become completely empty human beings despite having once been full and rich.

316

Desired enemies. — The socialist stirrings are at present more agreeable than fear-inspiring for dynastic governments, because these movements place in their hands the right to and weapons for emergency measures that they can use to strike at the figures that really frighten them, the democrats and anti-dynasts. — Such governments now have a secret affection and cordiality for everything that they publicly hate: they have to veil their souls.

317[377]

Property possesses. — Only to a certain extent does property make human beings more independent and free; one step farther — and the property becomes the master, the owner the slave: as such, he must sacrifice his time and his capacity for reflection, and furthermore feel[378] himself obligated to social intercourse, nailed to a single place, incorporated into a state: all of this, perhaps, contrary to his most inner and essential needs.

318[379]

Of the mastery of those with knowledge. — It is easy, ridiculously easy, to set up a model for electing a legislative body. First, the honest and trustworthy[380] people of a country, those of them who are also masters and experts in some field, would have to separate themselves out, by having a nose for and reciprocally acknowledging one another: from them, in turn, in a narrower vote, those who are the experts and knowledgeable people of the first rank in each individual area would have to

select themselves, likewise by reciprocally acknowledging and guaranteeing one another. If the legislative body consists of them, then, finally, only the votes and judgments of the most specialized experts must decide each individual case, and the sense of honor of *all* the others must be large enough and have simply become a matter of decency, to leave the vote to the former alone:[381] so that in the strictest sense the law would proceed from the understanding of those who understand the best. —At present, parties vote: and for every such vote there must be hundreds of people whose consciences are ashamed — those who have been badly taught or are incapable of judgment, those who repeat others' words or follow along or are carried away by passion. Nothing degrades the dignity of a new law as much as the blush of dishonesty that adheres to it under the pressure of every party-vote. But, as I said, it is easy, ridiculously easy, to set up something like this: no power in the world is strong enough at present to bring about anything better — unless, that is, the belief in the supreme *utility of science and of those with knowledge* were finally to enlighten even the most malevolent and to be preferred to the now-reigning belief in numbers. Mindful of this future, let our watchword be: "More respect for those with knowledge! And down with all parties!"

319[382]

Of the "people of thinkers"[383] *(or of bad thinking).* — What is indistinct,[384] hovering, ominous, elemental, intuitive — to choose unclear names for unclear things — what people say to be German nature, would be, *if* it actually still existed, proof that their culture had remained many steps behind and was still surrounded by the spell and atmosphere of the Middle Ages. —Admittedly, there are also some advantages in thus lagging behind: the Germans would, with these qualities — if, to say it again, they were still to possess them — be capable of some things, and especially of understanding some things, that other nations have completely lost the strength to accomplish. And certainly a great deal does get lost if the *lack of reason* —

that is to say, what those qualities have in common—gets lost: but here, too, there is no loss without the highest recompense, so that there are no grounds for complaint, presuming that we are not like children and gourmands in wanting to enjoy the fruits of every season all at the same time.[385]

320[386]

Owls to Athens.[387]—The governments of the great states have two means at hand for keeping the people dependent upon them, in fear and obedience: a cruder one, the army, and a subtler one, the schools. With the help of the first, they get the *ambition* of the higher and the *energy* of the lower social strata on their side, insofar as both tend to have active and vigorous men of moderate and lesser talent belonging to them: with the help of the other means, they win over *talented* poverty, especially the intellectually ambitious semipoverty of the middle classes. Above all, they make from the teachers of every rank a royal intellectual household that is automatically oriented "upward": by putting obstacle after obstacle in the way of private schools and of the wholly unpopular home schooling, they assure themselves of having at their disposal a quite considerable number of teaching positions, toward which a number of hungry and obsequiously downcast eyes, certainly five times greater than could ever be satisfied, is continually directed. But these positions should provide their man with only a *paltry* sustenance: for then the feverish thirst for *advancement* is maintained in him and attaches him ever more closely to the aims of the government. For nurturing a moderate discontent is always more advantageous than contentment, the mother of courage, the grandmother of free thinking and of arrogance. With the help of this corps of teachers, reined in physically and intellectually, the entire youth of the country will now, insofar as possible, be raised to a certain level of education that is useful for the state and purposefully graduated by steps: but above all, the conviction will be transmitted almost imperceptibly to the immature and ambitious spirits of

every class,[388] that only a way of life recognized and approved by the state leads immediately to *social* distinction. The effect of this belief upon state exams and titles goes so far that even for those men who have remained independent and made their way upward through commerce or a trade, a thorn of dissatisfaction remains in their breasts until their position has been noticed and recognized by the gracious conferral of rank and orders from above — until they "can let themselves be seen." Finally, the state attaches to all those hundreds upon hundreds of official and commercial posts that it controls the *obligation* of letting oneself be educated and validated by the state schools if one ever wants to enter through these gates: respect from society, bread for oneself, possibility of a family, protection from above, the shared feeling of a common education — all of this forms a net of hopes into which every young man runs: from where, then, should any mistrust come over him! If, in the end, the obligation for everyone to spend a few years as a *soldier* has, after the passing of a few generations, become a thoughtless habit and presupposition to which one very early trims the plan of one's life, then the state can also dare the master stroke of weaving the school *and* the army, talents, ambition and energy *into one another* by offering advantages, that is, by offering favorable conditions to tempt *those who are more talented* and *educated*[389] into the army and to fill them with the soldierly spirit of happy obedience: so that he will perhaps swear enduring allegiance to the flag and through his talents procure a new, ever more gleaming fame for it. — Then nothing is lacking except opportunities for great wars: and taking care for those are the diplomats in their career paths, thus in all *innocence*, along with the newspapers and markets: for the "people," as a people of soldiers, always has a good conscience at wartime; we do not even need to create one.

321[390]

The press. — If we consider how, even now, all great political events creep onto the stage in secret and disguised, how they are

concealed by unimportant events and appear small in proximity to them, how it is only long after their occurrence that they manifest their profound influence and make the ground tremble with their aftershocks—what significance can we then concede to the press,[391] as it now exists, with its daily expenditure of lungpower for screaming, for deafening, for stimulating, for frightening—is it anything more than *perpetual blind noise* that turns the ears and other senses in a false direction?

322

After a great event.—A people and a human being whose soul has come to light at the time of some great event generally feels the need for an act of *childishness* or *coarseness*, as much from shame as to recuperate.

323[392]

Being a good German means de-Germanizing oneself.—That in which we locate national differences is to a far greater extent than we have yet perceived only the difference among various *stages of culture* and only to the smallest extent something enduring (and even this, not in a strict sense). Hence someone who is working upon *transforming* convictions, that *is to say*, upon culture, *is* so little bound by all argumentation from national character. If, for example, we consider everything that *has* so far *been* German, we will immediately revise the theoretical question: what *is* German? by asking the opposite question, what is German *now*?—and[393] every *good* German will solve it practically, precisely by overcoming his German qualities. For when a people is moving forward and growing, then it will in every case burst the belt that had up until then given it its *national* appearance:[394] if it holds still, if it languishes, a new belt closes around its soul; the crust, growing ever harder, builds a prison around it, as it were, whose walls grow ever higher. If, therefore, a people has much that is solid about it, this is evidence that it wants to become petrified and would even like to turn into a *monument*: as it was for

Egypt from a certain point in time. Hence anyone who wishes the Germans well should for his part attend to how he might more and more grow out of what is German. *The turn toward un-Germanness* has therefore always been the distinguishing mark of the most capable of our people.

324[395]

Foreignisms.[396] — A foreigner who was traveling in Germany caused displeasure and pleasure by some of his assertions, according to the regions in which he was staying. All Schwabians who have spirit — he would say — are coquettes. — But the other Schwabians still believe that Uhland was a poet and that Goethe was immoral. — The best thing about the German novels that are now being praised is that we do not need to read them: we already know what they contain. — The Berliner seems[397] more good-natured than the south German, for he is all too fond of mockery and therefore puts up with mockery: which south Germans do not[398] do. — The spirit of the Germans is held down by their beer and their newspapers: he recommends tea and pamphlets to them, as a course of treatment, naturally. — We should, he advised,[399] observe the various peoples of aged Europe to see how each of them makes a particularly good display of one specific trait of the age, to the pleasure of those who sit before this great stage: how successfully the French represent the cleverness and amiability of the age, the English its experience and reserve, the Italians its innocence and unabashedness. How then should the other masks of the age be lacking? Where is the arrogant old man? Where is the tyrannical old man? Where is the greedy old man?[400] — The most dangerous region in Germany is Saxony and Thüringen: nowhere is there more spiritual agility and knowledge of humanity, as well as free-spiritedness, and all of it is so modestly concealed by the hideous language and the zealous servility of this population, that we hardly notice that we are dealing with the spiritual sergeants of Germany and its

schoolmasters in good and bad. — The arrogance of the north Germans is held in check by their propensity for obeying,[401] that of the south Germans by their propensity for making themselves comfortable.[402] — It seems to him that the German men have in their women unskillful, but very self-convinced housewives: they speak well of themselves so insistently that they have almost convinced the world and in any case their husbands of their particularly German housewifely virtue.[403] — If the conversation were then to turn to Germany's foreign and domestic politics, he would recount — he would call it: betray — that Germany's greatest statesman does not believe in great statesmen. — The future of the Germans he found to be threatened and threatening: for they have forgotten how to *enjoy* themselves (which the Italians understand so well), but, *accustomed* as they are to *emotion* by the great game of chance involved in wars and dynastic revolutions, they will as a consequence one day have a riot. For this is the strongest emotion that a people can provide for itself. — The German socialist is the most dangerous one, because he is driven by no *particular* need; he suffers from not knowing what he wants; so that even if he were to achieve a great deal, he would still languish from desire amid his enjoyment, just like Faust, but presumably like a very vulgar Faust.[404] "Bismarck," he finally cries, "has driven out the *Faust-devil* that had so plagued cultivated Germans: but now the devil[405] has gone into the swine and is worse than ever."[406]

325

Opinions. — Most humans are nothing and are worth nothing until they have clothed themselves in general convictions and public opinions according to the tailor's philosophy: clothes make the man. But of exceptional humans it must be said: *it is the wearer who makes the outfit*; here opinions cease to be public and become something other than masks, adornments and disguises.

326

Two sorts of sobriety. — In order not to confuse a sobriety that comes from an exhaustion of the spirit with a sobriety that comes from moderation, we must attend to the fact that the first is ill-humored, while the other is cheerful.

327

Adulterating joy. — Not calling anything good a single day longer than it seems good to us, and above all: *not a single day sooner* — that is the sole means for keeping our *joy* genuine: which otherwise all too easily comes to taste flat and stale, and is now among the products that entire classes of the people consider to be adulterated.[407]

328

The scapegoat of virtue.[408] — When someone is doing his very best, those who wish him well, but do not themselves measure up to his action, rush around looking for a goat to slaughter, imagining that it is a scapegoat bearing sins — but it is, in fact, the scapegoat of virtue.

329

Sovereignty. — Also honoring and embracing what is bad, when it is *pleasing* to us, and not having any idea of how we could be ashamed of our pleasure is the mark of sovereignty in great and small things.[409]

330[410]

The effective person is a phantom, no reality. — A person of influence gradually learns that, *insofar as* he *has any effectiveness*, he is a *phantom* in the heads of others, and he may fall into subtly torturing his soul by asking himself whether he doesn't have to uphold the phantom of himself *for the benefit* of his fellow human beings.

331

Taking and giving. — If we have taken away from someone the least little thing (or forestalled his having it), he is blind as to whether we have given him something much greater or even the greatest of things.

332[411]

The good field. — All rejecting and negating indicate a lack of fertility: basically, if we were just good farmland, we would let nothing go to waste and would see welcome manure, rain or sunshine in every thing, every event, every human being.

333

Social intercourse as pleasure. — If someone who tends toward renunciation[412] intentionally keeps himself in solitude, he can thereby make social intercourse with humans, seldom tasted, into a treat.

334[413]

Knowing how to suffer publicly. — We must publicly display our misfortune and sigh audibly from time to time, or be visibly impatient: for if we let others notice how secure and happy we are in ourselves despite pain and privation, how envious and malicious we would make them! — But we must take care that we do not make our fellow human beings any worse; for in that case they would, moreover, lay heavy taxes upon us, and anyway, our *public* suffering is also our *private* advantage.[414]

335

Warmth in the heights. — It is warmer upon the heights than people in the valleys believe, especially in winter. The thinker knows all that this comparison implies.

336

Wanting the good, being capable of the beautiful. — It does not suffice to do what is *good*, we must have wanted to do it and, as the poet[415] said, admit divinity into our *will*. But we should not want what is *beautiful*, we must *be capable* of it, in innocence and blindness, without any curiosity of the soul. Anyone who lights his lantern in order to find perfect human beings should attend to this mark: there are those who always act for the sake of the good and thereby always attain the beautiful without thinking about it. Many of those who are better and nobler, due to their incapacity and lack of a beautiful soul, and despite all of their good will and their good works, remain disagreeable and ugly to see; they repel other people and damage even virtue on account of the repulsive garment in which their bad taste clothes it.

337[416]

Danger for those who renounce. — We must beware of basing our lives upon too meager a foundation of desire: for if we renounce the joys that positions, honors, fellowship, sensual pleasures, conveniences and the arts bring with them, a day can come when we notice that we have by this renunciation made boredom with life, rather than *wisdom*, into our neighbor.

338

Final opinion about opinions. — We should either conceal our opinions or conceal ourselves behind our opinions. Anyone who does differently does not know the way of the world or belongs to the order of holy foolhardiness.

339

"Gaudeamus igitur."[417] — Joy must contain powers for uplifting and healing the moral nature of human beings, too: otherwise, how would it happen that as soon as our soul rests in the sunshine of joy, it involuntarily feels itself commended

to "be good!" or to "become perfect," and that a presentiment of perfection, like a blissful shudder, takes hold of it?

340

To someone who has been praised. — As long as they are praising you, just keep believing that you are not yet on your own path, but on that of another.

341

Loving the master. — Differently from a journeyman does a master love the master.

342

All too beautiful and human. — "Nature is too beautiful for you poor mortals" — not infrequently do we feel this way: but a few times, while contemplating from within everything human, its richness, energy, delicacy and entanglement, I felt as if I had to say in all humility: "*human beings*, too, are too beautiful for humans to observe!" — and not just the moral human being specifically, but every one of them.

343

Movable possessions and landed property. — If someone has ever been treated in a quite robberly way by life and had it take from him whatever it could in honors, joys, followers, health and possessions of every kind, he may discover after his initial fright that he is *richer* than before. For now he knows for the first time what is so much *his* that no robber's hand can touch it: and so he may go forth from all this plundering and disorder with the distinguished air of a great landowner.

344

Involuntary ideal figures. — The most painful feeling that exists is to discover that we have always been taken for something more exalted than we are. For in light of this we must admit to ourselves: something about you is lies and deception,

your word, your expression, your demeanor,[418] your eye, your behavior—and this deceptive something is as necessary as your honesty elsewhere, but is continually counteracting its effect and value.

345

Idealist and liar.—We should not let ourselves be tyrannized by even the most beautiful pleasure—that of lifting things into the ideal: otherwise truth will one day take leave of us with the angry words, "You, a liar from the ground up, what have I to do with you!"[419]

346

Being misunderstood.—When we are wholly misunderstood, it is impossible to completely root out any individual point of misunderstanding. We must realize this in order not to waste excessive energy in defending ourselves.

347

The water-drinker speaks.—Keep on drinking the wine that has refreshed you your whole life long—what is it to you that I have to be a water-drinker? Aren't wine and water peace-loving, brotherly elements that can live together without reproaching each other?

348

From the land of cannibals.—In solitude, the solitary person consumes himself; amid multitudes, he is consumed by many. Now choose.

349[420]

At the freezing point of the will.—"Finally, one day, it arrives, the hour that will envelop you in a golden cloud free from pain: where your soul takes pleasure in its own fatigue[421] and, happy in playing patiently with its own patience, is like the waves of a lake that lap at the shore on a calm summer day

in the reflected glow of a brightly colored evening sky, lap again, and then grow still—without end, without purpose, without being sated, without need—wholly at peace, while rejoicing in change, wholly absorbed in the ebb and flow[422] to the pulse of nature."[423] This is the feeling and language of all invalids: but if they attain those hours, there then comes, after a brief pleasure, boredom. But this is the thawing breeze for the frozen will: it awakens, moves about and again begets wish upon wish.—Wishing is a sign of convalescence or recovery.[424]

350[425]

The disavowed ideal.—Although the exception, it does happen that someone first attains what is most exalted when he has disavowed his ideal: for this ideal has up until then driven him along so furiously that he ran out of breath in the middle of every path he took and had to stand still.

351[426]

Revealing tendency.—We should consider it as the mark of an envious, but aspiring human being if he feels himself attracted by the thought that there is only one mode of deliverance from what is excellent: love.[427]

352[428]

Happiness of the staircase.[429]—Just as the wit of many human beings does not keep pace with their opportunities, so that the opportunity is already through the door, while wit still stands upon the staircase: so, too, do we find in other people a sort of happiness of the staircase, which runs too slowly to be always at the side of fleet-footed time: the best of what they manage to enjoy in an experience or an entire stretch of life falls to them only a long time later, often only as a weak, aromatic scent that awakens desire and grief—as if it would have been possible at some time to have drunk their fill of this element. But now it is too late.

353

Worms. —It says nothing against the ripeness of a spirit that it has a few worms.

354

The triumphant seat. —A good posture in riding a horse steals the courage from an opponent and the heart from an observer—so why do you[430] even want to attack? Just sit[431] there, like someone who has triumphed.

355

Danger in admiration. —By excessive admiration of virtues alien to us, we can lose our appreciation of our own and, through lack of practice, eventually lose the virtues themselves without obtaining the alien ones as replacements.

356[432]

Usefulness in sickliness. —Anyone who is often sick has not only a much greater pleasure in being healthy because he is so often recuperating: but also a highly developed sense for what is healthy and sickly in works and in actions, his own and those of others: so that, for example, it is precisely the sickly authors—and that, unfortunately, includes almost all the great ones—who tend to have in their writings a much more certain[433] and stable tone of health, because they understand better than those who are physically robust the philosophy of spiritual health and recovery and its teachers: morning, sunshine, woods and springs.

357

Unfaithfulness, condition of mastery. —It can't be helped: every master has only one pupil—and that one will be unfaithful to him—for he, too, is destined to mastery.

358

Never in vain. —You never climb in vain in the mountains of truth: either you are already getting higher today or you are exerting your energies in order to be able to climb higher tomorrow.

359

Before gray windowpanes. —Is what you see of the world through this window so beautiful, then, that you never want to gaze through any other window at all—and even attempt to keep others from doing so?

360[434]

Sign of great transformation. —If we dream of people long forgotten or dead, it is a sign that we have experienced some great transformation in ourselves and that the ground upon which we are living has been completely dug up: then the dead rise up and our antiquity becomes novelty.

361

Medicine for the soul. —Lying quietly and thinking very little is the least expensive medicine for every illness of the soul and, when done with good will, becomes more pleasant to use hour by hour.

362

On the rank order of spirits. —It ranks you far below some other person that you try to ascertain the exceptions, whereas he tries to ascertain the rule.

363

The fatalist. —You *have to* believe in fate—science can force you to do so. What then grows out of this belief for you—cowardice and resignation or grandeur and sincerity—that bears witness to the soil in which that seed has been spread;

but not to the seed itself, for it can turn into anything and everything.

364[435]

Reason for much peevishness. — Anyone who prefers what is beautiful in life to what is useful will in the end, like a child who prefers sweets to bread, surely ruin his stomach and gaze upon the world quite peevishly.

365

Excess as cure. — We can make our own talent palatable for ourselves once again by spending a long time excessively honoring and enjoying its opposite. Using excess as a cure is one of the more subtle tricks in the art of life.

366

"Willing a self." — Active, successful natures do not act according to the maxim, "know yourself," but instead as if there hovered before them the command: *will* a self, and you *become* a self. — Fate seems still to have left the choice to them, whereas the inactive and contemplative reflect upon how they *have* chosen their fate once and for all, when they entered into life.

367

Living, if possible, without followers. — We only grasp how little it means to have followers when we have ceased to be the follower of our followers.

368

Making ourselves obscure. — We must know how to make ourselves obscure in order to get rid of the gnat swarm of all-too-burdensome admirers.[436]

369[437]

Boredom. — There is a boredom of the most subtle and cultivated minds, for whom the best that the earth has to offer

has become stale: accustomed to eating ever more highly sought-after food and disgusted by coarser fare, they are in danger of dying from hunger — for there is only a little of the very best things and sometimes it has become inaccessible or rock-hard, so that even good teeth can no longer bite it.

370

The danger in admiration. — Admiration of a quality or an art can be so strong that it deters us from striving to possess it.

371

What we want from art. — One person wants to use art to delight in his own nature, another wants to have its help in escaping temporarily from his nature. In accord with both needs, there is a dual form of art and artists.

372

Defector. — Someone who defects from us may not thereby offend us, but will certainly offend our followers.

373

After death. — It is usually only long after the death of a human being that we find it inconceivable that he is missing: with really great human beings, often only decades later. Anyone who is honest usually believes that not much is really missing when someone has died and that the ceremonial funeral orator is a flatterer. It is only need that teaches us that an individual is necessary, and the proper epitaph is a belated sigh.

374

Left in Hades. — There are many things that we must leave in the Hades of half-conscious feeling and[438] not wish to deliver out of their shadowy existence; otherwise they, as thoughts and words, become our demonic masters and clamor horribly for our blood.

375

Proximity of beggardom. — Even the richest spirit has occasionally lost the key to the chamber in which his accumulated treasures rest and is then like the poorest person, who must beg simply in order to live.

376

Chain-thinker. — To someone who has thought a great deal, each new[439] idea that he hears or reads immediately appears in the form of a chain.

377[440]

Compassion. — In the gilded sheath of compassion there is sometimes stuck the dagger of envy.

378[441]

What is genius? — Wanting both a lofty goal *and* the means for attaining it.

379[442]

Vanity of fighters. — Someone who has no hope of triumphing in a fight or is clearly being defeated wants all the more for the style of his fighting to be admired.

380[443]

The philosophical life is misinterpreted. — In the moment when someone begins to take philosophy seriously, the whole world believes the opposite of him.

381

Imitation. — What is bad gains in regard through imitation, what is good loses through it — especially in art.

382[444]

The final lesson of history. — "Ah, if only I had lived at that time!" — these are the words of foolish and frivolous human beings. We will instead, with regard to every bit of history that we have *seriously* considered, though it may be the most highly praised land of the past, cry out in the end: "anything rather than back there again! The spirit of that age would press down upon you with the weight of a hundred atmospheres, you would not enjoy what is good and beautiful about it, and you would not be able to digest what is bad." — It is certain that the world to come will judge our age in the same way: it must have been unbearable, life in it has become unlivable. — And yet everyone puts up with his own age? — Yes, and precisely because the spirit of his age not only lies *upon* him, but is also *within* him. The spirit of the age offers its own resistance to itself and bears itself up.

383[445]

Greatness as a mask. — With greatness of conduct we embitter our enemies, with envy that we allow them to perceive, we almost reconcile them to us: for envy compares, equates; it is an involuntary and moaning sort of modesty. — But has it then ever been the case, for the sake of the advantage mentioned, that envy has been adopted as a mask by those who were not envious? Perhaps: but it is certain that greatness of conduct has often been used as a mask for envy by ambitious people who prefer to suffer disadvantages and to embitter their enemies rather than to allow them to perceive that they inwardly equate themselves to them.

384[446]

Unforgivable. — You have given him an opportunity to display greatness of character, and he has not made use of it. For this he will never forgive you.

385[447]

Anti-theses. — The most senile thing that has ever been thought about human beings is hidden in the renowned saying, "the ego is always hateful";[448] the most childish is the even more renowned saying, "love thy neighbor as thyself":[449] — With the one, knowledge of humanity has ceased; with the other, it has not even begun.

386[450]

The missing ear. — "We still belong to the rabble as long as we push the blame upon others; we are on the path of wisdom, when we make only ourselves responsible: but the wise man finds no one blameworthy, neither himself nor others." — Who says this? — Epictetus, eighteen hundred years ago.[451] — We have heard it, but forgotten it. — No, we have not heard it and not forgotten it: not everything has been forgotten. But we did not have the ear for it, the ear of Epictetus. — So, did he therefore say it into his own ear? — So it is: wisdom is the whispering of the solitary with himself in the crowded marketplace.

387[452]

Error of the point of view, not of the eye. — We always see ourselves from a few steps too close; and our neighbor always from a few steps too far away. So it happens that we judge him too much at wholesale value and ourselves too much according to individual, occasional, trivial traits and events.

388[453]

Ignorance in weapons. — How lightly we take it, whether someone else knows or does not know about some matter — while he may already be sweating blood at the idea that we take him here for unknowledgeable. Truly, there are choice fools who are always going around with a quiver full of anathemas and decrees, ready to shoot down anyone who lets it be seen

that there are things in which their judgment is not being considered.

389

At the drinking table of experience. — Persons who, from innate moderation, leave every glass standing only halfway drunk, do not want to admit that everything in the world has its sediment and dregs.

390

Songbirds. — The followers of a great man tend to blind themselves in order to be better able to sing his praises.

391

Not equal to it. — The good displeases us, if we are not equal to it.

392

The rule as mother or as child. — It is one condition that gives birth to the rule, another to which the rule gives birth.

393

Comedy. — We sometimes harvest love and respect for deeds or works that we have long since stripped off ourselves, like a skin: then we are easily tempted to act out the roles of our own past and to throw the old pelt over our shoulders once again — and not only out of vanity, but also out of good will toward our admirers.

394[454]

Error of biographers. — The small amount of force that is needed to push a boat into the river should not be confused with the force of this river that carries it farther along: but this occurs in almost all biographies.

395

Not buying too dearly. — What we buy too dearly we typically also use badly, because we do so without love and with painful recollection — and thus we have a double disadvantage from it.

396

The philosophy that society always needs. — The pillars of social order rest upon the foundation that everyone looks upon all that he is, does and strives for, upon his health or sickness, his poverty or prosperity, his honor or insignificance, with cheerfulness and thereby feels, "*I would not change places with anyone.*" — Anyone who wants to help construct the order of society has only to implant in people's hearts this philosophy of cheerfully renouncing any change of place and of being without envy.

397[455]

Sign of the noble soul. — A noble soul is not the one that is capable of the highest flights, but instead the one that rises and falls only slightly, yet lives *perpetually* in an air and at a height that is freer and more filled[456] with light.

398[457]

Greatness and its observer. — The best effect of greatness is that it implants in the observer an eye that magnifies and rounds things off.

399

Letting ourselves be satisfied. — Maturity of understanding manifests its attainment when we no longer go where rare flowers stand among the thorniest hedgerows of knowledge and let ourselves be satisfied by gardens, woods, meadows and fields, considering how life is too short for what is rare and unusual.

400[458]

Advantage in privation. — Anyone who continually lives amid warmth and fullness of heart, in the summer air of the soul, as it were, cannot conceive of the tremulous delight that takes hold of more wintry natures on the rare occasions when they are touched by the rays of love and the mild breath of a sunny February day.

401[459]

Prescription for the sufferer. — The weight of life is too heavy for you? — Then you must increase the weight of your life. If the sufferer finally thirsts for and seeks out the river Lethe — then he must become a *hero*, in order to be sure of finding it.

402[460]

The judge. — Anyone who has seen someone's ideal is his unrelenting judge and his guilty conscience, as it were.

403

Utility of great renunciation. — The most useful thing about great renunciation is that it imparts to us that pride in virtue, by means of which we can from then on easily procure many small renunciations from ourselves.

404

How duty acquires a sheen. — The means for transforming your iron duty into gold in everyone's eyes is: always perform something more than you promise.

405

Prayer to human beings. — "Forgive us our virtues"[461] — thus should we pray to human beings.

406

Those who create and those who enjoy. — Every enjoyer thinks that the fruit is what mattered to the tree; but what mattered to it was the sap. — This is what constitutes the difference between all those who create and those who enjoy.

407[462]

The glory of all great people. — What does it matter to the genius, if he does not impart to his observer and admirer such freedom and height of feeling that the latter no longer needs the genius! — *Making oneself superfluous* — that is the glory of all great people.

408[463]

The trip to Hades.[464] — I, too, have been in the underworld,[465] like Odysseus, and will be there yet again; and I have not only sacrificed rams in order to be able to speak with some of the dead,[466] but have not spared my own blood. There were four pairs who did not deny themselves to me, the sacrificer:[467] Epicurus and Montaigne, Goethe and Spinoza, Plato and Rousseau, Pascal and Schopenhauer. These are the ones with whom I must come to terms when I have wandered for a long time alone; I will let them judge when I am right and wrong, I will listen to them when they thereby judge one another right and wrong. Whatever I may say, decide upon, think through for myself and others: upon those eight I fix my eyes and see theirs fixed upon me. — May the living forgive me, if *they* sometimes appear like shadows to me, so pale and peevish, so restless and ah! so greedy for life: whereas those seem so alive to me, as if they now, *after* death, could never again grow weary of life. But it is a matter of *eternal liveliness*: for what do "eternal life" and life in general matter![468]

Part Two

The Wanderer and His Shadow

Second and final supplement to the previously published collection of thoughts *Human, All Too Human: A Book for Free Spirits.*[1]

* * *

The Shadow: Because it has been so long since I heard you speak, I would like to give you an opportunity to do so.[2]

The Wanderer: He speaks — where? and who? It almost seems to me as if I were hearing myself speak, only with a voice even weaker than mine.

The Shadow: (after a short pause): Don't you enjoy having an opportunity to speak?

The Wanderer: By God and all the things in which I do not believe, my shadow is speaking; I hear it, but don't believe it.

The Shadow: Let's accept it and not think any more about it, in an hour it will all be over.

The Wanderer: Just what I thought, when I saw first two and then five camels in a forest near Pisa.

The Shadow: It is a good thing that we are both considerate in the same way toward ourselves at moments when our reason stands still; thus we won't become annoyed with each other while conversing, and won't put thumbscrews to the other right away, even if a word of his sounds incomprehensible. If we don't know how to reply at once, it is enough just to say *something*: that is the reasonable condition under which I will converse with someone. In any long conversation, even the wisest person is once a fool and thrice a simpleton.[3]

The Wanderer: That you are so easily satisfied is not flattering for the one to whom you admit it.

The Shadow: Should I then be flattering?

The Wanderer: I thought that the human shadow was his vanity; but vanity would never ask: "should I then be flattering?"

The Shadow: Nor does human vanity, as far as I know, ask, as I have already done twice, whether it is allowed to speak: it speaks constantly.

The Wanderer: Only now do I perceive how rude to you I am, my dear shadow: I have not said a single word about how much I *enjoy* hearing you and not simply seeing you.[4] You doubtless know that I love the shadow as I love the light. In order for there to be beauty of visage, clarity of speech, goodness and steadiness of character, shadow is as necessary as light. They are not opponents: but rather, hold each other lovingly by the hand, and when the light vanishes, the shadow slips after it.

The Shadow: And I hate the same thing that you hate, the night; I love humans, because they are the disciples of light, and rejoice in the gleam that is in their eyes when they discern and discover, those indefatigable discerners and discoverers. The shadow that all things display when the sunshine of knowledge falls upon them—I am that shadow, too.

The Wanderer: I believe I understand you, even if you have expressed yourself in a somewhat shadowy way. But you were right: good friends now and then exchange an obscure word as the sign of mutual understanding, which should be a riddle for any third person. And we are good friends. Therefore enough of the prologue! A few hundred questions are pressing upon my soul and the time that you have for answering them is perhaps only brief. Let's look and see where we can come to agreement with each other most quickly and peaceably.

The Shadow: But shadows are shyer than humans: tell nobody how we have spoken together!

The Wanderer: How we have spoken together? Heaven preserve me from long, spun-out, written dialogues! If Plato had taken less pleasure in spinning, his readers would have taken more pleasure in Plato. A dialogue that is delightful in reality is, if transformed into print and read, a picture filled with false perspectives: everything is too long or too short.—Yet might I be allowed to communicate that *about which* we have come to agreement?

The Shadow: I am content with that, for everyone will recognize therein only your views: no one will be mindful of the shadow's.

The Wanderer: You may be in error, my friend! Up to now, people have perceived in my views more the shadow than me.

The Shadow: More the shadow than the light? Is it possible?

The Wanderer: Be serious, dear fool! My very first question already demands seriousness.—

* * *

1

From the tree of knowledge.[5] — Seemingly true, but no truth: seemingly free, but no freedom — these are the two fruits that make it impossible to confuse the tree of knowledge with the tree of life.

2

The world's reason. — That the world is *not* the embodiment of an eternal rationality can be definitively proven by the fact that the *piece of the world* that we do know — I mean our human reason — is not all that rational. And if *it* is not at all times and in all ways wise and rational, then the rest of the world will not be so either; here the deduction *a minori ad majus, a parte ad totum*[6] holds, and, to be sure, with decisive force.

3

"In the beginning was."[7] — To exalt the origin[8] — that is the metaphysical drive[9] that bursts forth once again when we observe history and makes us believe completely that what stands at the beginning[10] of all things is most valuable and essential.

4

Measure for the value of truth. — The toil required for climbing mountains is absolutely no measure of their height. But in science, it should be different! — thus those who wish to count

as initiates say to us—the toil required for truth should be precisely what determines the value of truth! This crazy morality proceeds from the thought that "truths" are really nothing more than gymnastic apparatuses on which we are supposed to work out until thoroughly fatigued—a moral for athletes and competitive gymnasts of the spirit.

5[11]

Language use and reality.—There exists a feigned contempt for all the things that humans really take to be most important, *all the nearest of things.* We say, for example, "we eat only in order to live"—a damned *lie*, like those that speak of the procreation of children as the real purpose of all desire. Conversely, the high estimation for the "most important things" is almost never wholly genuine: the priests and metaphysicians have admittedly gotten us completely accustomed to a hypocritically exaggerated *use of language* in these areas, and yet not changed the tune of our feeling that these most important things are not to be taken to be as important as those disdained nearby things.—An unpleasant consequence of this double hypocrisy, however, is that we nevertheless do not make the nearest of things, for example eating, dwelling, dressing, social relations, the object of a steady, disinterested and *general* reflection and reform, but instead, because this is considered degrading, turn our intellectual and artistic earnestness away from them; so that habit and frivolity easily gain victory over unthinking people, especially over inexperienced youth: whereas,[12] on the other hand, our continual offences against the simplest laws of the body and spirit bring all of us, young and old, into a shameful dependency and unfreedom—I mean into that fundamentally superfluous dependency upon doctors, teachers and pastors, whose pressure now lies constantly upon all of[13] society.[14]

6[15]

Earthly frailty and its primary cause.—When we look around, we always come across people who have eaten eggs all their lives

without noticing that the more elongated ones taste best, who do not know that a thunderstorm is beneficial for the abdomen, that pleasant odors smell strongest in cold, clear air, that our sense of taste is unequal at different places in the mouth, that every[16] mealtime at which we speak or listen attentively causes harm to the stomach. One may not be quite satisfied with these examples of the lack of a sense of observation, but might be all the more inclined to concede that *the nearest of things* are very badly observed by most people and very rarely given much attention. And is this a matter of indifference?—Consider that from this lack are derived *almost all of the physical and psychic frailties* of individual people: not to know what is beneficial and what is harmful for us in arranging our way of life, dividing up the day, time and selection of social relations, in occupation and leisure, commanding and obeying, feeling for nature and art, eating, sleeping and thinking: to be *ignorant in the smallest and most everyday things* and not to have a keen eye—that is what makes the world into a "pasture of troubles"[17] for so many people. Do not say that here, like everywhere else, it is a matter of human *irrationality*: but rather—there is reason enough and more, but it is *wrongly* directed and *artificially turned away* from those small and nearest of things. Priests and teachers, and the sublime love of power[18] of idealists of every kind, the cruder and the subtler ones, are already at work persuading the child that what matters is something completely different: the salvation of the soul, the service of the state, the advancement of science, or reputation and possessions as the means of doing service to all of humanity, whereas the need of the individual, his great and small wants within the twenty-four hours of the day are something contemptible or a matter of indifference.—Socrates was already defending himself with all his might against this arrogant neglect of what is human for the sake of human beings[19] and loved to remind people, using a saying of Homer's, about the real extent and essence of all care and reflection: It consists, he says, of whatever and only whatever "good and ill I encounter at home."[20]

7[21]

Two means of comfort. — Epicurus, the soother of souls in late antiquity, had the wonderful insight that is so rarely found nowadays, that solving the ultimate theoretical questions is not at all necessary for soothing the disposition. So it was sufficient for him to tell those who were tormented by "fear of the gods": "Even if gods do exist, they do not concern themselves with us"[22] — instead of disputing fruitlessly and from afar about the ultimate question of whether the gods exist at all. That position is much more favorable and more powerful: one gives the other person a few steps' advantage and thus makes him more willing to listen and to take it to heart. But as soon as he sets about proving the opposite — that the gods do concern themselves with us — into what labyrinths and thorn bushes the poor fellow must fall, all on his own, without any cunning on the part of his interlocutor, who only has to have enough humanity and refinement to conceal his compassion at this spectacle. Eventually the other person reaches a point of disgust, the strongest argument against any proposition, disgust with his own assertion: he grows cold and goes away in the same frame of mind as the pure atheist: "what do the gods really matter to me! To the devil[23] with them!" — In other cases, especially if a half-physical, half-moral hypothesis had cast a pall over the person's mind, he did not contradict this hypothesis, but instead conceded that it could well be so: but that there is *still a second* hypothesis for explaining the same phenomenon: something different could perhaps still be the case.[24] *A multiplicity* of hypotheses concerning the origin[25] of pangs of conscience, for example, is still sufficient in our time for removing from the soul the shadow that so easily arises from brooding upon a single, solely visible and thereby hundred times overrated hypothesis. — Hence anyone who wishes to dispense comfort to those who are unhappy, to wrongdoers, hypochondriacs, or the dying, should recall the two calming formulations of Epicurus, which can be applied to a great many questions. In

their simplest form they would go something like this: first, even supposing that this is the case, it matters nothing to us; second, it may be so, but it may also be otherwise.[26]

8

In the night.—As soon as night falls, our feeling about the nearest of things is changed. There is the wind, which travels as if upon forbidden paths, whispering as if seeking something, annoyed because it does not find it. There is the lamplight, with a gloomy, reddish gleam, gazing wearily, striving unwillingly against the night, an impatient slave of wakeful human beings. There are the breaths of someone sleeping, their shuddering rhythm to which an ever-returning care seems to sound the melody—we do not hear it, but if the breast of the sleeper rises up, we feel our heart constricted and if the breath sinks down and almost dies into a deathly stillness, we say to ourselves, "rest a while, you poor, tormented spirit!"—we wish for an eternal peace for all living things, because they live so oppressed; night is persuasive about death.—If humans do without the sun and lead the battle against the night with moonlight and oil, what philosophy would wrap its veil around them! We already perceive how living half of their lives veiled by darkness and deprivation of sunlight casts a pall upon the whole of humans' spiritual and psychic nature.

9[27]

Where the doctrine of freedom of the will originated.—Over one person stands *necessity* in the shape of his passions, over another as a habit for listening and obeying, over a third as logical conscience, over a fourth as capriciousness and a mischievous satisfaction in pranks. Yet the *freedom* of their will is sought by all four precisely where each of them is most firmly bound: it is as if the silkworm were to seek for the freedom of its will precisely in spinning. How does this come about? Clearly from the fact that the place where everyone most takes himself for free is where his *feeling of life* is greatest, therefore,

as I said, sometimes in passion, sometimes in duty, sometimes in knowledge, sometimes in mischievousness. Whatever makes the individual human strong, whatever makes him feel alive, he involuntarily believes must also always be the element of his freedom: he counts dependency and insensibility, independence and feeling for life as necessary pairs. — The experience that humans have had in the social-political realm is here fallaciously carried over to the ultimate metaphysical realm: there the strong man is also the free man; there a lively feeling of joy and suffering, the highest of hopes, the boldness of desire, the power of hate are the accessories of those who rule and are independent, while the subject, the slave, lives oppressed and apathetic. — The doctrine of freedom of the will is an invention of the *ruling*[28] classes.

10[29]

Not feeling any new chains. — As long as we do not feel that we are dependent upon anything, we take ourselves to be independent: a false conclusion that shows how proud and power-hungry a human is. For he assumes here that he would, under any circumstances, have to notice and to take cognizance of his dependency as soon as he became subject to it, under the presupposition that he *ordinarily* lives in independence and, if he were by exception to lose it, would immediately become aware of the contrary sensation. — But what if the reverse were true: that he is *constantly* living in manifold dependency, but takes himself *for free* whenever he, from long-established habit, *is no longer aware* of the pressure of the chain? It is only from new chains that he still suffers — "freedom of the will" really means nothing more than not feeling any new chains.

11[30]

Freedom of the will and the isolation of facts. — Our habitual, imprecise observation takes a group of phenomena as one and calls them a fact: as it thinks, it adds an empty space in between it and another fact, it *isolates* every fact. In truth, how-

ever, all of our acting and knowing is not a consequence of facts and empty spaces in between, but rather a continual flow. Now the belief in freedom of the will is incompatible with the representation of a continuous, homogeneous, undivided, indivisible flowing: it presupposes that *every individual action is isolated and indivisible*: it is an *atomistics* in the realm of willing and knowing. —Just as we understand characters imprecisely, so do we do the same with facts: we speak of the same characters, the same facts: *neither exists.* We give praise and blame, however, only under this false presupposition, that the *same* facts do exist, that a graduated order of *classes* of facts is available, which corresponds to a graduated order of values: therefore we *isolate* not only the individual fact, but also, in turn, groups of supposedly similar facts (good, bad, compassionate, envious actions, etc.)—in both cases erroneously.—The word and the concept are the most visible reason for why we believe in this isolation of groups of actions: with them, we are not simply *designating* things, we originally think that through them we are grasping the *essence*[31] of things. So now, we are continually misled by words and concepts to think of things as being simpler than they are, separated from one another, indivisible, each one existing in and for itself. A philosophical mythology lies concealed in *language,* which breaks forth again at every moment, however careful we may otherwise be. The belief in freedom of the will, that is, in the *same* facts and in *isolated* facts—has its perpetual evangelist and advocate in language.

12[32]

The fundamental errors.—In order for humans to feel any sort of pleasure or displeasure of spirit, they must be ruled by one of these two illusions: *either* they believe in the *equivalence* of certain facts, certain sensations: then they experience spiritual pleasure or displeasure as a result of comparing present circumstances with earlier ones and taking them to be either similar or dissimilar (as occurs in all recollection); *or* they believe in *freedom of the will*, as when they think, "I would not

have had to do this," "this could have turned out differently," and thereby likewise obtain pleasure or displeasure. Without the errors that are active in every spiritual pleasure and displeasure, humanity would never have come into existence—whose fundamental feeling is and remains that humans are the free entities in a world of unfreedom, the eternal *miracle-workers*, whether they do good or evil, the astonishing exception, the more-than-animal,[33] the almost-god, the meaning of creation, that which cannot be thought away, the solution to the cosmic riddle, the great master of nature and its despiser, the creature who calls his history *world history*![34] — *Vanitas vanitatum homo*.[35]

13[36]

Saying something twice. — It is good to express something right away in redoubled form and to give it a right and a left foot. Truth can certainly stand upon a single foot; but with two, it can move and travel about.

14[37]

Humans, the comedians of the world. — There would have to be creatures of more spirit than human beings, simply in order to savor the humor that lies in humans seeing themselves as the purpose of the whole existing world and in humanity being seriously satisfied only with the prospect of a world-mission. If a god did create the world, he created humans as *god's apes,* as a continual cause for amusement in his all-too-lengthy eternity. The music of the spheres around the earth would surely then be the mocking laughter of all other creatures at humans. That bored immortal tickles his favorite animal with *pain* in order to enjoy the tragically proud gestures and explanations of its suffering, and in general the spiritual inventiveness of his vainest creature—as the inventor of this inventor. For whoever devised humans for fun had more spirit than they and also more enjoyment of spirit. — Even here, where our humanity wants for once to voluntarily humble

itself, vanity plays a trick upon us in that we humans would at least like to see something wholly incomparable and amazing in *this* vanity.[38] Our uniqueness in the world! alas, it is too improbable a thing! The astronomers, who sometimes really are granted a field of vision detached from the earth, intimate that the drop of *life* in the world is without significance for the total character of the immense ocean of becoming and passing away; that countless celestial bodies have similar conditions for the generation of life as the earth, very many, therefore—admittedly, scarcely a handful in comparison with the infinitely many that have never had an outbreak of life or have long since recovered from it; that life upon each of these celestial bodies, measured against the duration of its existence, is a moment, a flaring-up, with a long, long space of time afterward—therefore in no way the goal and the final purpose of their existence. The ant in the forest perhaps imagines just as strongly that it is the goal and purpose for the existence of the forest as we do,[39] when we in our imagination tie the downfall of humanity almost involuntarily to the downfall of the earth: indeed, we are still modest if we stop there and do not arrange a general twilight of the world and of the gods for the funeral rites of the final human.[40,41] The most dispassionate astronomer can himself scarcely[42] feel the earth without life in any other way than as the gleaming and floating gravesite of humanity.

15

Modesty of humans. —How little pleasure suffices for most people to find life to be good, how modest are humans![43]

16[44]

Where indifference is needed. —Nothing would be more absurd than wanting to await what science will finally ascertain about the first and last things, while still thinking (and especially believing!), until that time, in the *traditional* way—as is so often recommended. The drive for wanting to have *only certainties* in this area is a *religious drive*, nothing more—a

concealed and only seemingly skeptical form of the "metaphysical need"[45] coupled with the afterthought that for a long time to come, there will be no prospect of making these final certainties available, and until then the "believer" is right not to concern himself with the whole area. We have no *need* whatsoever for these certainties about the uttermost horizons in order for humanity to live fully and fitly: just as little as the ant needs them in order to be a good ant. Instead, we must make it clear to ourselves where the fatal importance really comes from, which we have for so long attributed to those things, and for this we need the *history* of ethical and religious sensations. For only under the influence of these sensations have the most pointed questions of knowledge[46] become so momentous and frightful for us: we have spread concepts such as guilt and punishment (indeed, eternal punishment!) into the outermost regions, *toward which* the spiritual eye still presses, without penetrating *into them*: and done this all the more incautiously, the darker these regions were. We have for ages audaciously fantasized in places where we can ascertain nothing, and have persuaded our descendants to take these fantasies for seriousness and truth, in the end by using the abominable trump card: that belief is worth more than knowledge. What is now needed with regard to those final things is not knowledge against belief, but rather *indifference toward belief and supposed knowledge* in those areas! — *Everything* else must matter more to us than what has heretofore been preached to us as being most important: I mean the questions: why do humans exist? What fate do they have after death? How do they reconcile themselves with God? however such curiosities may be phrased. The questions of philosophical dogmatists, whether they be idealists or materialists or realists, matter just as little to us as these questions of religious types. They are all just intent upon forcing us to make a decision in areas where neither belief nor knowledge is necessary; it is more useful for even the greatest admirer of knowledge if[47] a foggy, deceptive belt of swamps lies[48] around everything

that can be investigated and made accessible to reason, a strip that is impenetrable, eternally flowing and indeterminable.[49] It is precisely by comparison with the kingdom of darkness[50] at the edge of the land of knowledge that the bright world of knowledge lying nearby, nearest at hand, steadily increases[51] in value. — We must once again become *good neighbors of the nearest of things* and not gaze beyond them as contemptuously as we have previously done toward clouds and monsters of the night. In the woods and the caves, in swampy stretches and beneath cloudy skies — humans have lived there for far too long, as if upon the cultural steps of entire millennia, and lived in poverty. There they *have learned*[52] *contempt for* the present time and the immediate vicinity and life and themselves — and we, we who inhabit the *brighter* fields of nature and of spirit, still inherit in our blood *something* of this poison of contempt for what is nearest at hand.

17

Profound explanations. — Anyone who "explains" an author's passage "more profoundly" than it was meant has not explained the author, but *obscured* him. This is the position of our metaphysicians toward the text of nature; indeed, even worse. For in order to bring their profound explanations to bear, they frequently first adjust the text in preparation: that is to say, they *corrupt* it. Schopenhauer's thoughts about the pregnancy of women may serve as a curious example of textual corruption and authorial obscuring. The sign of the steady existence of the will to life over time, he says, is coitus; the sign that a light of knowledge, holding open the possibility of salvation, and doing so to the highest degree of clarity, in fact, has been newly associated with this will is the renewed incarnation of the will to life. The sign of this is pregnancy, which therefore moves about frankly and freely, even proudly, whereas coitus creeps around like a criminal. He asserts that *every woman* surprised in the act of generation would prefer to die from shame, but "*makes a display of her*

pregnancy without any trace of shame, indeed, with a sort of pride."[53,54] Above all, this condition does not so *much*[55] allow itself to be put on display as it makes a display of itself; but while Schopenhauer emphasizes *only* the intention of making a display, he is preparing the text so that it fits with the already held "explanation."[56] So what he says about the generality of the phenomenon to be explained[57] is not true: he speaks of "every woman": however, many women in this condition, especially younger[58] ones, often display a painful embarrassment even in front of their closest relatives; and if women of more mature or maturest age, particularly those of the lower classes, should in fact take pride in their condition, they thereby let it be understood that they are *still* desired by their men. That a neighboring man and woman or a passing stranger, upon seeing her, says or thinks: "could it be possible—"; these alms are always gladly accepted by female vanity when it is low in spirit. Conversely, as could be deduced from Schopenhauer's sentences, it is precisely the cleverest and most spirited[59] women who exult the most in public at their condition: they have the greatest prospect of bearing an intellectual prodigy,[60] in whom "the will" can once again "renounce"[61] itself for the greater good; stupid[62] women, by contrast, would have every reason to conceal their pregnancy even more shamefully than anything else that they conceal. — We cannot say that these things are taken from reality. Supposing, however, that Schopenhauer were generally right in this, that women in the condition of pregnancy display more self-satisfaction than they otherwise display, another explanation would still lie nearer at hand than his. We could think of the clucking of the hen even *before* it lays an egg as having for content: Look, look! I am going to lay an egg! I am going to lay an egg!

18[63]

The modern Diogenes. — Before one goes looking for man, one must have found the lantern. — Will it have to be the lantern of the cynic?[64]

19

Immoralists. — Moralists must now put up with being scolded as immoralists because they dissect morality. But anyone who wishes to do dissection will have to kill: only, however, in order that things might be better known, better judged, better lived; not in order that the whole world do dissection. Unfortunately, however, human beings still believe that every moralist must, in everything that he does, also be a model for others to imitate; they confuse him with the preacher of morality. The older moralists did not do dissection enough and preached all too often: which has for result that confusion and its unpleasant consequence for present-day moralists.

20[65]

Not to be confused. — The moralists who treat the grand, powerful, self-sacrificing[66] disposition that we find in Plutarch's heroes, for instance, or the pure, enlightened, heat-conducting[67] spiritual state of truly good[68] men and women as difficult problems of knowledge and who investigate their descent by showing what is complicated in their apparent simplicity and directing the eye toward the entanglement of motives, toward the interwoven, delicate conceptual deceptions and the long-inherited, slowly heightened sensations of individuals and groups — these moralists are most *different* precisely from those with whom they are nonetheless most often *confused*: from the petty spirits who do not at all believe in that disposition and those spiritual states and who imagine that their own poverty lies concealed behind the splendor of greatness and purity. The moralists say: "here are problems," and pitiable people say: "here are deceivers and deceptions"; they therefore *deny* the *existence* of precisely what the former are intent upon *explaining*.

21[69]

Man as the measurer. — All the morality of humanity may have its origin in the colossal inner excitement that seized pri-

mal humans when they discovered measure and measuring, scales and weighing (the term "human" actually means the one who measures, he wanted to *name* himself after his greatest discovery!). With this conception they climb up into regions that are wholly immeasurable and unweighable, but did not originally seem to be so.

22[70]

Principle of balance. — The thief and the powerful person who promises to protect a community against thieves are probably basically quite similar beings, except that the second obtains his advantage differently from the first: namely from regular taxes that the community pays to him and no longer through payments extorted by threats. (It is the very same relationship as that between merchant and pirate, who for a long time are one and the same person: where the one function does not seem advisable to him, he employs the other. Indeed,[71] all businessman's morality is even now really only a more cunning variant of pirate morality: to buy as cheaply as possible — where possible for nothing except the costs of doing business — to sell as dearly as possible.)[72] The essential thing is: the powerful person promises to maintain a *balance* against the thieves; therein the weak see a possibility for living. For they must either organize themselves into an *equally balanced* power or submit to one of the equally balanced powers (and do him service for what he performs). Preference is gladly given to the latter way of proceeding, because it basically holds *two* dangerous beings in check: the first by the second and the second by his view of possible advantages; the latter, of course, gains his profit from treating his subjects with kindness or leniency, so that they can support not only themselves, but also their master. In reality, things can still occur that are harsh and cruel enough, but compared with the constant earlier possibility of complete *annihilation*, human beings already breathe easier in this condition. — The community is in the beginning the organization established by the

weak for *balance* against threatening powers. An organization to attain superiority would be more advisable, if one would thereby become strong enough to *annihilate* the opposing power all at once: and if it is a matter of a single, powerful person doing harm, this will certainly be *attempted*. But if that one person is head of a clan or has many followers, his rapid, decisive annihilation is unlikely and a sustained, lengthy *feud* is to be expected: but this brings about the least desirable state for the community, because it thereby loses the time to care for its livelihood with the necessary regularity and sees the yield of all of its work under threat at every moment. The community therefore prefers to bring its defensive and offensive power to precisely the level of power of its dangerous neighbor, and gives him to understand that just as much ore now lies upon its scale as upon his: why wouldn't we want to be good friends with each other?[73] — *Balance* is therefore a very important concept for the oldest theories of law and morality; balance is the basis for justice.[74] If in more barbarous ages justice says, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,"[75] it presupposes the attained balance and wants to *maintain* it by means of this recompense: so that if someone transgresses against another, the other person no longer takes revenge in a blindly embittered way. Instead, by virtue of the *jus talionis*[76] the balance in power relations that has been disturbed *is reestablished*: for having one eye or one arm *more* than another is in such primitive conditions like having a bit more power, a heavier[77] weight than him. — Within a community in which everyone considers himself of equal weight, *shame* and *punishment* are available to use against transgressions, that is, against infringements upon the principle of balance: shame, a weight set against the encroaching individual who has procured advantages for himself through his encroachment, but who now suffers disadvantages in turn from the shame, which abolish and *outweigh* his earlier advantage. It works the same with punishment: which erects against the superiority that every lawbreaker grants himself a much greater counterweight, imprisonment for acts

of violence, compensation and monetary penalties for theft. Thus the criminal is *reminded* that he has by his action separated himself *from* the community and its moral *advantages*: it treats him like someone unequal, weak, standing outside of it; that is why punishment is not only retaliation, but has *something more* in it, something of the *harshness of the state of nature*; it is precisely *this* that it wants to *recall*.

23[78]

Are adherents of the doctrine of free will permitted to punish?— The people whose profession it is to judge and punish seek to ascertain in every case whether a wrongdoer is at all responsible for his deed, whether he *was able* to make use of his reason, whether he acted based upon *reasons* and not unconsciously or under compulsion. If we punish him, we punish him for having preferred worse reasons to better ones: of which he must therefore have *been cognizant*. Where this cognizance is lacking, a person is, according to the prevailing view, unfree and not responsible: unless his incognizance, for example his *ignorantia legis*,[79] is the consequence of intentionally neglecting opportunities for learning; in that case, he therefore preferred the worse reasons to the better ones when he did not wish to learn what he should have, and must now suffer the consequences of his bad choice. If, on the contrary, he has not seen the better reasons, perhaps out of dullness or idiocy, we do not usually punish him: he lacked, as we say, the power of choice, he acted like an animal.[80] The intentional denial of better reason is what we presuppose in deciding that a criminal[81] deserves punishment. But how can *anyone* intentionally be less rational than he must be? Where does the decision come from when the scales are weighed down with good and bad motives? Not from error or from blindness, therefore, not from an external, nor from any internal compulsion (consider, moreover, that every so-called "external compulsion" is nothing more than the inner compulsion of fear and pain). Where

from? we ask yet again. *Reason* is not supposed to[82] be the cause, because it could not decide something against the better reasons?[83] Here, then, we call upon "free will" for help: it is supposed to determine a *perfect readiness to do as one pleases*, to come into play at a moment[84] when no motive is operating, when the deed occurs as a miracle,[85] coming forth from nothingness. We punish this supposed[86] *willfulness* in a case where the desire to do as one pleases should not rule: reason, which knows the law, which knows of prohibitions and commands, should not permit any choice at all, we think, and[87] should have the effect of compulsion and of a higher power. The criminal is therefore punished because he makes use of "free will," that is, because he has acted without any reason where he is supposed to be acting in accordance with reasons. But *why* did he do this? This is precisely what dare not even be *asked*: it was an act without any "because,"[88] without motive, without origin,[89] something purposeless and irrational. — *But such an act is one that we should*, according to the first condition of all culpability laid out above, *not punish either*! Nor should that sort of culpability be relevant here, as if[90] something had *not* been done, something neglected, or as if use had *not* been made of reason;[91] for in any case, the neglect occurred *unintentionally*! And[92] only the intentional neglect of what was commanded counts as culpable. The criminal admittedly did prefer worse[93] reasons to better ones, but *without* reason and intent: he admittedly did not make use of his reason, but not *in order* not to make use of it. The presupposition that we make regarding the criminal who[94] deserves punishment, that he has intentionally renounced his reason — this is precisely what is abolished by the assumption of "free will." You are not *permitted* to punish, you adherents of the doctrine of "free will," not according to your own fundamental principles! — But these are basically nothing other than a very strange conceptual mythology; and the hen that has hatched them was sitting upon its eggs a long way from all reality.[95]

24[96]

On the judgment of the criminal and his judge. — The criminal, who is aware of the entire flow of circumstances, does not find his deed to be as much out of the ordinary and incomprehensible as do his judge and accuser; but his punishment is meted out to him precisely according to the degree of *astonishment* that overcomes the latter at the sight of his deed. — If the knowledge that the defender of a criminal has of the case and of its prior history reaches far enough, then the so-called mitigating reasons that he presents one after another *must* in the end mitigate all the guilt. Or, more clearly put: the defender will mitigate that condemnatory and punishment-meting *astonishment* step by step and eventually abolish it completely by compelling every honest auditor to this inner admission: "he had to act in the way that he did; if we were to punish him, we would be punishing eternal necessity." Meting out the degree of punishment according to the *degree of knowledge* that we have or *can somehow acquire* about the history of a crime — isn't this contrary to any notion of equity? —

25[97]

Exchange and equity. — An exchange would take place honestly and fairly only if both participants in the exchange asked for as much as their objects seem to them to be worth, taking into account the effort in obtaining it, the rarity, the expended time, etc., along with its emotional value. As soon as one sets the price *with regard to the other's need*, he is a more refined thief and extortionist. — If money is one of the objects of exchange, it must be considered that a Frankenthaler[98] is a quite different thing in the hands of a rich heir, a day laborer, a businessman or a student: each of them should be allowed to receive a little or a lot for it according to whether he did almost nothing or a great deal to acquire it — that is what would be equitable: in truth it is the reverse, as everyone knows. In the great world of money, the dollar of the laziest

rich man is more lucrative than that of poor and hardworking people.

26[99]

Conditions of legality as a means. —Law, resting upon contracts among *equals*, persists as long as the power of those who have entered into the contracts is equal or similar; shrewdness created the law in order to put an end to feuds and *useless* wastefulness among similar powers. But they come to *just as definitive* an end, if one side has *become* decisively *weaker* than the other: then subjection enters in and the law *ceases to exist*, but the result is the same as the one that had up until then been attained by the law. For now it is *shrewdness* on the part of the superior power that recommends *sparing* and not uselessly wasting the energy of the subject: and the position of the subject is often more favorable than that of the equal.—Conditions of legality are therefore a temporary *means* recommended by shrewdness, not an end.

27

Explanation of Schadenfreude.[100] —*Schadenfreude* comes into being because everyone is well aware of feeling that he is badly off in many respects, having worries or regrets or pains: the harm that occurs to someone else makes that person *equal* to the first and appeases his envy.—Even if he feels he is well off, he still stores up the misfortune of his neighbor as capital in his consciousness in order to employ it against the other when any misfortune of his own befalls; in this way, too, he has "*Schadenfreude*." The disposition that is oriented toward equality thus lays its measuring stick upon the realm of fortune and chance: *Schadenfreude* is the most common expression of the triumph and reestablishment of equality, within the higher world order, too. Only since humans have learned to see in other humans their equals, i.e., only since the establishment of society, has *Schadenfreude* existed.

28

The arbitrary element in meting out punishments. — Most criminals come to their punishments like women to their children. They have done the same thing ten or a hundred times without noticing any bad consequences: suddenly there comes a discovery and after it the punishment. Yet habit should make the guilt at the deed for which the criminal is being punished seem easier to excuse; it has arisen[101] from a tendency, which is harder to resist. Instead of this, he is punished more harshly if there is any suspicion of habitual criminality; habit is taken into account as a reason against any mitigation. A previously[102] exemplary way of life, against which the crime contrasts all the more frightfully, ought to make the culpability stand out more sharply! But it tends to soften the punishment. Thus everything is not measured according to the criminal, but according to society and the harm and danger to it: the prior usefulness of a person is counted against the one case of him doing harm, or else his earlier harmfulness is added on top of what has been uncovered at present and the punishment is correspondingly meted out at the highest level. But if we punish or reward (this in the first case, where the lesser punishment is a reward) someone's past along with him in this way, we should go even further back and punish or reward the cause of such a person or such a past, I mean the parents, teachers, society, etc.; in many cases we will then find the *judges* participating in some way in the guilt. It is arbitrary to stop short with the criminal if we are punishing the past: if we do not want to concede the absolute guiltlessness of all guilt, we should at least stop short with each[103] individual case and not look further back: and thus *isolate* the guilt and not bring it into any connection at all with the past — otherwise we become sinners against logic. Instead of this, you free-willers, draw the necessary consequence from your doctrine of "freedom of the will" and boldly decree: "*no deed has a past.*"[104]

29[105]

Envy and its nobler brother. — Where equality has really penetrated and is well established over time, there comes into being what would, as a tendency considered on the whole to be immoral, scarcely be conceivable in the state of nature: *envy*. The envious person is sensitive to every way in which someone else attains eminence above the ordinary mass and wants to push him down to that level — or else to raise himself to his level: from which two different modes of behavior result, which Hesiod described as the evil and the good *Eris*.[106] There likewise arises in a state of equality[107] an indignation that one person fares *worse* than his worth and equality merit, while a second fares better[108] than his equality merits: these are the emotions of *nobler* natures. They feel the lack of justice and equity in things that are independent of human volition,[109] that is: they demand that the equality that humans acknowledge also[110] be acknowledged by nature and by chance; they become angry that equals do not fare equally well.

30[111]

Envy of the gods. — "Envy of the gods" arises when someone who is less highly regarded takes himself to be equal in some respect with someone more highly regarded (like Ajax) or is *made* equal to him by being favored by fate (like Niobe, as an abundantly blessed mother). Within the *social* ordering of ranks, this envy makes the demand that nobody obtain any rewards *beyond* his station, that his happiness also be commensurate with this, and especially that his self-consciousness not grow beyond those limits. The victorious general often experiences "envy of the gods," likewise the student who has created a masterly work.

31[112]

Vanity as outgrowth[113] *of an unsocial condition.* — Because humans have, for the sake of their security, taken themselves to

be *equal* to one another[114] in establishing a community, even though this view is fundamentally contrary to the nature of the individual and something imposed upon him by force, new shoots of the old drive for superiority assert themselves all the more once a general security has been guaranteed: in the demarcation of classes, in the claim for professional honors and privileges, and in general, in vanity (manners, dress, speech, etc.). As soon as the community becomes aware of any danger again, the majority, who were unable to succeed in imposing their predominance under a condition of general peace, press once again for the condition of equality: the absurd special rights and vanities disappear for a time. But if the community collapses completely and everything slips into anarchy, what immediately breaks forth is the state of nature, an untroubled, inconsiderate inequality, as happened in Corcyra according to the report of Thucydides.[115] There exist neither natural rights nor natural wrongs.

32[116]

Equity. — Equity is a further development of justice, arising among those who do not offend against communal equality: a more subtle regard for equal balance, which looks forward and backward and whose maxim, "as you do unto me, so I do unto you," is carried over to cases where the law prescribes nothing. *Aequum*[117] means precisely that "it is in *accordance with our equality*"; this also softens our small differences into an appearance of equality and wants us to overlook a number of things that we do not[118] *have to see*.

33[119]

Elements of revenge. — The word "revenge" is so quickly spoken: it almost seems as if it could not contain anything more than a single conceptual and perceptual root. And so we are still struggling to find this root: just as our economists have not yet grown tired of scenting just this sort of unity in the word "value" and seeking the original root concept of value. As if

all words weren't in fact pockets, in which now this thing, now that, now several things all at once have been put! Thus "revenge," too, is now this thing, now that, now something more of a[120] composite. We should differentiate in the first place between the defensive counterblow that we direct almost involuntarily even against lifeless objects that have hurt us (as against moving machines): the meaning of our countermovement is to put a stop to the injury by bringing the machine to a standstill. In order to achieve this, the force of the counterblow must sometimes be strong enough to smash the machine to pieces; but if[121] the machine is too strong for an individual to be able to destroy it immediately, he will nonetheless direct toward it the most violent blow of which he is capable—as a final attempt, as it were. We behave the same toward harmful persons immediately upon sensing the injury itself; if we want to call this act an act of revenge, so be it; only consider that *self-preservation* has simply set its rational gears into motion here and that in acting in this way we are basically thinking not about the person who caused the injury, but only about ourselves: we behave thus *without* wanting to do harm ourselves, but only in order to *escape* with life and limb.—We need *time* if we are going to turn our thoughts from ourselves to our opponent and ask ourselves in what way he can be most deeply affected. This occurs in the second sort of revenge: it presupposes reflection about the other's vulnerability and capacity for suffering; we want to cause pain. By contrast, protecting himself against further harm lies so little within the horizon of the person taking revenge that he almost regularly brings about further harm to himself and very often anticipates this possibility cold-bloodedly. If in the first form of revenge it was fear of a second blow that made the counterblow as strong as possible: here there is an almost complete indifference toward what the opponent *will* do; the strength of the counterblow is determined only by what he *has* done to us.—What, then, has he done? And what use is it to us if he now suffers, after we have suffered due to him? It is a

matter of *restoring equilibrium*: whereas the first sort of vengeful act serves only for *self-preservation*. We may have lost possessions, rank, friends, children due to our opponent—these losses are not made good by revenge; the restoration is related solely to a *secondary loss* alongside all those losses. The revenge of restoration does not protect anyone against further injury, it does not make up for the injuries that have been suffered—except in one case. If our *honor* has suffered due to an opponent, revenge is capable of *restoring* it. But it has suffered harm in every case where someone has intentionally injured us: for[122] the opponent has thereby proven that he was not *afraid* of us. Through revenge, we prove that we are not afraid of him either: therein lies the balancing, the restoration. (The intent of demonstrating a complete lack of *fear* goes so far in some persons that they consider the dangerousness of the revenge for themselves (loss of health or of life, or other losses) to be an indispensable condition of any revenge. Therefore they go the way of duels, even though the courts offer them a hand in obtaining satisfaction for the offence: they take the restoration of their honor without any danger to be insufficient, because it cannot prove their lack of fear.)—With the first sort of revenge, it is precisely the fear that directs the counterblow: here, by contrast, it is the absence of fear which, as I said, wants to *prove itself* by means of the counterblow.—Therefore nothing appears more different than the inner motivation of these two modes of action, which are called by the single word "revenge": and nevertheless it frequently happens that the revenger is unclear about what really determined him to act; it may be that he dealt the counterblow out of fear and in order to preserve himself, but afterward, once he has had time to reflect upon the point of view of injured honor, he persuades himself that he sought revenge for the sake of his honor:—this motive is in any case *nobler* than the other one. What is essential in this is whether he sees his honor as having been injured in the eyes of others (the world) or only in the

eyes of the offender: in the latter case, he will prefer a secret revenge, in the former, however, a public one. According to whether he projects himself more strongly or weakly into the soul of the perpetrator and the spectators, his revenge will be more bitter or more tractable; if he completely lacks this sort of imagination, he will not even think of revenge; for then the feeling of "honor" is not present in him, and therefore it cannot be injured. He will likewise not think of revenge if he *despises* the perpetrator and the spectators: because they, being people he despises, can neither give any honor to him, nor take any honor away. Finally, he will forgo revenge in the not unusual case that he loves the perpetrator: admittedly he thus loses some honor in the latter's eyes and may thereby become less worthy of being loved in return. But renouncing any reciprocal love is also a sacrifice that love is ready to make if only it *does not have to cause pain* to the beloved: this would mean causing oneself more pain than that caused by the sacrifice itself. — Therefore: everyone will take revenge, unless he is without honor or filled with contempt or love toward the wrongdoer and offender. Even if he turns to the courts, he wants revenge as a private person: *additionally*, however, as a more thoughtful, foresighted member of the community, he wants the revenge of society upon someone who did not *honor* it. Thus both private honor and also social honor are *restored* by judicial punishment: that is to say — punishment is revenge. — There is undoubtedly also in it that other, initially described element of revenge, insofar as it serves the *self-preservation* of society and leads to a counterblow for the sake of *self-defense*. Punishment aims to prevent *further* harm, it wants to *deter*. In this way[123] the two quite different elements of revenge are joined together[124] in punishment, and this may have the most effect in maintaining the aforementioned conceptual confusion by virtue of which the individual who takes revenge generally does not know what[125] he really wants.[126]

34

The virtues causing loss.—As members of society, we believe that we are not allowed to practice certain virtues that bring us, as private individuals, the greatest honor and some satisfaction, for example mercy and leniency toward offenders of every kind—in general, toward every kind of behavior where the advantage of society would suffer from our virtue. No judicial body dare in good conscience permit itself to be merciful: we have reserved this privilege to the king, *as an individual*; we rejoice if he makes use of it, as proof that we would like to be merciful, but by no means as a society. Society, then, acknowledges only those virtues that are advantageous or at least not harmful (the ones that can be practiced without causing loss or that even earn interest, for example justice). Hence the virtues causing loss cannot have arisen *in society*, because even now resistance is raised toward them within even the smallest emerging society. They are therefore virtues among non-equals, devised by the superior individual; they are *master*-virtues, containing the afterthought "I am powerful enough to withstand a perceptible loss; this is proof of my power"—therefore, virtues related to *pride*.

35[127]

Casuistry of advantage.—There would be no casuistry of morality if there were no casuistry of advantage. The freest and sharpest understanding is often insufficient for choosing between two things so that its choice necessarily results in the greater advantage. In such cases we choose because we must choose, and afterward feel a sort of seasickness.

36[128]

Becoming a hypocrite.—Every beggar becomes a hypocrite; just like everyone who makes a profession out of some lack, out of some state of distress (whether this be a personal or a public one).—The beggar does not feel the lack anywhere near as much as he must *make* it felt, if he wants to live from begging.

37[129]

A sort of cult of the passions. — You melancholics and philosophical blind-worms[130] speak about the *dreadful character* of human passions in order to indict the character of the entire world. As if everywhere that passion has existed, there has also been dreadfulness! As if this sort of dreadfulness had to constantly exist in the world! — By neglecting the *detail* of things, by lacking in self-observation and observation of those who are supposed to be educated, you yourselves have allowed the passions to swell up into such monstrosities that you are now seized with terror simply by hearing the word "passion"! It was up to you and is up to us to *take* from the passions their dreadful character and to check them sufficiently to prevent them from becoming devastating torrents. — We should not inflate our blunders into eternal fatalities; instead, we ought to work together sincerely at the task of altogether transforming the passions of humanity into delights.[131]

38

Pangs of conscience. — Pangs of conscience are as stupid as the pangs of a dog biting a stone.

39[132]

Origin of laws. — Laws go back in the first instance[133] to *custom*, custom to a onetime *agreement*.[134] At some point in time, people were mutually satisfied with the effects of the agreement they had made and yet too lazy to renew it formally; so they lived on as if it were always being renewed and gradually, as forgetfulness spread its fog over the origin, they believed they had a holy, unalterable condition upon which every generation *had* to build further. Custom was now *compulsion*, even if it no longer produced the advantages for the sake of which they had originally made the agreement. — The *weak* have at all times found their firm refuge here: they tend to *eternalize* the onetime agreement, the granting of a favor.

40

The significance of forgetting in moral sensation. — The same actions that were first prompted within the original society by the aim of a common *utility*, later came to be done by other generations from different motives: out of fear or respect for those who required and recommended them, or out of habit, because one had seen them being done around oneself from childhood on, or out of benevolence, because performing them produced joy and assenting faces everywhere, or out of vanity, because they were praised. Such actions, in which the basic motive of usefulness has been *forgotten*, are then called *moral*: not because they are being done out of those *other* motives, but because they are *not* being consciously done with the aim of usefulness. — Where does the *hatred* toward utility that is visible *here* come from, where all praiseworthy behavior is formally secluded from acting for the sake of utility? — It is clear that society, the seat of all morality and all praising of moral actions, had had to struggle all too long and all too hard against the individual's own sense of utility and sense of self to avoid in the end appraising *every other motive* as morally higher than utility. Thus there arose the impression that morality had *not* grown out of utility: whereas morality is originally social utility, which has had great difficulty in prevailing against private usefulness and in making itself more highly regarded.

41[135]

The rich heirs of morality. — *Inherited* wealth[136] also exists in the field of morality: it is possessed by the meek, the good-natured, the compassionate, the generous, who have obtained from their ancestors all of the good *modes of behavior*, but not the reason (the source) behind them. The pleasant aspect of this wealth is that we must be continually offering it and communicating about it if it is to be felt at all, and that it works so automatically to diminish the distance between the morally rich and the morally poor: for the most remarkable and best

thing is that this is done *not* to promote a future averaging of poor and rich, but instead to promote *everyone's* becoming rich and super-rich. — The prevailing view of inherited moral wealth can perhaps be summarized as here: but it seems to me that this view is maintained more *in majorem gloriam*[137] of morality than out of respect for truth. Experience, at least, puts forth one proposition that, if not a refutation, at least counts as a significant limitation upon that universality. Without the most selective understanding, says experience, without the capacity for the most subtle choices and a *strong inclination toward moderation*, the rich heirs of morality become the squanderers[138] of morality: by giving themselves over without restraint to its compassionate, generous, conciliatory, soothing drives, they make the whole world around them more negligent, more covetous and more sentimental. The children of such highly moral squanderers easily turn into — and, sad to say, in the best of cases — pleasant, weak good-for-nothings.

42

The judge and extenuating circumstances. — "We should be honorable toward the devil, too, and pay our debts to him," said an old soldier, when someone had related to him the story of Faust in more detail, "Faust belongs in hell!" — "Oh, you terrible men!" exclaimed his wife, "how can that even be possible! He did nothing at all except for not having any ink in the inkwell! Writing with blood is a sin, to be sure, but why should such a handsome man burn on account of this?"

43[139]

Problem of the duty to truth. — Duty is a coercive feeling that impels us to some act, which we call good and take to be indisputable (— we do not wish to speak about its origin, limits and justification, or have them spoken about). The thinker, however, takes everything as having come into being and everything that has come into being as debatable; he is therefore the man without duty — as long as he remains a

thinker, that is. As such, he would therefore not acknowledge the duty to see and to speak the truth either, and would not feel this feeling; he asks: where does it come from? where is it going?, but these questions will themselves be regarded by him as questionable. But wouldn't this have as a consequence that the machine of the thinker is no longer working correctly, if he really could *feel* himself *to be without responsibility* in the act of knowing? To that extent, the same element seems to be necessary here to *fuel* the machine as is supposed to be investigated by means of the machine. — The formula might be: *supposing* that there did exist a duty to know the truth, how would truth then stand with regard to every other sort of duty? — But isn't a hypothetical feeling of duty a contradiction? —

44

Stages of morality. — Morality is initially a means for maintaining the community in general and averting its destruction; next, it is a means for keeping the community[140] at a certain level and at a certain state of well-being. Its motives are *fear* and *hope*: and indeed, so much more firmly, powerfully and crudely as the tendency toward reversal, one-sidedness and the personal remains quite strong. The most terrible means of instilling fear must do service here, as long as there are no milder ones that manage to be effective and the dual form of maintenance cannot be attained differently (among its strongest measures is the invention of a Beyond with an eternal Hell). For this, there have to be torturers of the soul and executioners.[141] Further stages of morality, and thus means for attaining the designated ends, are the commands of a god (like the Mosaic law); still further and higher, the commands of an absolute concept of duty with the "thou shalt" — all still fairly roughly hewn, but *wide* steps,[142] because humans do not yet know how to place their feet upon the thinner, narrower ones. Then comes a morality of *inclination*, of *taste*, and finally one of *insight* — which lies beyond all the illusory motives of mo-

rality, but has clearly realized how it was that humanity for a long time did not dare to have any other ones.[143]

45

Morality of compassion in the mouths of immoderate people. — All those who do not have themselves well enough under control and who do not know morality as a continually exercised self-mastery and self-overcoming in both large and the smallest of things, unintentionally become glorifiers of good, compassionate, benevolent impulses, of the instinctive morality that has no head, but seems to consist only of heart and helpful hands. Indeed, it is in their interest to cast suspicion upon a morality of reason and to make the other morality into the only one.[144]

46

Sewers of the soul. — The soul, too, must have its appointed sewers, into which it allows its refuse to flow: persons, relationships, social classes or the fatherland or the world or in the end — for those who are completely arrogant (I mean our dear modern "pessimists") — God can serve this purpose.

47

One sort of peace and contemplativeness. — Take care that your peace and contemplativeness do not resemble that of the dog in front of the butcher's store, whom fear keeps from going forward and desire from going backward: and who opens its eyes as wide as if they were mouths.

48[145]

The prohibition without reasons. — A prohibition whose reason we do not understand or acknowledge is practically a command, not only for an obstinate person, but also for someone who thirsts for knowledge; he lets it be put to the test in order to find out *why* the prohibition was made. Moral prohibitions, like those in the Decalogue,[146] are suitable only for ages when reason has been subjected: at present, a prohibition

that "thou shalt not kill" or "thou shalt not commit adultery,"[147] set forth without any reasons, would have more of a harmful than a useful effect.

49

Character sketch. — What sort of person is it who can say of himself: "I despise things very readily, but never hate. In every human, I immediately discover something that can be respected and for the sake of which I respect him; the so-called amiable qualities are not very attractive to me."

50[148]

Compassion and contempt. — Expressing compassion will be perceived as a sign of contempt, because we have obviously ceased to be an object of *fear* as soon as someone shows compassion for us. We have sunk below the level of equilibrium, which was itself already insufficient for human vanity, whereas[149] it is only having preeminence and instilling fear that gives the soul the most desirable of all feelings. It is therefore a problem how compassion came to be *esteemed*, just as it must be explained why the altruistic person is now praised:[150] originally he was *despised* or *feared* on account of his craftiness.

51

Being able to be small. — We ought still to be as close to the flowers, grasses and butterflies as a child who does not yet reach very far above them. We older people, by contrast, have grown beyond them and have to stoop down to them; I think that the grasses *hate* us if we confess our love for them. — Anyone who wants to have a share of *all* good things must also understand how, at times, to be small.

52[151]

Content of the conscience. — The content of our conscience consists of everything that in the years of childhood was regularly *demanded* of us without any reason being given, by persons

whom we respected or feared. It is, therefore, from the conscience that that feeling of obligation derives ("I must do this, I must avoid doing that") which does not ask:[152] *why* must I? — In every case where something is done with a "because" and a "why," humans act *without* conscience; but, on that account, not yet in opposition to it. — The belief in authorities is the source of conscience: it is therefore not the voice of God in the breast of humans, but the voice of some humans in them.

53[153]

Overcoming the passions. — A human who has overcome his passions has entered into possession of the most fertile land: like the colonist who has become master of the forests and swamps. *Sowing* the seeds of good spiritual works upon the ground of the vanquished passions is the next pressing task. Overcoming oneself is only a *means*, not an end; if it is not seen in this way, all sorts of weeds and devilish stuff will quickly grow upon the rich, vacant ground and soon things will proceed more wantonly than ever before.

54

Aptitude for serving. — All so-called practical people have an aptitude for serving: that is precisely what makes them practical, whether it be for others or for themselves. Robinson possessed an even better servant than Friday: Crusoe himself.

55

Danger of language for spiritual freedom. — Every word is a prejudice.

56

Spirit and boredom. — The saying: "The Magyar is much too lazy to be bored," makes one think. Only the most refined and most active animals are capable of boredom. — A subject for some great writer would be *God's boredom* on the seventh day of creation.

57[154]

Relations with animals. — We can still observe the emergence of morality in our behavior toward animals. Where utility and harm do *not* come into question, we have a feeling of complete irresponsibility; we kill and injure insects, for example, or allow them to live and generally think nothing at all about it. We are so clumsy that even our kind behavior toward flowers and small animals is almost always murderous: which does not negatively affect the pleasure we take in them at all. — Today is the festival of small animals, the most sultry day of the year; things are swarming and clambering around us, and we crush them without meaning to do so, *but also*[155] without paying any attention to them, now here, now there, a little worm and a winged beetle. — If animals do any harm to us, however, we strive in every possible way to *annihilate* them; the means are often cruel enough without us really intending this: it is the cruelty of thoughtlessness. If they are useful, then we *exploit* them: until a more refined shrewdness teaches us that certain animals pay rich rewards for a different sort of treatment, that is, caring for and breeding them. There, for the first time, is where responsibility comes into being. The tormenting of domestic animals is avoided; one person gets angry if someone else treats his cow without compassion, completely in accordance with primitive communal morality, which sees the *common* utility in danger whenever an individual transgresses against it. Anyone in the community who perceives a transgression is afraid that this will harm him indirectly: and we are afraid for the quality of meat, of agriculture and of transportation if we see domestic animals not being treated well. Moreover, someone who treats animals roughly arouses the suspicion[156] that he may also behave roughly toward people who are weak, unequal, and lacking the capacity for revenge; he is considered to be ignoble,[157] lacking the more refined sort of pride. Thus arises[158] a beginning of moral judgments and sensations:[159] superstition now[160] adds the best part.

The looks, tones and gestures of many animals are attractive to people and lead them to *imaginatively project* themselves inside them, and many religions teach people to see in animals, under certain circumstances, the home of human and divine souls: because of which they generally recommend a nobler discretion, indeed, a reverent awe in associating with animals. Even after this superstition has vanished, the sensations aroused by it continue to have their effects and ripen and fade.[161] — Christianity, as everyone knows, has proven itself to be a poor and retrograde religion on this point.[162]

58[163]

New actors.[164] — There is no greater banality among humans than death; second in rank is birth, because not all of those who die have been born; next follows marriage. But these little, played-out tragicomedies are, in each of their uncounted and uncountable performances, continually enacted by new actors and therefore do not cease to have interested spectators:[165] whereas we might have expected that the entire audience of the world-theater would long since have hanged themselves from trees out of boredom.[166] So much depends upon having new actors, so little upon the play.[167]

59

What is "obstinate"? — The shortest way is not the straightest one, but instead the one where the most favorable wind is swelling our sail: so says the seafarer's doctrine. Not following it means[168] being *obstinate*: the firmness of character there is contaminated by stupidity.

60

The word "vanity." — It is annoying that some individual words, which we moralists simply cannot do without, already bear within them a sort of moral censorship from ages when the nearest and most natural impulses of humans were disparaged. Thus, the fundamental conviction that whether we have smooth

sailing or suffer shipwreck on the waves of society results far more from what we *are considered to be worth* than from what we *are*—a conviction that has to be the rudder for steering all action with regard to society—is designated and branded with the most general of words, "vanity," "*vanitas*"; one of the things that is fullest and richest in content, with an expression that designates it as something truly empty and void; something great with a diminutive, indeed with the pen-strokes of caricature. It does no good to say that we have to use such words, but while doing so, our ear can block the whisperings of old habit.[169]

611[170]

Turkish fatalism. — Turkish fatalism makes the fundamental mistake of opposing humans and fate, as if they were two different things: a human, it says,[171] could struggle against fate and seek to thwart it, but it always emerges victorious in the end; therefore the most reasonable[172] thing to do is to resign oneself or to live as one pleases. In truth, however, every human is himself a part of fate; if he thinks that he is struggling against fate, as mentioned above, fate is fulfilling itself precisely by him doing this, too; the struggle is a fantasy, but so, too, is the resignation to fate; all of these fantasies are bound up in fate. — The fear that most people have concerning the doctrine of the unfreedom of will is the fear of Turkish fatalism: they believe that people would stand feebly, resigned and with folded hands before the future, because they would be incapable of changing anything about it: or else that they would give free rein to their complete capriciousness, because even this could not make what has already been determined any worse. The follies of humans are just as much parts of fate as their sagacity: even the fear of the belief in fate is fate. You yourself, poor frightened one, are the invincible *moira*[173] that rules even over the gods, for everything that occurs; you are the blessing or the curse, and in any case the chain in which the strongest lie bound; in you, the entire future of the world of humanity has been predetermined; it does no good for you to be afraid of yourself.

62[174]

Devil's advocate. — "It is only through our own injuries that we become *shrewd*, and only through injuries done to others that we become *good*" — so runs the strange philosophy that derives all morality from compassion and all intellectuality from the isolation of humans: in this way, it unconsciously works as the attorney for all earthly harmfulness. For compassion requires suffering, and isolation a contempt for others.

63[175]

The moral character-masks. — In ages when the character-masks of the classes are considered to be definitively fixed, like the classes themselves, moralists are deceived into also taking *moral* character-masks to be absolute and describing them in this way. Thus Molière is comprehensible as a contemporary of the society of Louis XIV; in our society of transitions and middle-stages, he would appear to be a gifted pedant.[176]

64

The noblest virtue. — In the first era of higher humanity, bravery is considered the noblest of virtues, in the second, justice, in the third, moderation, in the fourth, wisdom. In which era are we now living? In which one do you live?[177]

65

What is necessary in advance. — A person who does not want to become master of his temper, of his jaundice and vengefulness, of his sensual pleasure, and who attempts to become master somewhere else, is as dumb as the farmer who lays out[178] his field beside a mountain torrent without protecting himself against it.

66

What is truth?[179] — *Schwarzert* (Melanchthon):[180] "A person often preaches his faith precisely when he has lost it and is

searching for it in every alleyway—and he does not then preach worst!"—*Luther*: You are speaking true as an angel today, brother!—*Schwarzert*: "But this is an idea of your enemies and they are applying it to you."—*Luther*: Then it was a lie from the devil's behind.

67[181]

Habit of opposites.—Ordinary, imprecise observation sees opposites everywhere in nature (like "warm and cold," for example), where no opposites exist, but only differences of degree. This bad habit has misled us into also wanting to understand and divide up inner nature, the spiritual-moral world, according to such opposites. An immense amount of painfulness, arrogance, harshness, alienation and coldness have thereby entered into human sensation from thinking that we see opposites rather than transitions.

68

Whether we can forgive?—How *can* we forgive other people at all when they do not know what they are doing![182] We *have* nothing at all to forgive.—But does a human ever *entirely know* what he is doing? And if this always remains at least *questionable*, then people never have anything to forgive one another for, and granting mercy is something impossible for the most rational people. And finally: *if* wrongdoers[183] really had known what they were doing—we would still have a right to *forgive* them only if we had a right to accuse and to punish them. This, however, we do not have.[184]

69[185]

Habitual shame.—Why do we feel shame[186] if we are rewarded and distinguished in some way despite, as one says, "not having earned it"? It seems to us that we have thereby intruded into a region where we do not belong, from which we should have been excluded, as if into a sanctum or the holiest of holies, a place where our foot is not permitted to tread. Due to some-

one else's mistake, we have nonetheless gotten in there: and now we are overwhelmed partly by fear, partly by reverence, partly by surprise, and do not know whether we should flee or whether we should enjoy the blessed moment and its merciful advantages. There is in all shame a mystery that seems to have been defiled by us or seems to be in danger of defilement; all *mercy* engenders shame. — But if we consider that we have never "earned" anything at all, then in the case that we give ourselves over to this point of view from within a comprehensive Christian way of thinking, the feeling of *shame* becomes *habitual*: because God seems to be *continually* blessing and granting mercy to such a person. Apart from this Christian interpretation, however, the condition of *habitual* shame would still be possible even for the fully godless sage, who firmly believes in the fundamental lack of responsibility and merit in all actions and all beings; if we treat him *as if* he has earned this or that, he seems to have penetrated into a higher order of beings who actually *do earn* something, who are free and are capable of truly bearing responsibility for their own desires and capacities. Anyone who says to him, "you have earned it," seems to be calling out to him, "you are not a human, but instead, a god."

70[187]

The most inept educator. — In one person, all of his real virtues have been cultivated in the soil of his spirit of contradiction, in another, in his incapacity to say no, as if in his spirit of assent; a third person has allowed all his morality to grow from his solitary pride, a fourth has allowed his to grow from his strong drive toward sociability. Suppose that for all four of them, the seeds of their virtues had not been sown in their nature by inept educators and accidents upon the ground that had the most and richest topsoil: then they would be without morality and weak, unpleasant humans. And who might this most inept of all educators and the evil destiny of these four people have been? The moral fanatic who believes that good could only come from good and grow out of what is good.

71[188]

The style of caution. — A: But, if *everyone* were to know this, it would be harmful to *most of them.* You yourself call these opinions harmful for those endangered by them, and yet you communicate them publicly? B: I write in such a way that neither the rabble nor the *populi*,[189] nor parties of any kind want to read me. Consequently, these opinions will never be public. A: But how do you write then? B: Neither usefully nor pleasantly — for those three specified groups.

72[190]

Divine missionaries. — Even Socrates feels himself to be a divine missionary: but I do not know how much of a tinge of Attic irony and humorous pleasure is perceptible even here, whereby that fateful and arrogant concept is mitigated. He speaks of it without pomposity: his images of the gadfly and the horse[191] are simple and unpriestly, and the actual religious task that he felt had been assigned to him, *putting* the god *to the test* in hundreds of ways in order to determine *whether*[192] he has spoken the truth, lets us infer a bold and free-spirited demeanor here, as the missionary steps to the side of his god. This putting one's god to the test is one of the most subtle compromises between piety and freedom of spirit that has ever been conceived. — But now we no longer need this compromise either.

73[193]

Honest painting. — Raphael, to whom the church mattered a great deal (insofar as it was capable of paying), but to whom, like the best of his age, the objects of churchly belief mattered very little, did not follow for even a single step in the pretentious, ecstatic piety of many of his patrons: he preserved his honesty, even in the exceptional picture that was originally intended as a processional banner, the Sistine Madonna. Here he wanted for once to paint a vision: but such a vision as noble young men without "faith" might *also* have and will also have,

the vision of a future spouse, a clever, spiritually distinguished, quiet and very beautiful woman, who bears her firstborn child in her arms. If older people,[194] like the venerable old man on the left, who are used to prayer and adoration, wish to worship something superhuman here: we younger ones, Raphael seems to call out to us, want to align ourselves with the beautiful maiden on the right, who says to the picture's viewers with her challenging, not at all devout gaze:[195] "This mother and her child—aren't they a pleasant, inviting sight?" This face and this gaze radiate joy back upon the viewers' faces;[196] the artist who devised it all takes pleasure in himself in this way and adds his own joy to the joy of the recipient of the art. —With regard to having the expression of a "Savior" upon the head of a child,[197] Raphael, the honest man who did not want to paint any state of the soul in the existence of which he did not believe, outwits his *credulous* viewers and in a pleasing way; he paints the play of nature that occurs not infrequently, the eye of a man in the head of a child, and indeed, the eye of a good, helpful man who sees a state of distress. This eye should have a beard along with it; that this is missing and that two different stages of life are speaking here from a single face is the pleasant paradox that believers have interpreted in the sense of their belief in miracles: just as the artist might even have expected from their art of interpretation and imposition.

74

Prayer. —All praying— that not yet fully extinguished custom of older ages—only makes sense only under two presuppositions—that it would have to be possible to determine the divinity's decisions or to change its mind, and that the one praying would himself have to know best what he needs, what would be truly desirable for him. Both presuppositions, which are accepted and customary in all other religions, are, however, precisely what Christianity denies: if it nonetheless retains the practice of prayer, which is basically senseless, even blasphemous to God, given its belief in an omniscient and providential

reason in God—in doing this, it again displays its remarkable serpent's shrewdness; for a clear command that "thou shalt not pray" would have led Christians into unchristianity out of boredom.[198] In the Christian *ora et labora*,[199] the *ora* represents the site of *pleasure*, of course: and without the *ora*, how would those who renounced the *labora*, the saints, even have been able to get started!—but to converse with God, to demand from him all sorts of pleasant things, to make fun of oneself a bit for being so foolish as to still have wishes, despite having such a splendid father—that was a very good invention for saints.

75[200]

A holy lie.—The lie that Arria[201] had upon her lips in dying (*Paete, non dolet*)[202] obscures all truths that have ever been spoken by the dying. It is the only holy *lie* that has become famous; whereas the scent of sanctity has otherwise adhered only to *errors*.

76

The most necessary apostle.—Among twelve apostles, there must always be one who is hard as a rock, so that a new church can be built upon him.[203]

77

What is more ephemeral, the spirit or the body?—In legal, moral and religious matters, it is what is most extrinsic, what is visible, i.e., custom, demeanor, ceremony that *persists* the longest: this is the *body*, to which a *new soul* is always being added. The cult is continually reinterpreted like a fixed text made of words; the concepts and sensations are what is fluid, the customs what is solid.

78[204]

The belief in sickness, as a sickness.—It was Christianity that first spoke of the devil; it was Christianity that first brought sin into the world. The belief in the remedy that it offered to cure

this has over time been shaken to its deepest roots: but the *belief in the sickness* that it taught and disseminated still persists.

79

Speech and writing of religious people.—If the style and the whole manner of expression of the priest who speaks and writes do not already proclaim the *religious* human being, then we no longer need to take his opinions about religion and in favor of it seriously. They have been *powerless* even for the one who holds them if his style betrays that he possesses an irony, arrogance, malice, hatred and all of the whirling and shifting of moods just like that of the least religious human being—and they will be so much the more powerless for their hearers and readers! He will serve, in short, to make them less religious.[205]

80

Danger in the person.—The more that God has been considered to be a person in himself, the less true have we been to him. Humans are much more loyal to their imagined ideas than to those whom they love most dearly: hence they sacrifice themselves for the state, the church, and for God as well—insofar as he remains *their* product, *their idea* and is not taken all too personally. In the latter case, they almost always quarrel with him: the bitter phrase, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me!"[206] slipped out of even the most pious of men.

81

Worldly justice.—It is possible to turn worldly justice upside down—with the doctrine of everyone's complete lack of responsibility and innocence: and an attempt has already been made in the same direction, though on the basis of precisely the opposite doctrine of everyone's complete responsibility and guilt. The founder of Christianity was the one who[207] wanted to abolish earthly justice and to do away with judging and punishing on earth. For he understood all guilt as "sin," that is, as a crime *against God* and *not* as a crime against the world; on the other

hand, he took everyone to be a sinner for the most part and in almost every respect. But those who are guilty should not be the judges of their peers: this was the judgment of his sense of equity. *All* judges of worldly justice were therefore as guilty in his eyes as those who were condemned by them, and their air of innocence seemed to him hypocritical and pharisaical. Moreover, he regarded[208] the motives behind actions rather than the consequences, and considered only one being to be sharp-eyed enough to judge motives: himself (or as he put it: God).

82[209]

An affectation upon departure. — Someone who wants to separate himself from a party or a religion believes that it is now necessary for him to refute it. But this is sheer arrogance. It is only necessary that he clearly perceive the clamps that have been keeping him attached to this party or religion and the fact that they no longer do so, the motives that impelled him in that direction and the fact that they now impel him in a different one. We did *not* take sides with that party or religion on the basis of *rigorously formulated reasons*: we should also not *affect* having done so when we take our leave.

83

Savior and physician. — The founder of Christianity, as is self-evident, was not without the greatest lacks and prejudices as an expert in the human soul and was, as a physician of the soul, attached to the notorious layman's faith in a universal medicine. In his methods, he sometimes resembles the dentist who wants to cure every pain by pulling the tooth; as, for example, when he combats sensuality with the advice: "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out."[210] — But there still remains the difference that the dentist at least attains his goal of ending the patient's pain; admittedly, in such a crude way as to be ridiculous: whereas the Christian who follows that advice and believes that he has killed off his sensuality deceives himself: it lives on in an uncanny, vampire-like way and torments him in loathsome disguises.

84

The prisoners. — One morning, the prisoners walked into the work-yard; the warden was missing. Some of them immediately went to work, as was their habit, others stood idly and looked around defiantly. Then someone stepped forward and said loudly: "Work as much as you want or do nothing; it is all the same. Your secret accounts have come to light; the prison warden has recently been spying upon you and is going to issue a dreadful judgment upon you in the coming days. You know him, he is hard and has a vindictive disposition. But pay attention: you have up to now failed to recognize me; I am not what I seem, but far more: I am the son of the prison warden and mean everything to him. I can save you, I will save you; but mark my words, only those among you who *believe* me when I say that I am the son of the prison warden; the others can harvest the fruits of their unbelief." "Well then,{"} said an older prisoner after a pause, {"}what can it matter to you whether we believe you or not? If you really are the son and are capable of doing what you say, then put in a good word for all of us: it would really be quite good-natured of you to do so. But leave aside the talk about belief and unbelief!" "And,{"} a younger man interrupted, {"}I don't believe him either: he has simply gotten something into his head. I bet that in eight days we will find ourselves in exactly the same position as today, and that the prison warden knows *nothing*." "Even if he did know something, he doesn't know it any more," said the last of the prisoners, who had just come down into the yard; "the prison warden has just died suddenly." "Hallo,{"} cried several all together, {"}hallo! Mr. Son, Mr. Son, how is it with the inheritance? Are we perhaps now *your* prisoners?" — "I have told you,{"} responded mildly the one who had been addressed, {"}that I will set free anyone who believes in me, just as surely as my father is still alive." — The prisoners did not laugh, but shrugged their shoulders and left him standing there.

85[211]

God's persecutor. — Paul thought up the idea and Calvin thought it through, that countless people have been condemned to damnation from all eternity and that this beautiful plan for the world was arranged in such a way that the glory of God would manifest itself therein;[212] heaven and hell and humanity are therefore supposed to exist — in order to satisfy God's vanity! What sort of cruel and insatiable vanity must have flickered in the soul of whoever was the first or second to think up such a thing! — Paul, therefore, remained Saul after all — *God's persecutor.*

86[213]

Socrates. — If all goes well, the time will come when we will, in seeking to advance ourselves morally and rationally, prefer to take in our hands the memorabilia of Socrates, rather than the Bible, and when Montaigne and Horace will be utilized as the forerunners and signposts for understanding the simplest and most imperishable mediator-sage, Socrates. All the roads of the most varied philosophical ways of life lead back to him; these are basically the ways of life of various temperaments, ascertained by reason and habit and all pointing toward a capacity to rejoice in life and in one's own self; from which we might wish to conclude that the most characteristic feature of Socrates has been his capacity to share in all these different temperaments. Socrates has an advantage over the founder of Christianity in the cheerful form of his seriousness and his *playful wisdom,* which constitute the best spiritual condition for humans. He had, moreover, the greater understanding.[214]

87[215]

Learning to write well. — The time of speaking well is past, because the time of civic cultures is past. The final limit that Aristotle set for a large city — a herald must still be able to make himself heard by the entire assembled community — this

limit concerns us as little as civic community in general still concerns us, we who want to make ourselves understood even beyond entire peoples. Therefore anyone who is European-minded must now learn *how to write well and to write better all the time*: it is no use even if he was born in Germany, where writing badly is treated as a national prerogative. Writing better, however, also means thinking better; constantly discovering things that are more worth communicating and really being able to communicate them; it means being translatable into the languages of our neighbors, making ourselves accessible for the understanding of foreigners who learn our language, working toward making everything good into a common good and everything freely available for those who are free, and finally, *preparing* for that still far-distant state of things where their great task falls into the hands of good Europeans: the direction and oversight of the entirety of world-culture. — Anyone who preaches the opposite, *not*[216] concerning ourselves with writing well and reading well — both virtues grow alongside each other and decrease along with each other — is in fact showing peoples a way in which they can become more and more *nationalistic*: he is increasing the sickness of this century and is an enemy of good Europeans, an enemy of free spirits.

88

Instruction in the best style. — Instruction in style can, on the one hand, be instruction on how to find the expression that will let us convey *any* mood to the reader and hearer; or else instruction on how to find the expression for a human's most desirable[217] mood, the one that it is therefore most desirable to communicate and convey: the mood of a human who is moved from the depths of his heart, spiritually joyful, bright and sincere, someone who has overcome his passions. This will be instruction in the best style: it corresponds to the good human being.

89

Paying attention to gait. — The gait of sentences indicates whether the author is fatigued; an individual expression can still be strong and good in spite of that, because[218] it was found by itself at an earlier time: at the moment when the idea first flashed into the author's mind. This is frequently the case with Goethe, who too often dictated when he was tired.

90

Already and still. — A: "German prose is still very young: Goethe[219] is of the opinion that Wieland was its father." B: "So young and already so hideous!" C: "But — as far as I am aware, Bishop Ulfilas already wrote German prose; it is therefore around fifteen hundred years old." B: "So old, and still so hideous!"[220]

91

Original German. — German prose, which has not in fact been shaped according to a model and can no doubt be considered as an original product of German taste, ought to give the zealous advocates of a future, original German culture an indication as to how, without any imitating of models, a genuinely German mode of dress, a German sociability, German household furnishings, or a German lunch would appear. — Someone who had reflected a long time upon these prospects finally cried out in complete terror: "But, for heaven's sake, we may already *have* this original culture — only we don't like to speak about it."

92

Forbidden books. — Never read anything written by those arrogant know-it-alls and muddle-heads who have the most disgusting of bad habits, that of uttering logical paradoxes: they employ the *logical* forms precisely where[221] everything has been insolently improvised and built upon nothing but

air. (To them, "therefore" means "you ass of a reader, this 'therefore' isn't for you—but for me"—to which the answer is: "You ass of a writer, why do you bother writing, then?")[222]

93

Displaying spirit.—Anyone who wants to display[223] his spirit, makes it evident that he is also richly endowed with the opposite. That bad habit among clever French people of including a trace of *dédain*[224] in their best ideas has its source in the aim of being considered more richly endowed than they are: they want to give gifts in a negligent way, as if exhausted by continually contributing from overfilled treasure houses.

94

German and French literature.—The misfortune of German and French literature in the last hundred years lies in the fact that the Germans ran *away from*[225] the school of the French too early—and then later the French were too early in going *to* the German school.

95[226]

Our prose.—None of the peoples now in possession of culture have as bad a prose as the Germans; and if the witty and spoiled French say: there *is* no German prose—we really shouldn't get angry, because it is intended more politely than we deserve. If we search out the reasons for this, we eventually come to the curious conclusion that *the German is only familiar with improvised prose* and has no concept of any other kind. It sounds simply incomprehensible to him if an Italian says that prose is much more difficult than poetry, just as naked beauty is harder for the sculptor than clothed beauty. That one has to work sincerely at verse, imagery, rhythm and rhyme—even the German comprehends this and is not inclined to attribute an especially high value to impromptu poetry. But to work at a page of prose as one would work at a statue?—this seems to him as if someone were recounting something from fairy-land to him.

96[227]

The grand style. — The grand style arises when the beautiful gains victory over the colossal.

97

Getting diverted. — We do not yet know wherein the elegance of those expressions and turns of phrase used by distinguished spirits consists, if we cannot say what word a mediocre writer would unavoidably have hit upon in trying to express the same thing. While steering their cart, all great artists show themselves inclined to get diverted or to run off the tracks — but not to overturning.

98

Something like bread. — Bread neutralizes the taste of other foods and wipes it away; that is why it should be part of every lengthy meal. In every work of art, there must be something like bread, so that varied effects can exist within it: following immediately upon one another without any temporary resting or pausing, these would quickly exhaust and create antipathy in the audience, so that a *lengthy* meal of art would be impossible.

99[228]

Jean Paul. — Jean Paul knew a lot, but had no scientific knowledge; was an expert at all the tricks of the arts, but had no art: found almost nothing unpalatable, but had no taste; possessed feeling and seriousness, but poured a nauseating sauce of tears[229] over them when he let people taste them; indeed, he had wit — but unfortunately, not nearly enough to match his voracious appetite for it: because of this, he drives the reader to despair at his lack of wit. On the whole, he was the colorful, strongly scented weed that shot up overnight in the tender croplands of Schiller and Goethe; he was an easygoing, good man, and yet a fateful misfortune — a misfortune in a dressing gown.

100

Knowing how to savor the opposite, too. — In order to take pleasure in a work from the past in the same way that its contemporaries experienced it, we must have upon our tongue the taste that prevailed at that time, to which it *contrasted* itself.

101

Spirits-of-wine authors. — Many writers are neither spirit nor wine, but spirits of wine: they can burst into flames and then they give off heat.

102

The mediating sense. — The sense of taste, as the true mediating sense, has often persuaded the other senses of its views about things and prompted them to adopt its laws and habits. We can gain information about the most subtle secrets of art at the dinner table: pay attention to what tastes good, when it tastes good, what it tastes like and how long its taste lingers.

103

Lessing. — Lessing possesses a genuinely French virtue and is really[230] the one who, as a writer, schooled himself most zealously among the French: he knows how to set up and arrange his things well in the display window. Without this real *art*, his ideas, like the objects of those ideas, would have remained mostly in the dark, and without this having been a very big loss. Many, however, have learned from his *art* (especially the recent generations of German scholars) and countless others have taken pleasure in it. — Admittedly, those pupils did not also have to imitate his unpleasant mannerisms of tone, in its mixture of quarrelsomeness and integrity, as so often happened. We are all of one mind now about Lessing the "lyricist": as we will be about the dramatist, too. —

104

Unwanted readers. — How the author is tormented by those worthy readers[231] with chubby, clumsy souls, who are always falling down when they bump into something and hurt themselves every time they do.

105

Poets' thoughts. — With real poets, the real thoughts all move about in veils, like Egyptian women: only the profound *eye* of the thought looks freely past the veil. — Poets' thoughts are not on average worth as much as people think: we are paying not only for them, but also for the veil and for our own curiosity.

106

Write simply and usefully. — Transitions, amplifications, a colorful play of emotions — we grant all of this to an author because we bring them along with us and give his book the credit for them, provided that he himself has done us some good.

107

Wieland. — Wieland wrote German better than anyone else and took an appropriate, masterly satisfaction and dissatisfaction in doing so (his translations of Cicero's and Lucian's letters are the best German translations), but his ideas give us no further food for thought.[232] We can no more tolerate his cheerful moralities than we can his cheerful immoralities: both go together so well. The people who took pleasure in them were no doubt basically better people than we are — but also people who were a good deal more ponderous, for whom such a writer *was*[233] *necessary.* — The Germans did not need *Goethe*, hence they do not know how to make any use of him either. Look[234] at the best of our statesmen and artists: none of them had Goethe as their educator — nor could[235] they have.

108

Rare feasts. — A gritty terseness,[236] calmness and ripeness — where you find these qualities in an author, stop and celebrate a long feast in the middle of the desert: you won't fare so well again for a long time to come.[237]

109[238]

The treasury of German prose. — If we leave aside Goethe's writings and especially Goethe's conversations with Eckermann, the best German book that exists: what really remains of German prose literature that would deserve being read again and again? Lichtenberg's aphorisms, the first book of Jung-Stilling's biography, Adalbert Stifter's *Nachsommer*[239] and Gottfried Keller's *Leute von Seldwyla* — and that, for the time being, is the end.

110[240]

Writing style and speaking style. — The art of writing requires above all *substitutes* for the modes of expression that only a speaker has available: hence for gestures, accents, tones, looks. Style in writing is therefore completely different from style in speaking, and something much more difficult — it wants to make itself just as clearly intelligible as the latter, but with fewer means. Demosthenes delivered his speeches differently than we read them; he first had to rework them with the idea of their being read. — Cicero's speeches should have been demosthenized for the same purpose: there is far more of the Roman forum in them now than the reader can tolerate.

111[241]

Care in citation. — Young authors do not know that a good expression or a good idea shows up well only among similar ones, that an excellent citation can destroy entire pages, even an entire book, by warning the reader and seeming to cry out to him: "Pay attention;[242] I am the jewel and all around me is lead,

pale, disgraceful lead." Every word, every idea wants to live only among *its own society*: that is the moral of a select style.

112

How should we speak errors?—We can dispute about whether it is more harmful for errors to be spoken badly or as well as the best of truths. What is certain is that in the first case they injure the head in a twofold way and are harder to eliminate; but admittedly, those errors do not have as certain an effect as in the second case: they are less infectious.

113

Delimiting and expanding.—Homer delimited and diminished the scope of his material, but allowed the individual scenes to enlarge themselves and expand—as the tragedians did later, all over again: each of them takes material in even *smaller* pieces than his predecessors did, but each attains a *richer* blossoming inside of these demarcated, enclosed garden hedges.

114

Literature and morality explain each other.—We can[243] demonstrate from Greek literature what energies allowed the Greek spirit to develop, how it turned down different paths and what causes made it weak. All of that provides an image of how things basically occurred for Greek *morality*, too, and how things will occur for any morality: how it was at first compulsion, at first displayed harshness, then gradually became gentler, and how finally the pleasure in certain actions, in certain conventions and forms came into being, and from that, in turn, an inclination toward solitary practice and personal possession of it: how the track becomes filled and overfilled with competitors, how satiety begins to appear, new objects of struggle and ambition are sought after and obsolete ones reawakened into life, how the spectacle repeats itself and the spectators grow tired of watching because the entire course seems to have been run through—and then comes a stand-still, an exhaling of breath:

the streams lose themselves in the sand. There is the end, or at least *an* end.[244]

115[245]

Which settings give lasting pleasure. — This setting has the features that are important for painting, but I cannot find the formula for them; as a whole, it remains unintelligible to me. I notice that all of the landscapes that appeal to[246] my taste in a lasting way have a simple, linear geometric schema beneath all their variety. Without this sort of mathematical substratum, no setting will[247] have anything aesthetically pleasing about it. And this rule may allow for an analogous application to humans.

116

Reading aloud. — Being able to read something aloud presupposes that we know how and when to *present*: we have to employ pale colors everywhere, but also to determine the degree of paleness in exact proportion to the fully and deeply colored background painting that is constantly swirling forward and directing things, that is, according to the presentation of the same part. We must therefore be master of the latter.[248]

117[249]

The dramatic sense. — Anyone who does not have the four finer senses of art attempts to understand everything with the coarsest, fifth one: this is the dramatic sense.

118[250]

Herder. — Herder is not all that he made people believe of him (and wished himself to believe): not a great thinker or inventor, not a new, forceful soil with unutilized energy fresh from the primeval forest. But he did possess in the highest degree a sense for the weather; he saw and plucked the first fruits of the season earlier than anyone else, who might well then believe that he had made them grow: his spirit lay everywhere in wait like a hunter, between brightness and darkness, old age and

youth, watching for places where there were transitions, hollows, tremors, the signs of inner sources and becomings: the restlessness of spring drove him about, but he himself was not the spring!—At times, he no doubt suspected this and yet did not himself want to believe it, he, the ambitious priest who would so gladly have been pope for the intellects of his age![251] This is his sorrow: he seems to have lived for a long time as the pretender to several kingdoms,[252] indeed, to a universal empire, and he had adherents who believed in him: the young Goethe was among them. But everywhere that crowns were eventually conferred, he went away empty-handed: Kant, Goethe, and then afterward those who really were the first German historians and philologists took away from him what he believed he had reserved for himself—but often, in privacy and secretly, did *not* believe he had reserved. Precisely when he doubted himself, he was fond of putting on airs of dignity and enthusiasm: these were for him all too often garments that had to conceal a great deal, to deceive and to comfort him. He really did possess enthusiasm and fire, but his ambition was far greater! This blew impatiently upon the fire, so that it flickered, crackled and smoked—his *style* flickers, crackles and smokes—but he wished for a *grand* flame, and this never burst forth! He did not sit at the table of the true creators: and his ambition did not allow him to sit modestly among the true connoisseurs. So he was a restless guest, foretasting all spiritual dishes that the Germans put together in half a century from all the realms of world and time. Never really sated and happy, Herder was, moreover, all too often sick; then envy seated itself upon his bed for a time,[253] and hypocrisy came to visit, too. Something wounded and unfree adhered to him: and more than any other of our so-called classic[254] writers, he is lacking in simple, valiant manliness.

119[255]

Scent of words.—Every word has its scent: there is a harmony and disharmony of odors, and therefore also of words.

120

The sought-for style. — The style that has been found is an affront to any friend of the style that has been sought.

121

Vow. — I will no longer read any author who lets us perceive that he wanted to produce a book: but instead, only those whose thoughts have unintentionally turned into a book.

122

Artistic conventions. — Three-fourths of Homer is convention; and the same holds true for all the Greek artists, who had no reason to adopt the modern rage for originality. They were completely lacking in any fear of convention;[256] this was precisely what held them together with their public.[257] Conventions, namely, are the aesthetic means that have been *conquered* for the sake of the audience's understanding, the laboriously acquired common language with which the artist really can *communicate* himself. If he, like the Greek poets and musicians, sometimes wants to triumph *immediately* with each of his works of art—because he is used to contending publicly with one or two competitors — the first condition is that he also be *understood immediately*: which is, however, possible only by means of convention. What the artist invents beyond the conventions, he voluntarily attaches importance to and wagers himself upon, succeeding in the best of cases in *creating* a new convention. Originality is ordinarily seen with astonishment, sometimes even worshipped, but rarely understood; stubbornly diverting from convention means: wanting not to be understood. Toward what, then, does the modern rage for originality point?

123

Artists' affectation of a scientific character. — Like other German artists, Schiller believed that if one has spirit, one is also permitted to *improvise with the pen* upon all sorts of difficult

subjects. And now here are his prose essays — in every respect a model for how one should *not* treat scientific questions of aesthetics and morality — and a danger for young readers who, in their admiration of the poet Schiller, do not have the courage to think lightly of the thinker and writer Schiller. — The temptation that so easily and so understandably[258] befalls artists,[259] to tread for once upon the meadows that have been forbidden precisely to *them* and to have something to say about *science* — the most qualified of them, of course, sometimes finds his craft and his workshop to be intolerable — this temptation brings the artist far enough to show the whole world what it hardly needs to see, that is, that things look cramped and disorderly in his little thinking room — well, why not? he doesn't live there! — that the storeroom of his knowledge is partly empty, partly filled with junk — well, why not? this is basically not badly suited to the artist-child — but especially, that his joints are too inexperienced and clumsy for even the easiest holds of the scientific method, those familiar even to beginners — and of this, too, he truly does not need to be ashamed! — By contrast, he often displays no little art in *imitating* all the errors, bad habits and bad pedantry to be found in the scientific guild, in the belief that this is part, if not of the thing itself, at least of the appearance of the thing; and this is precisely what is most amusing about these sorts of artists' writings, that here the artist, without intending to do so, still fulfills his official role: *to parody* scientific and unaesthetic natures. Of course, he should not have any posture toward science other than parody, insofar as he is an artist and only an artist.

124[260]

The Faust idea. — A little seamstress is seduced and made unhappy; a great scholar of all four branches of learning is the evil-doer. Can such unnatural things happen? No, certainly not! Without the assistance of the devil in person, the great scholar would not have brought it about. — Is this really supposed to be the greatest German "tragic idea," as we hear the

Germans say?—For Goethe, however, even this idea was too horrible; his gentle[261] heart could not help placing the little seamstress, "the good soul who only[262] once forgot herself,"[263] in the vicinity of the saints after her involuntary death; indeed, by means of a trick played upon the devil at the decisive moment, he even brought the great scholar into heaven just in time, "the good man" with the "dark impulse"[264]—there in heaven,[265] the lovers find each other once again.[266]—Goethe once said that his nature was too conciliatory for the truly tragic.[267]

125[268]

Do "German classics" exist?—Sainte-Beuve once remarked that the term "classic" doesn't sound quite right when applied to some literatures:[269] who would, for example, find it easy to speak of "German classics"!—What do our German book-dealers, who are on the way to increasing by another fifty the fifty German classics in which we are already supposed to believe, say about this? It almost seems as if one only needs to have been dead for thirty years and to lie in the open as permissible plunder in order to suddenly and unexpectedly hear the trumpets of resurrection as a classic writer! And this in an age and among a people where of even the six great founding fathers of literature five are unambiguously aging or antiquated—*without* this age and this people being ashamed of precisely *this*! For those five have given way to the *strong writers* of this age—just think about it in all fairness!—I am, as I indicated, leaving Goethe aside, who belongs in a higher order of literatures than the one constituted by "national literatures": hence he does not even stand in any relation of life, nor of novelty, nor of aging to his *nation*. He lived and continues to live only for the few: for the many he is nothing except a fanfare of vanity that we blow across the German borders from time to time. Goethe, not only a good and great human, but a *culture*, Goethe is in the history of the German people an episode without consequences: who, for example, would be in a position to show any trace of Goethe in the German politics of the last

seventy years! (whereas a bit of Schiller and perhaps even a little bit of Lessing have been active there). But those other five! Already in his own lifetime, Klopstock was growing antiquated in a quite venerable way: and so thoroughly that the thoughtful book of his later years, *The Republic of Scholars*, has not been taken seriously by anyone up to the present day. Herder had the misfortune that his writings were either new or antiquated; for subtler and stronger thinkers (like Lichtenberg),[270] even Herder's most important work, for example, his *Ideas on the History of Humanity* had something antiquated about it immediately upon publication. Wieland, as a clever man who lived richly and richly gave to life, anticipated the dwindling of his influence by his death. Lessing is perhaps still alive—but among young and ever younger scholars! And Schiller has now gone from the hands of adolescents into those of young boys, all of them German boys! It is, of course, a well-known form of aging when a book descends to more and more immature ages.[271] And what has pushed these five into the background, so that well-educated and diligent men no longer read them? Better taste, better knowledge, better respect for what is true and real: hence nothing other than the virtues that precisely those five authors (and ten and twenty others of less notable names) first *replanted* in Germany, and which now, like a high forest above their graves, spread something of a shadow of oblivion alongside the shadow of respect.[272]—But *classic writers* are not the *planters* of intellectual and literary virtues, but rather their *perfecters* and highest points of light, which remain standing over peoples even when these have perished: for they are lighter, freer, purer than those peoples. It is possible to have a higher state of humanity where the Europe of peoples is a dark oblivion, but where Europe still *lives on* in thirty very old, never antiquated books: in the classics.

126[273]

Interesting, but not beautiful.—This region conceals its meaning, but it has one that we would like to divine: wherever I

look, I read words and hints of words, but I do not know where the sentence begins that would solve the riddle of all these hints and I wind up turning my neck this way and that to investigate whether it should be read starting from here or from there.[274]

127

Against linguistic innovators. — Innovating or antiquating in a language, preferring what is rare and unfamiliar, striving for a wealth of vocabulary instead of its limitation, are always signs of an immature[275] or corrupted taste. A noble poverty, but a masterful freedom within the bounds of its inconsiderable possessions, is what distinguishes the speech of Greek artists: they want to have *less* than the people have — for the people are richest in old and new things — but they want *better* to possess this less. We are quickly done with counting up their archaisms and unfamiliar expressions, but there is no end to our amazement if we have a good eye for the easy and sensitive way in which they traffic so lightly and delicately with the everyday and seemingly long-exhausted aspects of words and turns of phrase.[276]

128

Melancholy and serious authors. — Anyone who puts on paper what he *is suffering*[277] will be a melancholy[278] author: but a *serious* one, if he tells us what he *has suffered* and why he is now at rest amid joy.

129

Healthy taste. — How does it happen that healthinesses are not as contagious as sicknesses — in general, and especially with regard to taste? Or are there epidemics of health? —

130

Resolution. — Not to read any more books that have been born and baptized (with ink) at the same time.

131[279]

Improving ideas. — Improving the style — that means improving the ideas and nothing less! — Anyone who does not immediately concede this can also never be convinced of it.

132

Classic books. — The weakest side of every classic book is that it has been written too much in the mother tongue of its author.

133

Bad books. — The book should long for pen, ink and desk: but generally it is the pen, ink and desk that long for the book. That is why books matter so little nowadays.

134

Presence of the senses. — When it reflects upon paintings, the public becomes a poet, and when it reflects upon a poem, it becomes a researcher. In the moment when the artist calls out to it, it always lacks the *proper* sense, not presence of mind, then, but presence of the senses.

135

Select thoughts. — The select style of an important age selects not only the words, but also the thoughts — both, to be sure, out of what is *common* and *prevalent*: risky and all-too-freshly-smelling thoughts are no less repugnant to the mature taste than are new, daring images and expressions. Later on, both — the select thought and the select word — will smell of mediocrity, because the odor of what has been selected dissipates quickly and then only the common and everyday elements are scented.

136

Primary reason for the corruption of style. — Wanting to *display* more feeling for something than we really *possess* corrupts

our style,[280] in language and all the arts. All great art has the opposite tendency instead: like every morally substantial human, it loves to check feeling in its tracks and not to allow it to run completely to the end. This modesty in only revealing feelings halfway can be seen most beautifully in Sophocles, for example; and it seems to clarify the features of a feeling[281] if this presents itself as more sober than it is.

137[282]

In apology for clumsy stylists. —What is lightly said rarely falls as heavily upon the ear as the actual weight of the subject would entail—but that is the fault of badly schooled ears, which need to make the transition from an education by what we have previously called music to the school of the higher musical art, that is, *elocution.*

138

Bird's-eye perspective. —Here torrents of water plunge from several sides down into a gorge: their movement is so stormy and carries the eye along with it in such a way that the barren and wooded cliffs all around seem not to subside, but instead to *flee downward*. We become tense with fear at the sight, as if something hostile lay hidden behind all of this, from which everything must take flight and against which the abyss might give us shelter. This setting cannot be painted, unless one were a bird hovering in the free air above it. Here, for once, the so-called bird's-eye perspective is not an aesthetic caprice, but instead the only possibility.

139

Risky comparisons. —If risky comparisons are not proof of the wantonness of a writer, they are at least proof of his exhausted imagination. In every case, however, they are proof of his bad taste.

140[283]

Dancing in chains. —With every Greek artist,[284] poet and writer, the question must be asked: what is the *new constraint* that he has imposed upon himself and that he makes attractive to his contemporaries (so that he finds imitators)? For what we call "invention" (with respect to meter, for example) is always this sort of self-imposed fetter. "Dancing in chains," making things hard for oneself, and then spreading an illusion of facility over this— that is the feat that they want to display to us. Already with Homer we can perceive an abundance of inherited formulas and rules for epic narration, *within* which he had to dance: and he himself created new conventions for those who came after him. This was the training school for the Greek poets: first allowing multiple constraints to be imposed upon them by earlier poets, and then inventing an additional constraint, imposing it upon themselves and gracefully triumphing over it: so that both the constraint and the triumph would attract attention and admiration.

141

Abundance of authors. —The final thing that a good author acquires is abundance; anyone who brings it along with him will never become a good author. The noblest racehorses are lean until they have been allowed to *rest up* from their victories.

142

Panting heroes. —Poets and artists who suffer constriction of feeling are most likely to allow their heroes to pant: they do not know how to breathe lightly.[285]

143

The half-blind. —The half-blind person is the deadly enemy of all authors who let themselves go. They should know the rage with which[286] he slams shut a book in which he perceives that the author needs fifty pages in order to communicate five

ideas: the rage at having had the remainder of his vision put in danger almost without compensation. —A half-blind man said:[287] *all* authors have let themselves go. — "Even the Holy Spirit?" —Even the Holy Spirit. But he had the right to do so; he wrote for those who were completely blind.

144

The style of immortality. — Thucydides, as well as Tacitus — both writers, in composing their works, thought about an immortal longevity for them: even if we did not otherwise know this, it could be guessed simply from their style. One believed that he gave durability to his thoughts by pickling them, the other by boiling them down;[288] and both, it appears, did not miscalculate.

145

Against images and similes. —We persuade people with images and similes, but do not prove anything. That is why[289] there is such an aversion to images and similes in science; persuading or making things *believable* is precisely what we do not want here, instead demanding that the coldest mistrust be manifested in even the modes of expression and the bareness of the walls: because mistrust is the touchstone for the gold of certainty.

146

Precaution. —Anyone lacking in well-grounded knowledge should certainly beware of writing in Germany. For the good[290] German does not say: "he is unknowledgeable," but instead, "he has a dubious character." — This premature conclusion, moreover, does credit to the Germans.

147

Painted skeleton. — Painted skeletons: that is what those authors are, who would like to use artificial colors to replace the flesh that they are lacking.

148[291]

The grandiose style and the higher one. — We learn more quickly to write grandly than to write simply and easily. The reasons for this blur into questions of morality.

149

Sebastian Bach. — To the extent that as we do *not* listen to Bach's music as consummate and experienced experts in counterpoint and all the forms of fugal style, and must accordingly do without any real artistic pleasure, we will feel, in listening to his music (to express ourselves, along with Goethe,[292] in a grandiose way) as if we were in the presence of *God creating the world*. That is: we feel that something great is coming into being here that does not yet exist: our *great* modern music.[293] It has already conquered the world by conquering the church, nationalities and counterpoint. In Bach there is still too much crude Christianity, crude Germanness, crude scholasticism; he stands at the threshold of European (modern) music, but gazes back from here toward the Middle Ages.

150

Händel. — Händel, whose musical ingenuity was bold, devoted to innovation, genuine, powerful, sympathetic to heroism and related to what a *people* is capable of — often became constrained and cold in working through his music, indeed, tired of himself; then he employed some proven methods for completing, wrote quickly and a great deal, and was happy to be finished — but not happy in the way that God and other creators have been in the evening of their workday.

151

Haydn. — Insofar as originality can be combined with the qualities of a simply *good* human, Haydn possessed it. He goes right up to the limit that morality sets for the intellect; he produces only music that has "no past."

152

Beethoven and Mozart. — Beethoven's music frequently seems like a deeply moving meditation on unexpectedly hearing once again a piece of music, "Innocence of Tones," that had long been believed to be lost; it is music *about* music. In the song of beggars and children in the street, in the monotonic tunes of wandering Italians, in the dance at the village inn or on carnival nights — there he discovered[294] his "melodies"; he gathers them like a bee, snatching a sound here or a brief sequence there. These are for him transfigured *recollections* from the "better world": in the same way that Plato thought about the ideas.[295] — Mozart has a completely different relation to his melodies: he finds his inspiration not in listening to music, but in looking at life, the most active, *southernly* life: he constantly dreamed of Italy when he was not there.

153[296]

Recitative. — At one time, recitative was dry; now we live in the age of *wet recitative*: it has fallen into the water and the waves carry it where they will.

154[297]

"Cheerful" music. — If we have gone without music for a long time, it enters all too quickly into our blood, like a heavy wine from the south, and leaves behind it a soul that is narcotically stupefied, half-awake and yearning for sleep; it is *cheerful* music in particular that has precisely this effect, combining bitterness and pain, satiety and home-sickness and making us swallow them all, time after time, as if they were a sweetly poisoned potion. The hall of cheerfully murmuring joy seems to shrink, the light to lose its brightness and to become duskier: finally, it feels as if the music were ringing inside of a prison, where some poor fellow is kept from sleeping by homesickness.

155

Franz Schubert. —Franz Schubert, a lesser artist than the other great musicians, nevertheless had the greatest *inherited wealth* in music of any of them. He squandered this extravagantly and benevolently: so that musicians will be able to *nourish themselves* on his ideas and his notions for a couple hundred years more. In his work we have a wealth of *unused* inventions; others will find their greatness in putting them to use. — If we could call Beethoven the ideal listener for a minstrel, Schubert would himself have the right to be called the ideal minstrel.[298]

156

The most modern mode of performance in music. — The great tragic-dramatic mode of musical performance acquires its character by imitating the gestures of the *great sinner*, as Christianity imagines him and wishes him to be: the slowly pacing, passionately brooding person who is tossed this way and that by the torments of conscience, who flees in terror, who snatches at things with delight, who stands still in despair—and displays all the other signs of great sinfulness. Only under the presupposition of the Christian, that all humans are great sinners and do nothing other than sin, could one be justified in employing this style of performance in *all* music: insofar as music is supposed to be the image of all human action and activity, and as such, has to continually speak the gestural language of the great sinner. A listener who was not enough of a Christian to understand its logic admittedly might cry out in terror at such a performance: "For heaven's sake, how did sin get into music!"[299]

157

Felix Mendelssohn. — Felix Mendelssohn's music is the music of good taste for everything good that then existed: it is always pointing behind itself. How could it have much "before it,"

much future! — But then, did he *want* it to? He possessed a virtue that is rare among artists, that of gratitude without reservations: this virtue, too, is always pointing behind itself.

158

A mother of the arts. — In our skeptical age, an almost brutal heroism of *ambition* is part of real *devotion*; the fanatical closing of one's eyes and bending of one's knee no longer suffices. Isn't it possible that the ambition of being the ultimate[300] in devotion for all ages might be father to an ultimate Catholic church music, just as it has already been father to the ultimate architectural style in churches? (We call it the Jesuit style.)

159[301]

Freedom in chains — a princely freedom.[302] — The last of the modern musicians who gazed upon and worshipped beauty, like Leopardi, the Polish Chopin, the inimitable one — none of those who came before or after him has the right to this epithet — Chopin had the same princely superiority over convention that Raphael displays in his use of the simplest traditional colors — not with regard to colors, however, but with regard to the traditions of melody and harmony. *As someone born to*[303] *etiquette*, he granted the validity of these traditions, but by playing[304] and dancing in these chains like the freest and most graceful spirit[305] — and, of course, *without* mocking them.[306]

160

Chopin's barcarole.[307] — Almost all circumstances and ways of life have a *blissful* moment. *That* is what good artists know how to fish out. Thus, even life at the seashore[308] has such a moment, life spinning itself out in such a boring, dirty, unhealthy way in proximity to the noisiest and greediest rabble — in the barcarole, Chopin brought this blissful moment into music in such a way that even gods could desire to spend lengthy summer evenings lying in a boat.[309]

161[310]

Robert Schumann. — The "youth," as the romantic song-poets of Germany and France dreamed of him around the first third of this century — this youth has been completely translated into song and sound — by Robert Schumann, the eternal youth, for as long as he felt[311] himself to be in full possession of his own energies: there are admittedly moments in his music that recall[312] the eternal "old maid."

162[313]

Dramatic singers. — "Why is this beggar singing?" — He probably does not know how to wail. — "Then he does the right thing: but our dramatic singers, who wail because they do not know how to sing — are they doing the right thing, too?"

163[314]

Dramatic music. — For someone who does not see what is taking place on stage, dramatic music is nonsense; just as the running commentary upon a lost text is nonsense. It really requires that we also have ears where our eyes are located; but this would do violence to Euterpe: this poor muse wants us to leave her eyes and ears where[315] all of the other muses have them, too.

164[316]

Triumph and rationality. — Unfortunately, it is in the end force and not reason that also decides the aesthetic wars that artists provoke with their works and their speeches in defense of them. The whole world now takes it to be a historical fact that Gluck was *right* in his contest with Piccinni: in any case, he *triumphed*; force was on his side.

165

Concerning the principle of performance in music. — Do the contemporary artists of musical performance really believe, then, that the highest commandment of their art is to give

every piece as much *high relief* as possible and to make it speak a *dramatic* language at any price? Isn't this principle, if applied to Mozart, for example, really a sin against his spirit, the cheerful, sunny, tender, frivolous spirit of Mozart, whose seriousness is a kindly and not a terrible seriousness, whose images do not want to leap forth from the wall in order to chase the spectators away in terror and in flight. Or do you think that Mozartian music means the same thing as the "music of the stone guest"?[317] And not only Mozartian, but all music? — But you reply, the greater *effect* speaks in favor of your principle— and you would be right insofar as the opposite question did not still remain, *upon whom* is it supposed to be having an effect, and upon whom *ought* an eminent artist really *to want* to be having an effect! Never upon the people! Never upon the immature! Never upon the sensitive! Never upon the sickly! But above all: never upon the dullards!

166

The music of today. — This most modern of music, with its strong lungs and weak nerves, is always terrified, above all, of itself.

167

Where music is at home. — Music attains its great power only among people who are not able or not allowed[318] to discuss things. Its patrons of the first rank are therefore princes who do not want there to be very much criticism going on around them, indeed, not even very much thought; secondly, societies that, under some sort of coercion (princely or religious), must grow accustomed to silence, but therefore seek even stronger charms against the boredom of feeling (generally an unending infatuation and unending music);[319] thirdly, entire peoples among whom no "society" exists, but all the more individuals with a propensity for solitude, for semi-obscure thoughts and for reverence toward all that is inexpressible:[320] these are the real musical souls. — The Greeks, as a talkative and contentious

people, therefore tolerated music only as a *side dish* for those arts about which one really can quarrel and converse: whereas it is scarcely possible even to *think* clearly about music. — The Pythagoreans, exceptions among the Greeks in many respects, were said to be great musicians, too: the same ones who invented a five-year silence, but *not* dialectic.

168[321]

Sentimentality in music. — However much we may be disposed toward serious and rich music, the more we may be overcome, enchanted and almost melted away at certain hours by its opposite; I mean: by the very simplest of Italian operatic melismas,[322] which, despite all of their rhythmic uniformity and harmonic childishness, sometimes seem to sing to us like the soul of music itself. Whether you admit it or not, you Pharisees of good taste: it *is* so, and I am now interested in[323] posing this riddle for solution and even conjecturing a bit myself as to why it is so. — When we were still children, we tasted the honey of many things for the first time;[324] never again was the honey as good as it was then, when it seduced us to life, to the longest life, in the form of the first spring, the first flowers, the first butterflies, the first friendship. Back then — perhaps around the ninth year of our lives — we heard the first music, and that was the music that we first *understood*, the simplest and the most childish, therefore, which was not much more than the spinning out of a nurse's song and a minstrel's tune. (We must, of course, first be prepared and schooled for even the slightest "revelations" of art; there is absolutely no "immediate" effect of art, however beautifully philosophers have fantasized about this.) Our feeling attaches itself to those first musical raptures — the strongest of our lives — when we hear those Italian songs: the child's bliss and the loss of childhood, the feeling of the most irrecoverable as well as the most precious of possessions — that touches the strings of our soul more strongly than the richest and most serious present-day art can on its own. — This mixture of aesthetic pleasure with

moral sorrow, which we are now generally inclined, somewhat too arrogantly,[325] it seems to me, to call "sentimentality" — it is the mood of Faust at the end of the first scene[326] — this "sentimentality" of the audience works to the advantage of Italian music, even though experienced connoisseurs of art, the pure "aestheticians," love to ignore it. — Moreover, from then on almost all music in which we hear the language of our own *past* speaking has a *magical* effect: and to that extent, all old music seems to laypeople to be constantly improving and all recently born music to be worth very little: for it does not yet excite any "sentimentality," which, as I said, is the most essential element of happiness in music for anyone who is not capable of enjoying this art purely as an artist.

169

As friends of music. — In the end, we are and remain on good terms with music in the same way that we remain on good terms with the moonlight. Neither wants to supplant the sun — they only want to brighten our *nights* as much as they can. But what then? Can't we joke and laugh at them nonetheless? A little bit, at least? And from time to time? At the man in the moon! At the woman in music!

170[327]

Art in the age of work. — We have the conscience of a *hard-working* age: this does not allow us to give our best hours and mornings to art, even if it were itself the greatest and worthiest art. We consider it something for leisure, for recuperation: we devote to it the *left-over portion* of our time and our energies. — This is the most general fact that has altered the position of art in relation to life: if it makes any *great* demands upon the time and energy of the recipients of art, it has the conscience of hardworking and capable people against it, it is directed toward those who are without conscience and idle, who, in accordance with their nature, are not devoted to *great* art and feel its demands to be presumptuous. It may therefore have come to its

end, because the air and the free breathing that it requires are lacking: or else—great art attempts, through a sort of coarsening and disguising, to make itself at home in (or at least to put up with) that different air which is really the natural element only for *small* art, for the art of recreation or amusing distraction. This is now happening everywhere; even the artists of great art promise recreation and distraction, even they turn to those who are fatigued, even they solicit the evening hours of their workdays—just like the entertainers who are satisfied with having obtained a victory over earnest brows and sunken eyes. What is the trick used by their greater colleagues? They have in their cases the most powerful stimulants, from which those who are half dead must recoil in terror; they have narcotics, intoxicants, convulsives, spasms of tears: using these means, they overpower those who are fatigued and bring them to a state of exhausted, overwrought animation, where they are beside themselves with rapture and with fear. Are we, given the danger of the means that great art now employs, living on as it does in the form of opera,[328] tragedy and music—allowed to be angry with it, as if it were a cunning sinner? Certainly not: art would be a hundred times happier to live in the pure element of morning stillness and to turn itself to the expectant, unspent, energy-filled morning-souls of its spectators and auditors. Let us give thanks to it for preferring to live as it does, rather than taking flight: but let us also admit to ourselves that *our* great art will be useless for an age that reintroduces free, full days of festival and rejoicing back into life.

171

The employees of science and the others.—We could describe the really capable and successful scholars collectively as "employees." If their intellectual acuteness has been sufficiently exercised and their memory filled in their early years, if their hands and eyes have gained certainty, they will be directed by an older scholar to a position in science where their qualities can be useful; later, after they have themselves gotten a glimpse of

the incomplete and defective places in their science, they position themselves where they are needed. All those with this nature exist for the sake of science: but there are those with a rarer, rarely successful and fully matured nature, "for whose sake science exists"—at least it seems to them to be so—: often unpleasant, often conceited, often wrongheaded, but almost always enchanting humans, at least to a certain degree. They are not employees and also not employers; they make use of what has been achieved and secured by those others with a certain princely composure, offering scanty and infrequent praise: as if the others belonged to an inferior species of beings. And yet they only possess the same qualities through which the others distinguish themselves, and sometimes even in an insufficiently developed way: in addition, they characteristically exhibit a *narrowness* that the others lack, making it impossible to station them in a particular place and to see them as useful tools—they can live only *in their own atmosphere* and on their own ground. This narrowness prompts them to acquire everything in a science that "might belong to them," that is, whatever they can carry home into their atmosphere and their dwelling; they always imagine that they are collecting their own scattered "property." If we hinder them from building their own nest, they perish like homeless birds; for them, unfreedom is like having consumption. If they tend to individual regions of science in the same way as the others, it is still always only the regions where the fruits and seeds that are essential for them flourish; what does it matter to them whether science, seen as a whole, has uncultivated or badly tended regions?[329] They lack any *impersonal* interest in a problem of knowledge: just as they are themselves persons through and through, so, too, do all of their insights and knowledge grow together into a single person, into a living multiplicity whose individual parts depend upon one another, intermesh and are nourished in common, and which has as a whole its own atmosphere and its own scent.—With their *personalized* structure of knowledge, people of this nature create the *illusion* that a science (or even all philosophy) has been

finished and is standing at its goal; the *life* in their structure exerts this magic: which has at times been quite fatal for science and misleading for the ones previously described, the really capable workers of the spirit, but on the other hand, at times when aridness and exhaustion have predominated, it has had a tonic effect like a breath of air from a cool, invigorating resting place.—We generally call such human beings *philosophers.*[330]

172

Appreciation of talent.—As I was passing through the village S.,[331] a boy began to crack a whip with all his might—he was already far advanced in this art and knew it. I threw him a glance of appreciation—deep within, it caused me *bitter pain.*—This is what we do in appreciating many talents. We are charitable toward them when they cause us pain.

173

Laughing and smiling.—The more joyous and self-assured his spirit becomes, the more a person forgets how to laugh loudly; by contrast,[332] a spiritual[333] smile continually wells up from within him, a sign of his astonishment at the countless concealed charms of a good existence.

174[334]

Amusing invalids.—Just as we tear out our hair, beat our brows, lacerate our cheeks or, like Oedipus, even pierce our eyes when our soul is suffering: so, too, we sometimes call upon an intense feeling of bitterness to assist us against intense physical pains, by recalling those who have slandered and accused us, by imagining our future as a gloomy one, by mentally slinging malice and dagger-blows at people who are absent. And occasionally in this it is true: that one devil drives out the other—but then we have that one with us.—Let us therefore recommend to invalids the other form of amusement that seems to diminish pains: to reflect upon the good deeds and courtesies that we can render to friend and foe.

175

Mediocrity as a mask. — Mediocrity is the most successful mask that the superior spirit[335] can wear, because it keeps the multitude, that is, the mediocre, from thinking that he wears a mask — and yet he takes it up precisely for their sake — in order not to provoke them, and indeed, not infrequently out of compassion and benevolence.[336]

176[337]

Those with patience. — The pine tree seems to hearken, the fir tree to await; and both without impatience: — they are not thinking about the small human beneath them, who is being consumed by his impatience and his curiosity.

177

The best jokes. — The joke most welcome to me is the one that stands in place of a weighty, not inoffensive thought, both beckoning with a finger and winking an eye.

178

Accessories of all reverence. — Everywhere that the past is revered, we should prohibit those who are clean or who like to clean up from entering. Piety does not fare well without a bit of dust, dirt and filth.

179[338]

The great danger for scholars. — It is precisely the most capable and most thorough scholars who are in danger of seeing their life's goal getting placed lower and lower and, in feeling this, becoming more and more discontented and intolerant in the second half of their lives. At first, they swim forth into their science with great hopes and assign themselves bolder tasks, sometimes anticipating in their imagination the reaching of those goals: for there are moments like those in the lives of great exploring sailors — knowledge, anticipation and energy

lift one another higher and higher, until a far-off new coast dawns upon the eye for the first time. Now, however, the stringent human being recognizes more fully from year to year how much depends upon the individual task of the researcher being as limited as possible, so that it can be solved without *remainder,* and the intolerable squandering of energy from which earlier periods of science suffered can be avoided: every job was done ten different times and even so the eleventh always had the last and best word to say. Yet the better the scholar comes to know and to practice this solving of problems without remainder, the greater his pleasure in it becomes: but the stringency of his claims with regard to what is here called "without remainder" increases proportionately. He sets aside everything that has to remain incomplete in this sense, and he acquires an aversion and a suspicion toward what is half-solvable—toward everything that can provide a form of certainty only as a whole and in a less determinate way. His youthful plans fall apart before his eyes: there remain hardly any knots, large or small, that the master now takes pleasure or displays his energy in untying. And now, in the midst of this activity that is so useful and so restless, he, having grown older, is suddenly and then frequently seized by a profound discontent, a sort of torment of conscience: he looks at himself like someone who has been transformed, as if he had been shrunken, debased, made into a skillful *dwarf*; he worries about whether the masterly control over small things might be a matter of laziness, an evasion of the admonition to greatness in life and in formation. But he can no longer make it *over there*—the time is up.

180[339]

The teacher in the age of books. —Because self-education and peer education are becoming more common, the teacher, in the usual form he takes at present, is becoming almost superfluous. In our age of books, studious friends who wish to work together in acquiring knowledge find a shorter and more natural way to do so than "school" and "teacher."

181

Vanity as the most useful thing. — The strong individual originally treated not only nature, but also society and weaker individuals as objects of plunder: he uses them up as much as he can and then moves on. Because he lives in great insecurity, alternating between hunger and abundance, he kills more animals than he can consume and plunders and mistreats humans more than would be necessary. His expression of power is at the same time an expression of revenge against his painful and fearful circumstances: then, too, he wants to be considered more powerful than he is and therefore abuses his opportunities: the increase in fear that he produces is an increase in his power. He soon notices that what sustains him or causes his downfall is not what he *is*, but instead what he *is considered to be*: here is the origin of *vanity*. The powerful person attempts to use every available means to increase the *belief* in his power. — The subjects who tremble before him and serve him, on the other hand, know that they are worth exactly as much as he *considers* them to be worth: which is why they work toward gaining his esteem and not toward their own satisfaction with themselves. We are acquainted with vanity only in its most diluted forms, in its sublimations and small doses, because we live in a late and much milder state of society: originally, it was the *great utility*, the strongest means of preservation. And indeed, vanity will be all the greater, the shrewder an individual is: because increasing the belief in power is easier than increasing power itself, but only for *him*[340] who possesses spirit[341] — or, as must be said in speaking of primeval conditions, for him who is *cunning* and *malicious*.

182

Signs of the cultural weather. — There are so few definitive signs of the cultural weather, that we must be glad to have in our hands at least one that is infallible for home and garden use. In order to assess whether someone belongs among us or

not—I mean, among the free spirits—we should assess his feeling for Christianity. If he stands in any relation to it other than *critically*, we should turn our backs to him: he brings us impure air and bad weather.—*Our* task is no longer to teach such human beings what a sirocco wind is: they have Moses and the prophets[342] of weather and of clear skies: if they do not want to listen to them, then—

183[343]

Getting angry and punishing have their time.—Getting angry and punishing are our gifts from the animal world. Humans first come of age when they return this gift from the cradle to the animals.—Herein lies buried one of the greatest thoughts that humans can have, the thought of[344] an advance upon all advancements.—Let us go forward a few millennia with one another, my friends! There is *a great deal* of joy still reserved for humans, the scent of which has not yet blown as far as our contemporaries! And indeed, we might expect to have this joy, even promise it to ourselves and testify to it as something necessary, if only the development of human reason *does not stand still*![345] Some day, we will *no longer have the heart* for the *logical* sin that lies concealed in anger and punishment, whether practiced individually or socially: some day, when heart and head have learned to dwell as closely to each other as they now still stand apart. That they *no longer* stand *as far apart* as they originally did becomes fairly visible by gazing upon the whole path of humanity; and the individual who surveys a life of inward work will become aware with a proud joy of the distance that has been overcome, the approach that has been accomplished and he can, upon this basis, risk having even greater hopes.

184

Lineage[346] *of "pessimists."*—A bite of good nourishment often decides whether we look toward the future with a hollow eye or filled with hope: this extends to the highest and most spiritual things. Dissatisfaction with and defamation of the world have

been *inherited* by the present generation from those who once suffered from hunger. We frequently notice in our artists and poets, too, however sumptuously they themselves may live, that they do not come from good stock, that they have various things in their blood and brains from ancestors who lived in an oppressed and badly nourished way, which become visible once again in the subject matter and chosen color of their works. The culture of the Greeks is one of well-off people, and indeed, of people who have been well off for a long time: they had lived through a few centuries *better* than we have (better in every sense, especially much more simply in food and drink): in the end, their brains became so full and so refined, their blood flowed so quickly, like a joyful, brilliant wine, that what was good, what was best about them no longer emerged in a gloomy, ecstatic and violent way, but instead in a beautiful, sunny way.

185[347]

Of rational death. — What is more rational, to stop a machine when the work that we required from it has been completed — or to leave it running until it stops itself, that is, until it has been ruined? Isn't the latter a waste of maintenance costs, a misuse of the energy and attention of the operator? Isn't something being thrown away here that might be badly needed somewhere else? Isn't there even a sort of contempt toward machines in general being disseminated by having so many of them so uselessly maintained and operated? — I am speaking of involuntary (natural) and voluntary (rational) death. A natural death is the one that is completely independent of reason, a truly *irrational* death, in which the miserable substance of the shell determines how long the kernel should or should not last: in which, therefore, the stunted, often sick and[348] stupid jailer is the master and designates the point at which his noble prisoner should die. A natural death is the suicide of nature, that is, the annihilation of a rational being by the irrational components to which it is tied.[349] Only in light of religion can the reverse seem to be true: because then, as is proper, the higher reason (God's) gives its

command,[350] to which the lesser reason has to accommodate itself.[351] Outside of the religious way of thinking,[352] a natural death is not worth exalting. — The fully wise regulation and arrangement of death belongs to a currently inconceivable and immoral sounding future morality, whose dawning must be an indescribable happiness to behold.

186[353]

Reverse development. — All criminals force society back toward earlier stages of culture than the one upon which it presently stands: they produce a development in reverse. Think of the tools that society has to create and to maintain for the sake of self-defense: of the cunning police, the jailers, the executioners; don't forget the public prosecutors and the lawyers; finally ask yourself whether the judges themselves and punishment and the entire legal process don't have more of an oppressive than an elevating effect upon noncriminals; the effort to wrap self-defense and revenge in the garments of innocence will never succeed; and every time that we use and sacrifice a human as a means to the ends of society, all higher humanity will mourn our having done so.

187

War as remedy. — War can be recommended[354] as a remedy for peoples that have grown feeble and wretched: especially if they absolutely want to continue living: for there also exists a cure, brutality, for the consumption that attacks peoples. Wanting to live forever and not being able to die, however, are themselves already signs of the senility of sensation; the more fully and ably we live, the more quickly we are ready to give up our lives for a single good sensation. A people that lives and feels in this way has no need of war.

188[355]

Spiritual and physical transplantation as remedy. — Different cultures[356] are different spiritual climates, each of which is

particularly harmful or healthy for this or that organism. *History* as a whole, as the knowledge of different cultures, is a mode of *instruction in remedies*, but not the science of medicine itself. The *doctor* who could make use of this therapeutic instruction in order to send everyone into the climate most beneficial to him—temporarily or forever—is still needed. To live at present within a single culture does not suffice as a general prescription; under these conditions, too many highly useful sorts of human beings would die out, those who cannot breathe healthily in it. We must use history to try to give them *air* and to sustain them; even the human beings of backward cultures have their value.—Along with this cure for the spirit, humanity must strive to discover a medical geography for its physical relationships, for the kinds of degeneration and illnesses that each region of the earth can cause, and, conversely, for the therapeutic factors it offers: and then peoples, families and individuals must gradually be transplanted for as long and as continuously as is necessary for them to master their inherited physical infirmities. The entire earth will in the end become a collection of health resorts.

189[357]

The tree of humanity and reason.—What you, with the shortsightedness of old age, fear to be the overpopulation of the earth gives into the hands of those who are more hopeful a great task: humanity should at some point become a tree that overshadows the entire earth, with many billions of blossoms that should all become fruits, one beside the other, and the earth itself[358] should be made ready to nourish this tree. That the start of this, though *still small*, is increasing in sap and in energy, that the sap for nourishing the whole and the individual is streaming through countless channels—from these and from similar tasks we can take the *measure* of whether a present-day human is useful or useless. The task is unspeakably[359] great and audacious: we should all wish to contribute to keeping the tree from decaying before its time! Those who are historically minded can readily

succeed in keeping their eyes upon the place of human nature and activity within the totality of time, just as the nature of ants with their artificially piled-up anthills stands before all of our eyes. Judging superficially, we might speak of the "instinct" of all of humanity just as we do in relation to antdom. Examining things more rigorously, we perceive how entire peoples, entire centuries labor to discover and *to test* new means with which they could benefit a great human totality and, in the end, the great collective fruit tree of humanity; and whatever damage individuals, peoples and ages may suffer during this testing, each time the damage renders some individuals *more intelligent*, and this intelligence flows slowly from them across the practices of entire peoples and entire ages.[360] Even ants make mistakes and go about things in the wrong way; humanity can certainly be spoiled and wither away before its time due to the foolishness of its means; there is no guaranteed directive instinct for one or the other. We must instead *look directly at*[361] the great task of *preparing* the earth for a growth in the greatest and happiest fertility—a task of reason, and for reason![362]

190[363]

Praise for what is unselfish and for its origin. —For years there had been strife between two neighboring chiefs: they laid waste to each other's country, drove off the herds, and burned down houses, but with an indecisive outcome on the whole, because their powers were nearly equal. A third party who had been able to remain apart from these feuds thanks to the secluded situation of his dominions, but who still had reason to fear the day when one of these quarrelsome neighbors would attain a decisive superiority, finally came between the antagonists, bringing good will and solemnity: and in secret, he laid considerable weight upon his recommendation for peace, because he let each individual understand that he would henceforth make common cause with the other against whichever one opposed making peace. They came before him, together, and with hesitation laid in his hand the hands that had previously been the

tools and all too often the cause of hatred—and really, they made a very serious attempt at peace. Each saw with astonishment how his prosperity and comfort suddenly increased, how he now had in his neighbor a trader ready for selling and buying rather than a malicious or openly scornful wrongdoer, how they could even pull each other out of difficulty in unanticipated emergencies rather than, as had previously been the case, making use of the neighbor's difficulty and increasing it to the maximum; indeed, it seemed as if the race of humans in both regions had grown more beautiful since then: for their eyes had become brighter, their brows less wrinkled, and everyone had acquired confidence in the future—and nothing is more advantageous for the bodies and souls of humans than this confidence. They saw one another again every year on the day of the covenant, the chiefs as well as their followers, in the presence of their mediator: for whose conduct they showed ever more astonishment and respect as the advantages that they owed to him became ever greater. They called it *unselfish*—they had directed their sight far too steadily upon their own, subsequently harvested advantages to see anything more in their neighbor's conduct than that his condition had not been altered as much as their own in consequence of this: it had remained more or less the same, and so it seemed that he had not had his eye upon his own advantages. For the first time they said to themselves that unselfishness is a virtue: to be sure, similar things may have happened to them frequently in small and private matters, but they first directed their attention to this virtue when it had for the first time been painted upon the wall in very large script, legible for the whole community. Moral qualities are recognized as virtues, given names, brought into esteem, recommended for acquisition only from the moment when they have *visibly* determined the good fortune and fate of entire societies: for only then are the height of feeling and the stimulation of inner creative energies great enough among *many people* that they bring gifts to this quality from among the best things that they possess. The earnest person

lays his earnestness at its feet, the worthy person his worthiness, women their gentleness, and youths all of the treasures of hope and futurity in their being: the poet lends it words and names, lines it up in the round-dance of similar entities, gives it a family tree and finally worships, as artists will do, the product of his fantasy as if it were a new divinity—he *teaches* people to worship it. Thus,[364] because the love and gratitude of everyone is working upon it, a virtue becomes like a statue, and in the end a *collection* of good and respected things, a sort of temple and a divine person at one and the same time. It stands henceforth as a unique virtue, as a being in itself, which it had not previously been, and exercises the rights and the power of a consecrated superhumanity.[365]—In the Greece of later antiquity, the cities were filled with such divinized humanly abstractions[366] (forgive us the odd phrase on account of the odd concept); the people had, in its own way, set up a Platonic "heaven of ideas" in the midst of its earth, and I do not believe that its inhabitants were felt to be less alive than any of the old Homeric divinities.

191

The dark times.—"The dark times" is what people in Norway call those periods when the sun remains below the horizon for the entire day: under these conditions, the temperature falls in a slow, continuous way.—A beautiful image for all the thinkers for whom the sun of humanity's future has temporarily vanished.

192

The philosopher of luxuriance.—A tiny garden, figs, a bit of cheese, and three or four friends besides—this was luxuriance for Epicurus.

193

The epochs of life.—The real epochs in life are the short periods of standing still in between the ascent and descent of a

ruling idea or feeling. Here, there exists *satiety* once again: everything else is thirst and hunger—or excess.

194[367]

The dream.—Our[368] dreams, if they were for once exceptionally successful and perfectly achieved—for ordinarily the dream is a bungled piece of work—are symbolic chains of scenes and images in place of a narrative sort of poetic language; they[369] surround our[370] experiences or expectations or relationships with a poetic boldness and precision, so that we are always astonished at ourselves if we remember our dreams in the morning. We[371] use up too much of our artistic capacity in dreams—and are[372] therefore often too poorly endowed with it by day.

195[373]

Nature and science.—Just as in nature, so, too, in science, it is the worse, less fertile regions that first come to be well cultivated—because the means of the emergent science are more or less sufficient for this. Cultivation of the most fruitful regions presupposes a carefully developed, immense energy of methods, some individual results already attained, and an organized troop of workers, well-trained workers—all of this[374] comes together only late.—Impatience and ambition often reach too soon toward the most fruitful regions; but then[375] the results are exactly null. In nature, such attempts gain their revenge from the fact that the settlers would starve.

196[376]

Living simply.—A simple way of life is hard now: much more reflection and inventiveness are required for it than even very reclusive[377] people possess. The most honest among them may say:[378] "I do not have the time to reflect upon this for very long. The simple way of life is too noble a goal for me; I will wait until those who are wiser than I am have discovered it."[379]

197[380]

Mountaintops and mountaintips. — The lesser fertility, the frequent celibacy and, in general, the sexual coolness of the highest and most cultivated spirits, as also of the classes to which they belong, is essential in the economy of humanity; reason recognizes and makes use of the fact that at the most extreme point of spiritual development, there is a great danger of producing *nervous* offspring: such humans are *the summits* of humanity — they should not taper further into mini-summits.

198

Nature makes no leaps. — However far a human being has developed and even when he seems to have leaped from one opposite to the other: on closer observation, we will nevertheless discover the *dovetailing* where the new structure has grown out of the older one. This is the task of the biographer: he must reflect upon life according to the principle that nature makes no leaps.

199[381]

Clean, to be sure. — Anyone who dresses himself in cleanly washed rags is dressed cleanly, to be sure, but still in rags.

200

The solitary one speaks. — We harvest as the wages for a great deal of disgust, discontent and boredom — all of which result inevitably from a solitude without friends, books, duties and passions — those quarter hours of deepest communion with ourselves and with nature. Anyone who shelters himself completely against boredom also shelters himself from himself: he will never obtain the most powerfully refreshing drink from his own innermost fountain.[382]

201[383]

False fame. — I hate those supposed beauties of nature that really only have significance due to the knowledge, especially

geographical knowledge, that we have about them, but in themselves offer meager nourishment to senses thirsty for beauty: for example, the view of Mont Blanc from Geneva—something insignificant unless the brain's pleasure in knowledge rushes to its aid; the mountains nearby are all more beautiful and more expressive—but "not nearly as high," as knowledge absurdly adds to weaken the impression. The eye thereby contradicts knowledge: how can it truly find pleasure amid such contradiction!

202

Pleasure travelers. —They climb the mountain like animals, dumb and sweating; we forgot to tell them that there are beautiful views along the way.

203

Too much and too little. —People today live through all too much and think through too little: they are ravenous and colicky all at once and therefore become thinner and thinner, no matter how much they eat. —Anyone who says today: "I have experienced nothing" —is an idiot.

204[384]

End and goal. —Not every end is a goal. The end of a melody is not its goal; but nevertheless: if the melody has not reached its end, it has also not reached its goal. A simile.

205

Neutrality of nature's grandeur. —The neutrality of grandeur in nature (in the mountains, seas, forests and deserts) is pleasing, but only for a short time: afterward, we become impatient. "Don't these things have anything at all to say to *us*? Are we not there for them?" There arises the feeling of a *crimen laesae majestatis humanae*?[385]

206

Forgetting our intentions. — During a trip, we generally forget its goal. Almost every profession is selected and begun as the means to some end, but then carried on as its own final purpose. Forgetting our intentions is the most frequently committed stupidity.

207

Elliptic of an idea. — When an idea has just risen above the horizon, the temperature of the soul is usually still very cold. Only gradually is the warmth of the idea released, and it is at its hottest (that is, it has its greatest effects) when belief in the idea has already begun to set.

208[386]

How to have everyone against you. — If someone today would dare to say: "Anyone who is not for me is against me,"[387] he would immediately have everyone against him. — This feeling does credit to our age.

209[388]

Being ashamed of wealth. — Our age can stand only a single sort of wealthy people, those who *are ashamed of* their wealth. If we hear of someone that "he is very wealthy," we immediately have a feeling like the one that we have at the sight of some disgusting, swelling disease, such as obesity or dropsy: we must forcibly recollect his humanity to be able to associate[389] with this sort of wealthy person without him perceiving our feeling of disgust. But as soon as he takes pride in his wealth, there mingles with our feeling an almost compassionate amazement at such a high degree of human irrationality: so that we would like to raise our hands to the heavens and cry, "you poor disfigured, overburdened, hundredfold enchained fellow, to whom every hour brings *or can bring* something unpleasant, whose limbs jerk with *every* event that happens to

twenty different peoples, how can you make us believe that you are happy in your condition![390] If you appear somewhere in public—we know[391] that this is like running a gauntlet of glances that express toward you only cold hatred or importunity or silent mockery. You may earn your living more easily than others: but these are superfluous earnings that bring little joy, and *retaining* all that you have acquired is in any case *now* a more laborious thing than any laborious earning would be. You suffer *continually*, for you are continually losing something. What use is it to you that you are constantly being supplied with new, artificial blood: that does not make the cupping glasses[392] that constantly rest upon your neck any less painful!—But, in order not to be unfair, it is difficult, perhaps impossible for you *not* to be wealthy: you *must* retain what you have, you *must* earn anew, the inherited tendency of your nature is the yoke upon you—but do not therefore deceive us; be honestly and visibly *ashamed* of the yoke that you bear, because you are in the depths of your soul tired and unwilling to bear it. This shame does not disgrace you."[393]

210

Excess of arrogance.—There are people so arrogant that they know no other way to praise something great that they publicly admire than to represent it as a preliminary stage and bridge, which has led to *them.*

211[394]

Upon the ground of disgrace.—Someone who wants to take an idea away from people is generally not satisfied with refuting it and extracting the illogical worm that sits inside it, but instead, after having killed the worm, he throws the entire fruit into the mire[395] in order to make it unattractive to them and to instill disgust for it in them. Thus he believes he has found the means to render impossible the "resurrection on the third day" that so commonly occurs with refuted ideas.—He is mistaken, for it is precisely upon the *ground of disgrace*, amid the filth, that the

kernel of the idea quickly sprouts new shoots—. Therefore: do not mock and soil something that you want to set aside definitively, but instead, *put* it respectfully *upon ice*, time after time, bearing in mind that ideas have a very tenacious life. Here we must act according to the maxim: "One refutation is no refutation at all."[396]

212

Fate of morality.—As the constraints upon minds diminish, morality (the inherited, transmitted, instinctual mode of behavior *in accordance with moral feelings*) is certainly likewise diminishing: but not the individual virtues, moderation, justice, peace of mind—for the greatest freedom of the conscious mind already leads us involuntarily to them and also recommends them to us as *useful*.

213[397]

The fanatic of mistrust and his security.[398]—*The old man*: You want to risk something immense and to teach humanity as a whole? What security do you offer in doing this?—*Pyrrho*: Here it is: I want to warn people against myself, I want to acknowledge all the errors of my nature publicly and to expose my rashness, contradictions and stupidities[399] to every eye. Do not listen to me, I want to tell them, until I have become equal to the least of you and am even less than he is; resist the truth for as long as you can, out of disgust toward the one who is its advocate. I will be your seducer and deceiver, if you perceive in me even the slightest gleam of respectability and worth.—*The old man*: You promise too much; you cannot bear this burden.—*Pyrrho*: Then I will also tell people that I am too weak and cannot keep my promises. The greater my unworthiness, the more they will mistrust the truth that passes through my mouth.—*The old man*: Do you want then to be the teacher of mistrust against the truth?—*Pyrrho*: Of mistrust, as it has never yet existed in the world, of mistrust against anything and everything. It is the only path to truth. The right eye dare

not trust the left, and light will have to be called darkness for a time: this is the path that you must take. Do not believe that it leads to fruit trees and beautiful meadows. You will find small, hard seeds upon it—those are the truths: for decades you will have to swallow lies by the handful in order not to die of hunger, even though you already know that they are lies. But those seeds will be sown and buried and perhaps, perhaps one day there will be a harvest: nobody would dare *promise* it, unless he were a fanatic.—*The old man*: Friend! Friend! Your words, too, are those of the fanatic!—*Pyrrho*: You are right! I want to be mistrustful of all words.—*The old man*: Then you must keep silent.—*Pyrrho*: I will tell people that I must keep silent and that they should mistrust my silence.—*The old man*: So you are withdrawing from your endeavor?—*Pyrrho*: On the contrary—you have just shown me the door through which I must pass.—*The old man*: I don't know—: do we understand each other completely yet?—*Pyrrho*: Probably not.—*The old man*: If only you understood yourself completely!—*Pyrrho* turns around and laughs.—*The old man*: Ah, friend! Keeping silent and laughing—is that now your entire philosophy?—*Pyrrho*: It would not be the worst one.

214

European books.—In reading Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Fontenelle (especially the *Dialogues des morts*), Vauvenargues and Chamfort, we are closer to classical antiquity than with any other group of six authors of any other people. Through those six, the *spirit of the last centuries* of the old era has risen once again—together they form an important link in the great, ongoing chain of the Renaissance. Their books raise themselves above the changes in national taste and philosophical hues, amid which every book at present generally scintillates and must scintillate in order to become famous: they contain more *real ideas* than all the books of German philosophers put together: ideas of the kind that produce ideas and that—I am at a loss as to how to bring my definition to an

end; it is enough that they seem to me to be authors who have written neither for children nor for dreamers,[400] neither for maidens nor for Christians, neither for Germans nor[401] for— once again, I am at a loss as to how to conclude my list. — But to speak their praise clearly:[402] if they had written in Greek, they would also have been understood by the Greeks. How much, by contrast, would even a Plato *have been able* to understand of the writings of our best German thinkers, for example, Goethe's or Schopenhauer's, not to mention the repugnance that their style would have excited in him, especially what is obscure, exaggerated and occasionally thin as a rake in them — mistakes from which those I have named suffer the least among German thinkers, and yet, still all too much (Goethe, as a thinker, liked to embrace clouds more than is proper, and Schopenhauer wanders, not unpunished, almost continually among the likenesses of things, rather than among the things themselves).[403] By contrast, what clarity and elegant precision there is among those Frenchmen! Even those Greeks whose hearing was sharpest would have had to approve of this art, and would have admired and adored one thing in particular, the French wittiness of expression: they very much *loved* such things, without being particularly good at it themselves.

215[404]

Fashion and modernity. — Wherever ignorance, uncleanliness and superstition are still in vogue, wherever commerce is crippled, agriculture impoverished, and the priesthood powerful, we still find *national costumes* existing as well. By contrast, *fashion* rules where signs of the opposite can be found. Fashion can therefore be found alongside the *virtues* of contemporary Europe: might it actually be their shadowy side? — In the first place, *male* clothing that is fashionable and no longer national says of the one who wears it that the European does not wish to *be noticed* as an *individual*, nor as *the member of a particular class* and[405] *people*, that he has made the deliberate suppression of these sorts of vanity into a law: next, that he is hardworking and

does not have much time for dressing and adorning himself, and also finds everything expensive and luxurious in material and design to be contrary to his work; finally, that by his costume he points out the more learned and more intellectual professions as *the ones*[406] to which he, as a European man, stands or would like to stand closest: whereas those national costumes that still exist allow the robber, the shepherd or the soldier to shine through as the most desirable and fashion-setting positions in life. Within this overall character of male fashion there also exist slight variations produced by the vanity of young men, the dandies and idlers of the great cities, that is, *of those who have not yet reached maturity as European men.*—European women are *even less* like this, for which reason the variations among them are much greater: they do not want what is national either and hate to be recognized as German, French or Russian by their clothing, but do very much want to be noticed as individuals; thus no one should be left in doubt by their clothing as to whether they belong to a more highly[407] regarded class of society (to "good" or "high" or "grand" society), and indeed, they are all the more prejudiced[408] in this direction to the degree that they do not belong or scarcely belong to that class. Above all, however, the young woman wants to wear nothing worn by women somewhat older than she, because she believes she will fall in price if she is suspected of being older than she is: older women, conversely, would like to deceive people for as long as possible by their more youthful costume—from which competition there must follow from time to time fashions in which what is genuinely youthful becomes unambiguously and inimitably visible. If the inventive spirit of the young artist has luxuriated for a time in this sort of youthful exposure[409] or, to speak the whole truth: if someone has once again consulted the inventiveness of older, courtly cultures, as well as that of still-existing nations and the entire costumed globe in general, and coupled together, as it were, the Spaniards,[410] the Turks and the classical Greeks for the purpose of staging beautiful flesh,[411] she eventually discovers once again

that she has not understood what was most advantageous, that in order to have an effect upon men, playing games of concealment with a beautiful body is more successful than naked and half-naked honesty; and now, the wheel of taste and of vanity once again turns in the opposite direction:[412] the somewhat older young women find that their kingdom has come, and the competition among the most lovely and most absurd creatures rages anew. But the *more* that women progress inwardly and cease to give precedence among themselves to the immature age-groups, the smaller the variations in their costume and the simpler their attire will become: which we in fairness ought to judge not according to classical models, that is, *not* according to the standards of dress among southernly seaside dwellers, but instead with regard to the climatic conditions of the central and northern regions of Europe, especially those regions in which the spiritually and formally inventive genius of Europe now has its favorite home.—On the whole, therefore, it is *not what is changeable* that is the characteristic sign of *fashion* and of *modernity*, for change is precisely what is backward and distinguishes those male and female Europeans who are still *immature*: but instead, the rejection of national, class and individual vanity.[413] Hence it is to be praised as a saving of energy and time, if a few cities and regions of Europe think and invent for all the others in matters of clothing, inasmuch as a sense of form tends not to be granted to everyone: and it really is not too high-flown an ambition if Paris, for example, claims to be the sole inventor and innovator in this realm for as long as those variations persist. If a German, out of hatred for these claims of a French city, dresses differently, in what Albrecht Dürer wore, for example, he might consider the fact that he is then wearing a costume that Germans used to wear, but that the Germans hardly invented—there has *never* been a costume that designated the German as German; moreover, he might look to how he outwardly[414] appears in this costume and whether a completely modern head, with all the lines and wrinkles that the nineteenth century has imprinted upon it, might not object to

Düreresque clothing. — Here, where the concepts "modern" and "European" are almost identical, Europe is to be understood to embrace lands that stretch far beyond the geographical Europe, the small peninsula of Asia: America, in particular, belongs to it, insofar as it is the daughter-land of our culture. On the other hand, not even all of Europe falls under the cultural concept of "Europe"; but instead, only those peoples and parts of peoples that have their common past among the Greeks, Romans, Jews and Christians.

216[415]

The "German virtue." — It cannot be denied that a stream of moral awakening has been flowing through Europe since the beginning of the last century. That was the time when virtue first regained its eloquence; it learned how to discover unconstrained gestures of exaltation and emotion, it was no longer ashamed of itself and devised philosophies and poems for its own glorification. If we look for the sources of this stream: we first of all find Rousseau, but the mythical Rousseau who was invented from the impression his writings — one could almost say: his mythically interpreted writings — had made and from the indications that he himself had given (he and his public worked constantly upon this ideal figure). The other source lies in the resurrection of the great, Stoic Romans, whom the French used to advance the task of the Renaissance in the most worthwhile way. They went from having magnificent success in imitating classical forms to imitating classical characters: so that they will forever retain a claim to the highest respect as the people that has,[416] up to now, given contemporary humanity its best books and its best people. We see the effect that this double exemplarity, that of the mythical Rousseau and that of the reawakened Roman spirit, had upon weaker neighbors, especially Germany: which, as a result of its new and wholly unaccustomed impetus toward seriousness and greatness of will and self-control finally came to be astonished at its own new virtue and threw the concept of "German virtue" out into the world,

as if there could be nothing more original and more sanctioned by heredity than this. The first great men, who transfused into themselves the French stimulus to greatness and consciousness of moral will, were more honest and did not forget to be grateful. The moralism of Kant — whence does it come? He lets it be understood again and again — from Rousseau and the reawakened Stoic Rome. The moralism of Schiller: the same source, the same glorification of the source. The moralism of Beethoven in tones: it is an eternal hymn of praise to Rousseau, to the classical French and to Schiller. It was "German youth" who first forgot to be grateful, for meanwhile we had turned our ears to those who preached hatred for the French:[417] that German youth who, for a time, stepped into the foreground with more self-assurance than we consider permissible for other youths. When he sought to trace his paternity, he could rightfully think of his proximity to Schiller, Fichte and Schleiermacher: but he would have had to seek his grandfathers in Paris and in Geneva, and it was very shortsighted to believe what he believed: that virtue was no more than thirty years old. At that time, people grew accustomed to demanding that virtue be understood to go along with the word "German" — and we have not completely unlearned this even today. — Moreover,[418] the moral awakening to which I referred has, as one might almost have guessed, produced only disadvantages and regressive movements for the *knowledge* of moral appearances. What is all of German moral philosophy, counting from Kant onward, along with its French, English and Italian offshoots and sidelines? A half-theological assault upon Helvétius, a rejection of the laboriously acquired clear views or indications of the right path,[419] which he did in the end articulate and bring together well. Up to today, Helvétius is in Germany the most abused of all the good moralists and good humans.[420]

217[421]

Classic and romantic. — Not only classically, but also romantically disposed spirits — both of which types always exist — are

preoccupied with a vision of the future: the former, however, out of a *strength* in their age, the latter out of its *weakness.*

218

The machine as teacher. — Machines by themselves teach us how to have masses of people work together in processes where everyone has only a single thing to do: they provide the model for organizing political parties and waging war. They do not, on the other hand, teach us individual self-control: they turn many individuals into a *single* machine, and each individual into a tool for a *single* purpose. Their most common effect is to teach the utility of centralization.

219[422]

Not settled. — We are glad to live in a small town; but from time to time, it drives us out into the most solitary and unexposed parts of nature: especially when the town has become too transparent for us once again. Finally, we go to a large city in order to *recover*, in turn, from nature. A few gulps of the latter — and we sense the dregs of its cup — and the circle begins anew, with the small town at the beginning. — This is how modern people live: who are somewhat too *thorough* about everything to be as *settled* as people were in other times.

220[423]

Reaction against machine culture. — The machine, itself a product of the highest power of thought, sets in motion almost exclusively the lower, thoughtless energies of the persons who operate it. It thereby releases an immense quantity of energy that would otherwise lie dormant, it is true; but it does not provide any incentive to ascend higher, to make things better, or to become artistic. It makes people *active* and *uniform* — but this produces in the long run a countereffect, a despairing boredom of the soul, which learns from it to thirst for a variable idleness.

221[424]

The dangerousness of the Enlightenment.—All of the half-crazed, histrionic, bestially gruesome, lascivious, and especially sentimental and self-intoxicating elements that together make up the genuinely *revolutionary substance*, and that had, prior to the Revolution, become flesh and spirit in Rousseau—this complete entity went further and with perfidious enthusiasm placed *the Enlightenment* upon its fanatical head, which thereby began glowing as if it had a transfiguring halo: the Enlightenment, which is so fundamentally alien to that entity and which, left to itself, would have passed through the clouds as quietly as a gleam of light, satisfied for a long time simply with transforming individuals: so that it would only very slowly have transformed the customs and institutions of peoples as well. But now, tied to a violent and abrupt entity, the Enlightenment itself became violent and abrupt. Its dangerousness has thereby become almost greater than the liberating and illuminating utility that it brought to the great revolutionary movement. Anyone who comprehends this will also be aware of the mixture from which one has to extract it and the contamination from which one has to purify it: in order then *to continue* the work of the Enlightenment *in oneself* and then, later,[425] to smother the revolution in its birth, to undo its having happened.

222[426]

Passion in the Middle Ages.—The Middle Ages are the age of the greatest passions. Neither antiquity nor our age has the same breadth of soul: its *expanse* was never greater and people have never been measured on a grander scale. The physical corporeality[427] of barbarian jungle peoples and the overly spiritual, overly watchful, all-too-gleaming eyes[428] of the disciples of Christian mysteries;[429] the most childish, youthful elements and likewise elements that were excessively mature and fatigued by age; the rawness of the predator and the coddling

and sharpening of the late antique spirit—at that time, all these things came together not infrequently in a single person: when an individual became impassioned, the streaming rapids of his heart and soul had to be more powerful, the eddies more chaotic, the plunge more profound than ever before.—We modern humans ought to be satisfied with the losses that we have experienced in this regard.

223

Steal and save.—All spiritual movements move forward and as a result can hope to *steal* from the great and *to spare* the small. That is why the German Reformation, for example, moved forward.

224

Joyful souls.—Whenever there were signs, even distant ones, of drink, drunkenness and a foul-smelling lewdness, the souls of the early Germans rejoiced—otherwise they were sullen; but there is where they found their sort of understanding and fervor.

225

Athenian dissoluteness.—Even after the fish market in Athens had acquired its thinkers and poets, Greek dissoluteness still possessed a more idyllic and more refined appearance than Roman or German dissoluteness ever had. The voice of Juvenal would have sounded like a hollow trumpet there: a polite and almost childish laughter would have answered him.[430]

226[431]

Shrewdness of the Greeks.—Because the desire for victory and eminence is an unconquerable characteristic of nature, older and more original than any respect for and pleasure in equality, the Greek state sanctioned gymnastic and musical competition among equals, thus marking off a playing field

where that drive could discharge itself without bringing the political order into danger. With the eventual decline of gymnastic and musical competition, the Greek state fell into internal unrest and dissolution.[432]

227

"The eternal Epicurus."—Epicurus has lived in all ages and still lives on, unknown to those who called and call[433] themselves Epicureans, and without any reputation among the philosophers. He himself forgot his own name, too: it was the heaviest burden that he ever cast off.[434]

228

Style of superiority.—Student-German,[435] the way in which the German student speaks, has its origin among the nonstudious students, who know how to attain a sort of ascendancy over their more serious comrades by exposing everything that is masquerade-like in education, modesty, scholarship, order and moderation, and by continually making use of the words from those fields, just as better and more learned people do, but with malice in their gaze and an accompanying grimace. The politicians and newspaper critics now speak involuntarily in this language of superiority as well—the only one that is original to Germany: it consists of continual ironic citation, a restless, quarrelsome squinting of the eye to the right and to the left,[436] a German of quotation marks and grimaces.

229

What lies buried.—We draw back into concealment: but not from any sort of personal discontent, as if the political and social relations of the present day were[437] unsatisfactory, but because we wish through our withdrawal to economize and collect the energies that culture will badly need *later on*, the more this present time is *this* present and fulfills *its* task as such. We are accumulating capital and seeking to make it secure: but, as one does in very dangerous times, by *burying* it.

230[438]

Tyrants of the spirit.—In our age, we would take anyone who expressed a single moral trait as rigorously as the personages of Theophrastus and Molière do to be sick and would speak of him as having a[439] "fixed idea." Athens of the third century would seem to us to be inhabited by fools if we were allowed to make a visit there. The democracy of *concepts* is what rules now in everyone's head—*many together* are the master: *one* single concept that *wished* to be master now means, as I said, "a fixed idea."[440] This is *our* way of murdering tyrants—we point them toward the madhouse.

231

The most dangerous emigration.—In Russia, there is an emigration of intelligence: people cross the border in order to read and to write good books. But they thus work toward making the spiritually abandoned fatherland more and more[441] into the extended jaws of Asia, which would like to swallow up tiny Europe.[442]

232[443]

Fools of the state.—Their almost religious love for[444] their king was passed along by the Greeks to the polis when the monarchy came to an end. And because a concept can put up with more love than a person can, and especially because it does not offend the lover as often as beloved humans do (—for the more they know themselves to be loved,[445] the more inconsiderate they generally become, until eventually they are no longer worthy of love[446] and a breach really ensues), reverence for the polis and the state became greater than reverence[447] for princes had ever been. The Greeks are the *fools of the state* in ancient history—in modern history, these have been other peoples.

233[448]

Against neglect of the eyes. — Wouldn't one be able to detect, among the educated classes of England who read the *Times*, a diminution of eyesight every ten years?

234[449]

Great works and great faith. — That fellow had the great works, but his comrade had the great faith in these works. They were inseparable: but the first obviously depended completely upon the second.

235

The sociable person. — "I do not quite agree with myself," said someone, in order to explain his penchant[450] for society. "Society's stomach is stronger than mine; it puts up with me."

236

Closing our mind's eye. — Even though we may be trained and accustomed to reflecting upon our actions, we still must close our inner eye while performing the action itself (even if this only involves writing a letter or eating and drinking). Indeed, in conversation with average people, we must understand how *to think* with our thinking eyes closed — in order, that is, to reach and to comprehend average thinking. This closing of the eyes is a perceptible act, which the will can accomplish.

237

The most fearsome revenge. — If we want to thoroughly *revenge* ourselves upon an opponent, we should wait until our hand is filled with truths and justifications, and we can play these against him with composure: so that taking revenge coincides with exercising justice. It is the most fearsome form of revenge, for[451] it has no higher court above it to which an appeal could be made. Thus Voltaire took his revenge upon Piron, with five lines that condemned the latter's entire life, creation and effort:

as many words as truths; thus he took his revenge upon Friedrich the Great (in a letter to him from Ferney).[452]

238

Luxury tax. — We buy in stores whatever is necessary and most readily available, and have to pay dearly for it because we are also paying for the other items that are for sale there, but only rarely find buyers: luxurious and desirable items. Thus luxury imposes a continual tax upon anyone who lives simply and does without such things.

239

Why beggars are still alive. — If all alms were given only out of compassion, the beggars would all have starved.

240

Why beggars are still alive. — The greatest dispenser of alms is cowardice.

241[453]

How a thinker utilizes conversation. — We can hear a great deal without having to listen attentively, provided that we understand how to see well, while also losing sight of ourselves for a time. But people do not know how to utilize conversation; they bestow far too much attention upon what they themselves want to say and to respond, whereas a real *listener* is often satisfied with giving provisional answers and just *saying* a little something to pay his debt to politeness, but then carrying off in the reserves of his memory everything that the other has expressed, as well as the tone and gestures *with which* he expressed it. — In ordinary conversations, everyone thinks he is leading the way, as if two ships were sailing beside each other and giving each other a little bump from time to time, both in good faith believing that the neighboring ship is following or even being pulled along.

242

The art of apologizing. — When someone apologizes to us, he must do it very well: otherwise we readily imagine ourselves to be the guilty party and have an[454] unpleasant sensation.

243

Impossible intimacy. — The ship of your thoughts floats too deeply for you to be able to sail it upon the waters of these friendly, respectable, obliging persons. There are too many shallows and sand-banks there: you would have to twist and turn and be in constant embarrassment, and they would immediately be embarrassed, too — at your embarrassment, the cause of which they cannot guess.[455]

244[456]

Fox of all foxes. — A real fox calls not only the grapes that he cannot reach sour, but also those that he has reached and has kept others from getting.

245

In closest company. — However closely people may belong to one another: there still exist within their shared horizon all four points of the compass, and at certain hours they notice this.[457]

246[458]

The silence of disgust. — Someone goes through a profoundly painful transformation as a thinker and as a human being and then publicly testifies to this. And the hearers notice nothing! believe him still to be just as he used to be! — This common experience has already caused many writers to feel disgust: they respected the intellectuality of humans too highly and then took a vow of silence when they perceived their error.[459]

247

Seriousness of business. — For many rich and eminent people, their business activities are their form of *relaxation* from an all-too-lengthy and habitual *idleness*: they therefore take them as seriously and passionately as other people take their infrequent leisure for recuperation and hobbies.

248[460]

Double meaning of the eye. — Just as a sudden scale-like trembling races across the water at your feet, so, too, there are in the human eye similar sudden uncertainties and ambiguities, at which we ask ourselves: is it a shudder? is it a smile? is it both?

249[461]

Positive and negative.[462] — This thinker[463] needs nobody to contradict him: he suffices for himself in this.[464]

250

Revenge for empty nets. — We should beware of all persons who have the bitter feeling of the fisherman who, after an arduous day of labor, sails home at evening with empty nets.

251

Not claiming one's rights. — Exerting power costs effort and requires courage. That is why so many people do not claim what they have a good or even the very best right to have, because this right is a form of *power*, but they are too lazy or too cowardly to exercise it. *Consideration for others* and *patience* are what we call the virtues cloaking this error.

252

Bearers of light. — There would be no sunshine within society if the born flatterers did not bring it with them, by which I mean the people we call amiable.

253

Most charitable.[465] — It is when a human being has just been greatly honored and has had a little something to eat that he is the most charitable.

254

Toward the light. — People press toward the light, not in order to see better, but in order to shine more brightly. — We gladly take anyone before whom we shine to be a light.

255

The hypochondriac. — The hypochondriac is a human who possesses just enough spirit and pleasure in spirit to take his own suffering, his losses and his mistakes quite seriously: but the region upon which he feeds is too small; he grazes it so thoroughly that he must finally go looking for individual blades of grass. Eventually, he thereby becomes envious and miserly — and that is when he becomes intolerable.[466]

256

Paying back. — Hesiod[467] recommends that we pay back the neighbor who has helped us out in good measure and, if possible, even more abundantly, as soon as we can. The neighbor is thereby delighted, of course, because his former good-natured act earns him interest; but the one who gives back is also delighted insofar as he buys back the small, former humiliation of having to let himself be helped out by paying a small excess as giver.

257

More refined than necessary. — Our powers of observation for whether others perceive our weaknesses is much more refined than our powers of observation for the weaknesses of others: from which it therefore follows that it is more refined than would be necessary.

258

A bright sort of shadow. — Right beside completely gloomy human beings there is almost as a rule to be found a bright soul, as if tied to them. It is, as it were, the negative shadow that they cast.

259

Not taking revenge? — There are so many refined forms of revenge that someone who had cause to take revenge could basically do or leave undone whatever he wished: the whole world will still come to agree after a while that he *has* taken revenge. Hence not taking revenge is a choice that scarcely lies within the discretion of any human being: he dare not even say that he does not *wish* to do so, because contempt for revenge is understood as and *felt* to be a sublime, extremely severe form of revenge. — From which it follows that we should do nothing *superfluous* — —

260[468]

Error of the respectful. — Everyone believes that he is saying something respectful and agreeable to a thinker when he shows him how he came up with exactly the same idea and even the same expression on his own; and yet the thinker is only rarely pleased at hearing such information, while often distrusting his own idea and its expression: he privately decides to revise both. — If we want to show respect to someone, we must guard against any expression of agreement: it places us upon the same level. — In many cases, it is a matter of social decorum to listen to an opinion as if it were not ours, indeed, as if it went beyond our horizon: for example, when an old man with much experience takes the exceptional step of opening up the casket containing his knowledge.

261

Letter. —A letter is an unannounced visit, the postman the agent of an impolite surprise. We should have one hour for receiving letters every eight days, and afterward take a bath.[469]

262

The prejudiced one. —Someone says: I[470] have been *prejudiced* against myself from earliest childhood: I therefore find some element of truth in every reproach and some element of stupidity in all praise. I generally value praise too little and reproach too highly.

263

Path to equality. —A few hours of mountain climbing make a rogue and a saint into two fairly similar creatures. Exhaustion is the shortest *path to equality and brotherhood*—and *freedom* is finally added in by sleep.

264

Slander. —If we come upon the trace of a really infamous accusation, we should never look for its origin among our honest and simple *enemies*; for they, as our enemies, would never be believed if they were to invent something like that about us. But those whom we have benefited most for a time, but who, for one reason or another, may be secretly certain that they will obtain nothing more from us—they are the ones who are in a position to get infamy rolling: they are believed, in the first place, because people assume that they would not invent anything that could do damage to themselves; and secondly, because they have come to know us better.—Someone who has been badly slandered can comfort himself by saying: slanders are the sicknesses of others that break out upon your own body; they prove that society is a single (moral) body, so that you can undertake upon *yourself* a cure that shall benefit others.

265[471]

The children's kingdom of heaven. — The happiness of children is just as much a myth as the happiness of the hyperboreans[472] in tales told by the Greeks. *If* happiness dwells anywhere on earth, they thought, then it is certainly as far as possible from us, somewhere around the edge of the earth. Older people think the same way: *if* a human being really can be happy, then it is certainly as far as possible from *our* age, at the limits and beginnings of life. For many people, the sight of children, as seen *through* the veil of this myth, is the greatest happiness that they can share: they themselves enter into the forecourt of the kingdom of heaven, when they say, "allow the little children to come unto me, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."[473] — The myth of a children's heaven is always active in some way anywhere in the modern world that sentimentality exists.

266

Impatient people. — It is precisely the one who is becoming who does not want becoming to occur: he is too impatient for this. A youth does not want to wait until, after lengthy studies, sufferings and privations, his picture of people and things becomes complete: so he takes on faith another that already stands finished and is offered to him, as if it must anticipate the lines and colors of *his* picture; he throws himself upon the heart of a philosopher or a poet and must now do forced labor for a long time and renounce himself. He learns many things by doing this: but in the process a youth frequently forgets what is most worth learning and knowing: himself; he remains a lifelong partisan. Ah, there is much boredom to be overcome and much sweat needed until we have found our own colors, our own paintbrush, our own canvas! — And then we are still for a long time not the masters of our art of life — but at least masters of our own workplace.

267[474]

There are no educators. —As thinkers, we should speak only of self-education. The education of youths by other people is either an experiment performed upon someone who is still unknown and unknowable, or else a fundamental leveling in order to make the new being, whatever[475] it may be, conform to the ruling habits and customs: in both cases, therefore, something that is unworthy of a thinker, the work of parents and teachers, whom one of the most boldly honest of men[476] has called *nos ennemis naturels*.[477] — One day, when according to the world's opinion we have long since been educated, we *discover ourselves*: then begins the task of the thinker, now is the time to call upon him for assistance — not as an educator, but rather as someone self-educated, who has experience.

268

Compassion for youth. — It grieves us when we hear that one young man's teeth are already falling out or that another is going blind. If we knew everything irrevocable and hopeless that lies hidden within the totality of his being, how great our distress would be! — why *do* we *suffer* at this, really? Because young people are supposed to continue what *we* have undertaken, and every rupture and decaying of their energy will cause damage to the work of *ours* that falls into their hands. It is distress at how badly our immortality is guaranteed: or, if we feel ourselves to be simply the executors of the mission of humanity, distress that this mission must pass into weaker hands than ours.

269[478]

The ages of life. — The analogy of the four seasons with the four ages of life is a venerable bit of foolishness. Neither the first twenty nor the final twenty years of life correspond to any season: presuming that we are not content with the anal-

ogy simply comparing the white of hair to snow and with similar color games. The first twenty years are a preparation for life in general, for the entire year of life, like a sort of long New Year's Day; and the final twenty survey, internalize and fit together and harmonize everything that has previously been experienced: just as we do on a small scale on New Year's Eve for the entire year that has passed. In between, however, there does actually lie a period where the analogy with the seasons suggests itself: the period from the twentieth to the fiftieth year (to count here roughly by decades, whereas it is self-evident that each individual must refine these rough approximations according to his own experience). Those thrice ten years do correspond to three seasons: summer, spring and fall—human life does not have a winter, unless we wish to call the hard, cold, solitary, unhopeful,[479] infertile *times of sickness*, which are, unfortunately, not infrequently woven into our lives, the wintry season of human beings. The twenties: hot, troublesome, stormy, exuberant, fatiguing[480] years in which we praise the day when it has reached its end in evening, and wipe our foreheads as we do so: years in which work seems to us hard, but necessary—the twenties are the *summer* of life. The thirties, by contrast, are its *spring*: the air is now too warm, now too cold, always restless and seductive, the sap is flowing, the foliage is filling out, the scent of blossoms is everywhere,[481] there are many enchanting mornings and evenings, the work to which the song of birds awakens us a genuine labor of love, a sort of pleasure in our own vigor, intensified by anticipatory hopes. Finally, the forties: mysterious, like everything that stands still; like a high, wide range of mountains toward which a fresh wind is blowing; with a clear, cloudless sky above, which gazes down, all through the day and into the night, with the same mildness: the time of harvests and the heartiest cheerfulness—it is the *autumn* of life.

270

The minds of women in contemporary society. — How women now think about the minds of men, we can guess from the way that they, in their art of adornment, think of everything except emphasizing the mind behind their own features or the intellectual details of their own faces: instead, they conceal such things and know on the contrary how to express a lively, desirous sensuality and mindlessness, even when they possess these traits only to a small extent. Their conviction that men are terrified by the presence of intellect in women goes so far that they themselves readily deny the acuteness of their intellectual sense and intentionally bring down upon themselves the reputation of *shortsightedness*; they believe that they thereby make men more trusting: it is as if they spread an inviting, gentle twilight around themselves.

271

Grand and ephemeral. — What moves an observer[482] to tears is the enraptured look of happiness with which a beautiful young woman gazes upon her spouse. In this, we[483] feel all of autumn's sorrow, at both the grandeur and the ephemerality of human happiness.

272

Sense of sacrifice. — Many a woman has an *intelletto del sacrifizio*[484] and is no longer pleased with her life if her spouse does not want to sacrifice her: for then she does not know where to direct her intellect and is suddenly changed from the sacrificial beast into the sacrificial priest.[485]

273

What is unwomanly. — "Stupid as a man" is what women say: "cowardly as a woman" is what men say. Stupidity is an *unwomanly* element in women.

274

Male and female temperament and mortality.—That the male sex has a worse temperament than the female sex results from the fact that male children are more exposed to mortality than female ones, clearly because they are more easily "driven crazy": their savagery and irritability easily aggravate all misfortune into something deadly.

275[486]

The age of cyclopic buildings.—The democratization of Europe is irresistible: anyone who opposes it does so by making use of precisely the same means that the idea of democracy first put into everyone's hands and by making these means more manageable and more effective: and those most fundamentally opposed to democracy (I mean the revolutionary spirits) seem only to exist in order to drive the various parties ever more quickly forward down the road to democracy through the fear that they arouse.[487] Now it can in fact be frightening to look upon those who are now working consciously and honestly for this future: there is something bleak and uniform about their faces, and gray dust seems to have blown even inside their brains. Nevertheless: it is possible that the world will eventually come to laugh at this fear of ours and will think about the democratic efforts of a series of generations in much the same way that we think about the building of stone dams and protective walls—as an activity that necessarily spreads a lot of dust upon clothing and faces and unavoidably even makes the workers a bit idiotic; but who would for that reason wish such activity not to have been done? It seems that the democratization of Europe is a link in the chain of the immense *prophylactic measures* that are the idea of the modern age by which we distinguish ourselves from the Middle Ages. Now is the age of cyclopic buildings! Finally, there is certainty about the foundations, so that the entire future can build upon them without *danger*! Impossible henceforth for the fields of culture ever again to be destroyed over-

night by wild and senseless mountain waters![488] Stone dams and protective walls against barbarians, against plagues, against *physical and spiritual enslavement*! And all of this at first understood literally and crudely, but gradually in an ever more elevated and spiritual way, so that all of the measures mentioned above seem to be the clever composite preparations of the highest artist of horticulture, who can turn for the first time to his own real task once the other tasks have been completely accomplished! —Admittedly: with the wide stretches of time that lie here between means and end, with the great, enormous strength and spirit of centuries of toil that had to be harnessed in order to create or procure every single means, we should not count it too harshly against the workers of the present if they loudly decree that the wall and the trellis *are* already the purpose and the final goal; because nobody yet sees the gardener and the fruit-trees *for the sake of which* the trellis exists.

276[489]

The right to universal suffrage. —The people have not given themselves universal suffrage; in every place where it is now accepted they have received it and provisionally accepted it: but in any case, they have the right to give it back, if it does not satisfy their expectations.[490] This seems to be the case everywhere now: for when they have the opportunity to exercise it, scarcely two-thirds, indeed, perhaps less than a majority of those entitled to vote go to the polls, which is a vote *against* the entire system of voting in general. —We must judge matters even more strictly here. A law decreeing that the majority has the power of final decision over the welfare of all cannot be built upon the same foundation that was itself first given by this law: it necessarily requires a still broader one, and this is the *unanimity of all.* Universal suffrage is not supposed to be simply the expression of a majority will: the entire country must want it. The opposition of a very small minority is therefore already sufficient to set it aside as impracticable: and *nonparticipation* in a vote is just such opposition, which undermines the entire system of voting. The

"absolute veto" of an individual or, so as not to lapse into trivialities, the veto of a few thousands hangs over this system as the logical consequence of justice: in every use that is made of it, it must first be proven by reference to the mode of electoral participation, that there still exists *a right* to make use of it.

277[491]

Bad inferences. — How badly we draw inferences in areas where we are not at home, however much we, as men of science, may be accustomed to drawing good inferences! It is shameful! And it is clear that in the great affairs of the world, in matters of politics, in the sorts of sudden and pressing things that practically every day brings with it, it is precisely these *bad inferences* that are determinative: for nobody is completely at home with what has newly grown up overnight; all politicking, even by the greatest statesmen, is chance improvisation.

278

Premises of the machine age. — The press, the machine, the railroad and the telegraph are premises whose millennial conclusion nobody yet has dared to draw.[492]

279

The brakes upon culture.[493] — When we hear: the men there do not have time for productive occupations; military exercises and parades take up their days and the remaining population must feed and clothe them, but their dress is impressive, often brightly colored and full of follies; only a few differentiating qualities are recognized there, the individuals resemble one another more than elsewhere, or are at least treated as equals; people demand and give obedience there without understanding why: commands are given, but they take care not to persuade; punishments are few there, but these few are harsh and go quickly to the final and most frightful measures; treason is considered the greatest crime there, only the most courageous even dare to criticize the abuses; human life[494] is cheap there,

and ambition frequently takes the form of putting one's life in danger—anyone who hears all this will immediately say: "This is the image of a *barbaric, endangered society.*" Someone might add: "This is a description of Sparta"; but someone else will pause to reflect and think that it is *our modern military system* that is being described, existing as it does in the midst of our differently constituted culture and society as a living anachronism,[495] as the image, as I said, of a barbaric, endangered society, as a posthumous work from the past that can have only the value of a brake upon the wheels of the present.[496]—But sometimes even a brake upon culture can be what is needed the most: namely when it is going too rapidly downhill or, as in this case perhaps, too rapidly *uphill.*

280

More respect for those who know!—The competition between labor and salespeople has made the *public* into the judge of workmanship: but the public has no rigorous expertise and judges according to the *appearance* of quality. Consequently, the art of appearance (and perhaps of taste) has[497] to gain ground under the rule of competition, while the quality of all products, by contrast, has to grow worse. Consequently, unless reason itself declines in value, competition will eventually reach its end and a new principle gain victory over it. Only the master craftsman should make judgments about workmanship and the public should depend upon its belief in the judge as a person[498] and in his honesty. So let there be no anonymous work! At the very least, an expert must serve as its guarantor and place *his* name upon it as a guarantee if the name of the creator is missing or unfamiliar. The *cheapness* of a product is another sort of pretense and fraud for laypeople, because it is *durability* that determines whether and how far something is cheap; but that is hard to judge and cannot be judged at all by laypeople.—Therefore: whatever has an effect upon the eye and costs little is what acquires predominance at present—and that will naturally be the work of

machines. The machines in turn, that is to say, the cause of the greatest speed and facility of production, will for their part also promote the *most readily sellable* sorts of things: otherwise there is no significant profit to be made from them; they would be used too little and stand idle too often. But what is most readily sellable is something that the public decides, as I said: it has to be what is most deceptive, that is to say, what *seems* at first to be good and so also *seems* to be cheap. Hence our watchword in the sphere of work, too, must be: "More respect for those who know!"

281[499]

The danger of kings. —Democracy has the ability, without making use of force, relying only upon a steadily exerted legal pressure,[500] to *hollow out* monarchical and imperial rule: until only a zero remains, a cipher that may, if we *wish*, contain the significance of every zero, that while it is nothing in itself, it nonetheless multiplies the *effect* of a number ten times, when put in the right place. Monarchical and imperial rule may remain as magnificent ornamentation upon the simple and purposeful garb of democracy, something beautifully superfluous that it permits itself to retain as the remnant of everything historically respectable in ancestral ornamentation,[501] indeed, as the symbol of history itself—and there is in this uniqueness something highly effective if, as I said, it stands not for itself alone, but is *put* in the right place. —To avoid the danger of being hollowed out, kings now hold tightly with their teeth to their dignity as *princes of war*: for this, they need wars, that is to say, states of emergency in which the slow legal pressure of the democratic powers pauses.

282

Teachers a necessary evil. —As few persons as possible between the productive spirits and the hungry and receptive spirits! For *mediators* almost involuntarily falsify the nourishment that they mediate: and then they want *themselves* to be paid too

much for their mediation, which is therefore taken away from the original, productive spirits: namely, interest, admiration, time, money and other things. — Therefore: we should still regard the *teacher* as a necessary evil, just like the businessman: as an evil that we must make as *small* as possible! — If the misery of German conditions at present has its primary reason in the fact that far too many people live off of business affairs and want to live well (therefore seeking to lower the price paid to the producer as much as possible and to raise the price paid by the consumer as much as possible, in order to gain an advantage from the greatest possible detriment to both): then we can certainly see one primary reason for spiritual distress in the overabundance of teachers: it is because of them that so little is learned, and so badly.

283[502]

Tax upon respect. — We gladly pay someone who is known to us and respected by us, whether it be a doctor, an artist, or a craftsman who does something for us or works for us, as highly as we can, often even more than we can afford: by contrast, we pay someone unknown to us as little as possible; here is a battle in which everyone fights for every foot of land and makes others fight with him. In the work of someone we know, there is something *priceless for us*, the feeling and ingenuity that are put into his work *for our sake*: we believe that we can express our feelings about this in no other way than by a sort of *self-sacrifice.* — The heaviest tax is the *tax upon respect.* The more that competition rules and we buy from and work for people we do not know, the lighter this tax becomes, whereas this is precisely what serves as the measure for the level of humanity's spiritual *intercourse.*

284[503]

The means to a genuine peace. — No government at present concedes that it maintains an army in order to satisfy occasional desires for conquest; instead, it is supposed to serve the purpose of self-defense. The morality that justifies self-defense

is called upon as its advocate. But that means: reserving morality for ourselves and immorality for our neighbor, because he must be thought to be aggressive and imperialistic, if our state has to be thinking about the means of self-defense; moreover, our explanation of[504] why we need an army declares him, who denies his aggressiveness just as much as our state does and for his part, too, supposedly maintains[505] an army only for reasons of self-defense, to be a hypocrite and a cunning criminal, who would be only too happy to *launch a surprise attack upon* a harmless and unskilled victim who was unable to resist. Thus, all states now stand opposed to one another: they presuppose their neighbor's bad intentions and their own good intentions. This presupposition, however, is a sort of *inhumanity*, as bad as and even worse than war itself: indeed, it is basically an invitation to and cause of wars, because, as I said, it attributes[506] immorality to our neighbor and seems thereby to provoke hostile intentions and behavior. We must renounce the doctrine of the army as a means of self-defense as fundamentally as we renounce the desire for conquest. And there may come a great day when a people distinguished by war and victory, and by the highest cultivation of military order and intelligence, and accustomed to offering the heaviest sacrifices to these things, voluntarily cries out: "*we are shattering the sword*" — and smashes its entire military way of life, down to its deepest foundation. *Making ourselves defenseless when we were the best prepared militarily*, out of a loftiness of feeling — that is the means to a *genuine* peace, which must always rest upon peaceful intentions: whereas the so-called armed peace, as it now proceeds in every country, implies non-peaceful intentions, trusting neither ourselves nor our neighbor and, half out of hatred, half out of fear, not laying down our weapons. Better to perish than to hate and to fear, and *twice better to perish than to make ourselves hated and feared* — this must one day become the supreme maxim of every single political society! — Our liberal representatives of the people, as is well known, lack the time to reflect upon the nature of human

beings: otherwise they would know that they work in vain if they are working for a "gradual reduction in the military burden." Instead: only when this sort of misery is greatest will the sort of god also be at hand who alone can help us here. The tree of martial glories can only be destroyed all at once, by a sudden flash of lightning: lightning, however, as you surely know, comes from the clouds — and from the heights. —[507]

285[508]

Whether possession of property can be reconciled with justice. — If the injustice of possessing property is strongly felt — the hand of the big clock is once again pointing toward this position — we can identify two measures for remedying it: first, an equal division, and second, the abolition of property[509] and reversion of property to the community. The latter measure is what our socialists have most at heart, angry as they are with the ancient Jew for saying: thou shalt not steal.[510] According to them, the seventh commandment should instead say: thou shalt not possess property.[511] — Attempts to follow the first prescription were often made in antiquity, admittedly only on a small scale, but with a lack of success that can still instruct us, too. "Equal shares of the fields" is easily said, but how much bitterness is created by the separation and division that are necessary to achieve it, through the loss of long-revered properties; how much piety is wounded and sacrificed! We dig up morality when we dig up boundary markers. In addition, how much new bitterness among the new owners, how much jealousy and envy, because there have never existed two genuinely equal shares of land, and if such things did exist, human envy toward our neighbors would not believe in their equality.[512] And how long would an equality like this, already poisoned and unhealthy in its roots, persist! Within a few generations, a single share was inherited here by five different people, while five shares came to a single person there: and in cases where such potential grievances were prevented by stern laws of inheri-

tance, there may indeed have been equal shares of land, but among them poor and discontented people who possessed nothing except for their displeasure toward relatives and neighbors and their desire to overthrow everything. — But if we want to follow the *second* prescription, returning property to the community and making the individual into simply a temporary tenant, we thereby destroy the arable land. For people do not exhibit foresight and a sense of sacrifice toward anything that they only possess temporarily; they behave exploitatively toward it, like thieves or dissolute spendthrifts. If Plato supposes that selfishness would be abolished with the abolition of property, he can be answered by saying that after deducting selfishness, from human beings at least, none of the four cardinal virtues will remain — as we must say: the severest plague could not harm humanity as much as if vanity were to vanish from them one day. Without vanity and selfishness — what are the human virtues then? Which is not at all to say that the latter are only names and masks for the former. Plato's underlying utopian melody, which is still being sung today by the socialists, rests upon a deficient knowledge of human beings: he lacked any history of moral sensations, any insight into the origin of the good, useful qualities of the human soul. He believed, like all of antiquity, in good and evil as in black and white: therefore, in a radical difference between good and evil human beings, between good and bad qualities. — If possession of property is henceforth to instill more confidence and become more moral, we should hold open all paths for working toward a *small* amount of wealth, but prevent any effortless, sudden enrichment; we should take from the hands of private individuals and private companies all the branches of transportation and of trade that facilitate the accumulation of *great* wealth, and therefore banking, in particular — and consider those who possess too much as well as those who possess nothing as a danger to society.[513]

286

The value of labor. — If we wanted to determine the value of labor according to how much time, diligence, good or bad will, compulsion, creativity or laziness, honesty or pretense has been expended upon it, then value can never be *just*; for the entire person would have to be able to be placed upon the scales, which is impossible. Here it is commanded, "Do not judge!"[514] But the call for justice is indeed what we now hear from those who are dissatisfied with the assessment of labor. If we think further, we find that no personality is wholly responsible for his products, his labor: the proper amount of *wages* can therefore never be deduced; every piece of work is as good or bad as it must be, given this or that necessary constellation of strengths and weaknesses, knowledge and desires. It does not lie within the worker's discretion to decide *whether* he works, nor even *how* he works. It is only the perspective of *utility*, narrower and wider, that has created a valuation of labor. What we now call justice certainly has its place within this field as a highly refined form of utility that does not simply take account of the moment and exploit opportunity, but instead considers the sustainability of all conditions, and therefore also keeps its eye upon the well-being of the worker, his physical and spiritual satisfaction — *so that* he and his descendants may also labor well for our descendants and become reliable for longer stretches of time than the individual human life involves. The *exploitation* of the worker was, as we now comprehend, something stupid, an exhaustion of the soil at the expense of the future, an endangering of society. At present,[515] we are nearly at the point of war: and in any case, the costs of maintaining the peace, of negotiating contracts and achieving confidence will henceforth be quite large, because the foolishness of the exploiters has been very great and long-lasting.

287[516]

On the study of the social body. — The worst thing for those who wish to study economics and politics in Europe now, especially in Germany, lies in the fact that the actual conditions, rather than exemplifying *rules*, exemplify *exceptions* or else *transitional* and *terminal stages*. We must therefore learn first to look beyond what actually exists and to direct our gaze far away, toward North America, for instance — where we can still *see* with our eyes and investigate the beginning and normal movements of the social body, if only we *want* to do so — whereas in Germany, either arduous historical studies or, as I said, a telescope is necessary for this.[517]

288

The degree to which machines cause abasement. — Machines are impersonal, they extract the pride from a piece of work, its individual *excellence* and *defectiveness*, elements that stick to every nonmechanical sort of work — hence, its tiny bit of humanity. In earlier times, all buying from craftspeople meant *distinguishing the persons* with whose insignia people surrounded themselves: household goods and clothing thus became the symbolic system of reciprocal valuation and personal connection, whereas now we seem to live only amid an anonymous and impersonal slavery. — We must not pay too dearly for the alleviation of labor.

289[518]

Hundred-year quarantine. — Democratic arrangements are the quarantine wards against the ancient plague of tyrannical desires: as such, they are very useful and very boring.

290

The most dangerous supporter. — The most dangerous supporter is the one whose defection would annihilate the entire party: hence, the best supporter.

291

Fate and the stomach. —One slice of bread and butter more or less in the jockey's body occasionally determines the racing and the betting, therefore the happiness and unhappiness of thousands. —As long as the fate of peoples still depends upon diplomats, the stomachs of diplomats will always be the object of patriotic anxiety. *Quousque tandem.* —[519]

292

Triumph of democracy. —All political powers are now attempting to exploit the fear of socialism in order to strengthen themselves. But in the long run, democracy alone gains an advantage from this: for *all* parties are now required to flatter the "people" and to give them all sorts of mitigations and freedoms, through which they finally become omnipotent. The people is furthest away from socialism, as a doctrine that involves changing how one acquires property: and if they ever get their hands upon taxation authority by having large majorities in their parliaments, they will attack the princedom of capitalism, business and the stock markets with progressive taxes and, in fact, gradually create a middle class that may well *forget* socialism, as if it were an illness that has been overcome. —The practical result of this spreading democratization will first of all be a European union in which each individual people, delimited according to geographical expediency, will occupy the place and possess the privileges of a canton: in this process, very little account will be taken of the historical memories of the preexisting peoples,[520] because the sense of reverence for them will gradually be uprooted by the domination of a democratic principle that is addicted to novelty and avid for experimentation. The corrections of boundaries that prove necessary in this process will be carried out in such a way that they work to the *advantage* of the large cantons and at the same time of the entire association, but not the memory of any gray-haired past; finding the perspectives for these corrections will be the task of future *diplomats*,

who will have to be cultural scholars, farmers and transportation experts all at the same time, and who will have no armies, but instead reasons and utilitarian considerations behind them. Then, for the first time, *foreign* politics will be inseparably connected to *domestic* politics: whereas now, the latter still run after their proud masters and gather in their pitiful little baskets the gleanings left over from what the former have harvested.

293

End and means of democracy. — Democracy wants to create and to guarantee *independence* for as many people as possible, independence of opinions, of lifestyle and of livelihood. For this, it needs to deny political voting rights not only to those who are without property, but also to those who are genuinely rich: as two prohibited classes of people, toward whose elimination it must steadily be working, because they will time and again call its task into question. It must likewise obstruct everything that seems to be directed toward the organization of parties. For the three great enemies of independence in that threefold sense are the have-nots, the rich, and political parties. — I am speaking of democracy as something still to come. What is now called democracy distinguishes itself from older forms of government only in that it is driving with *new* horses: the streets are still the old ones, as are the wheels. — Has the danger really been diminished by *these* vehicles of popular well-being?

294[521]

Circumspection and success. — The great quality of circumspection, which is basically the virtue of all virtues, their great-grandmother and queen, does not always have success on its side in everyday life: and the suitor who courted this virtue only for the sake of success would find himself to have been deceived. *Practical* people find it suspicious and confuse it with deceptiveness and hypocritical cunning: by contrast, someone who obviously lacks circumspection — the man who seizes upon things quickly and sometimes seizes upon them in

the wrong way, too—has prejudice in favor of him being an upright, trustworthy fellow. Hence practical people do not like someone who is circumspect; he is, they believe, a danger to them. On the other hand, we can easily take a circumspect person to be fearful, timid, pedantic—impractical and hedonistic people are precisely the ones who find him uncomfortable, *because* he does not live superficially, as they do, without thinking about his behavior and his duties: he appears among them like their embodied conscience, and the brightness of day turns pale at the sight of him. If he therefore lacks success and affection, he can always comfort himself by saying: "this is how high the *taxes* are that you must pay for possessing the most precious thing among human beings—it is worth it!"

295[522]

Et in Arcadia ego.[523]—I gazed below me, over rolling hills, toward a milky green lake, through fir trees and ancient, earnest spruces: all sorts of boulders around me, the ground brightly colored with flowers and grasses. A herd moved, stretched and spread out before me; farther off were individual cows and groups in the sharpest evening light, beside an evergreen wood; others were closer, darker; everything at peace in the satiety of evening. The clock showed about half past five. The herd's bull had stepped into the white, foaming brook and plunged slowly along, now resisting, now giving way; he must have had his own sort of fierce pleasure in this. The cowherds were two dark-brown creatures, natives of Bergamo: the girl dressed almost like a boy. To the left, craggy slopes and fields of snow above wide belts of woods, to the right, two immense icy peaks high above me, floating in a veil of sunny vapor—everything grand, still and bright.[524] All this beauty worked together to create a feeling of awe and of silent worship of the moment of its revelation; involuntarily, as though nothing were more natural, I inserted Greek heroes into this pure, sharp world of light (that had nothing at all of yearning, expectancy,[525] of pro- and retrospectiveness about it);[526] I must have been feeling[527] as Pous-

sin[528] and his students did: heroic and idyllic at the same time.—And individual human beings also *lived* in this way, persistently *felt* themselves to be in the world and the world in them, and among them one of the greatest human beings, the inventor of a heroic-idyllic form of philosophizing: Epicurus.

296

Counting and measuring.—To see many things, to weigh them together, to balance one against another and to formulate a sudden conclusion, a fairly certain sum from them—that is what great politicians, generals and businessmen do:—therefore, rapidity at a sort of mental calculation.[529] To see just *one* thing, to find in it the sole motive for action, the judge of all other actions, is what makes a hero, and also a fanatic—therefore, dexterity in measuring with a single measuring stick.

297

Do not wish to see prematurely.—As long as we are experiencing something, we must give ourselves over to the experience and close our eyes, and thus, while still in it, not make ourselves already the observer *of it*. That would, of course, disturb our good digestion of the experience; instead of a bit of wisdom, we would take away a bit of indigestion.

298

From the wise man's practice.—In order to become wise, we must *want* to experience certain experiences, hence run into their jaws. This is admittedly very dangerous; many "wise men" get eaten up in this way.

299[530]

Weariness of spirit.—Our occasional indifference and coldness toward people, which gets attributed to harshness and defectiveness of character in us, is frequently only a weariness of our spirit: in this state, other people are a matter of indifference or annoying to us, as we are to ourselves.

300

"One thing is needful."[531]—If we are clever, only one thing really matters, that we have joy in our hearts.—Ah, someone else added, if we are clever, the best thing we can do is to be wise.

301

Evidence of love.—Someone said:[532] "There are two persons about whom I have never reflected deeply: this is the evidence of my love for them."

302

How we seek to improve bad arguments.—Many people throw a piece of their personality behind their bad arguments, as if that might make the arguments run more correctly and allow them to be transformed into straightforward and good arguments; just as the bowler, too, seeks to direct the ball with gestures and movements even after[533] he has thrown it.

303[534]

Integrity.—It is still only a small thing if someone is an exemplary human being with regard to rights and property; if someone, for instance, as a boy never takes fruit from strangers' gardens or as a man does not cross unmowed fields—to mention a few small things which, as is well-known, give better proof of this sort of exemplarity than big ones. It is still only a small thing: that person is still only a "legal person," with the degree of morality of which even a "society," a clump of human beings, is capable.

304

Human!—What is the vanity of the vainest of humans against the vanity that the most modest person possesses with regard to the fact that he feels himself, amid nature and the world, as "human"![535]

305[536]

The most necessary exercise. — If we lack self-control in small things, the capacity for it in great things crumbles. Every day in which[537] we have not at least once denied[538] ourselves some small thing has been badly used and has become a danger for the next: this exercise is indispensable if we want to obtain the joy of being our own masters.

306[539]

Losing oneself. — Once someone has found himself, he must understand how to *lose* himself from time to time — and then how to find himself once again: presupposing that he is a thinker. It is, of course, disadvantageous for such a one to be bound forever to being a single person.

307

When it is necessary to take leave. — You must take leave, at least for a time, from anything that you want to know and to measure. Only when you have left the city do you see how high its towers rise above the houses.

308

At midday.[540] — For anyone whose life has been allotted an active and stormy morning, his soul overflows in the midday of life with a strange desire for peace that can last for months and years. It grows still around him, voices sound farther and farther away; the sun shines steeply down upon him. In a hidden forest meadow, he sees the great Pan sleeping; all things in nature have fallen asleep with him, an expression of eternity upon their faces — so it seems to him. He wants nothing, he worries about nothing, his heart stands still, only his eye is alive — it is like death with eyes wide open. This human being sees many things that he never saw before, and as far as he sees, everything is entangled in a net of light, as if buried therein. He feels

himself to be happy, but it is a heavy, heavy happiness.[541] — Then finally the wind rises up in the trees, midday is over, *life* draws him in, life with blinded eyes, behind which its retinue comes storming in: desire, deceit, forgetting, pleasure, destruction, transience. And so evening arrives, stormier and more active than even the morning was. — To the truly active human being, states of knowing that last a long time seem almost uncanny and diseased, but not unpleasant.[542]

309

Beware of one's painter. — A great painter who has exposed and set down in a portrait the fullest expression and moment of which a human being is capable will almost always believe that he sees only a caricature of this human being if he later sees him again in real life.[543]

310

The two principles of a new life. — *First Principle*: we should base our lives upon what is most certain, most demonstrable: not, as in the past, upon what is furthest away, most indefinite, cloudiest upon the horizon. *Second Principle*: we should determine the *sequential ordering* of what is near and nearest at hand, of what is certain and less certain, before we arrange our lives and give them definite direction.

311

Dangerous sensitivity. — People who are talented, but indolent,[544] will always seem somewhat irritated when one of their friends has finished a proficient piece of work. Their jealousy comes alive, they are ashamed of their laziness — or rather, they are afraid that this active person now disdains them *even more* than before — and their criticism turns into revenge, to the greatest astonishment of the creator.

312[545]

Destroying illusions.—Illusions are costly pleasures, to be sure: but destroying illusions is even costlier—considered as a pleasure, which it undeniably is for many people.

313

The monotony of the wise.—Cows sometimes have an expression of amazement that remains stuck on the way toward a *question*. By contrast, there lies in the eye of a higher intelligence a *nil admirari*,[546] spread out like the monotony of a cloudless sky.

314[547]

Do not be sick too long.—We should beware of being sick for too long: for soon our audience becomes impatient with the usual obligation of displaying compassion, because it costs them too much effort to maintain this state for very long—and then they proceed immediately to suspicion about your character, concluding that: "You *deserve* to be sick, and we no longer need to exert ourselves to be compassionate."

315[548]

Hint for enthusiasts.—Anyone who enjoys being carried away[549] and likes letting himself be conveyed upward easily should see to it that he does not become too *heavy*, that is, for example, that he does not learn very much and especially that he does not allow himself *to be filled* with science. This makes one ponderous!—watch out, you enthusiasts!

316

Knowing how to surprise oneself.—Anyone who wants to see[550] himself as he is must understand how to *surprise* himself with a torch in his hand. For it is the same with spiritual things as it is with corporeal ones: anyone who is used to seeing himself in the mirror always forgets his ugliness: only a painter gives him an impression of this once again. But he gets used to

the painting as well, and forgets his ugliness for a second time. — This occurs according to the general law that humans *cannot bear*[551] anything that is constantly ugly: except for a moment; in every case, they forget it or deny it. — Moralists have to count on that moment for bringing forward their truths.

317

Opinions and fish. — We are the owners of our opinions as we are the owners of fish — that is, insofar as we are the owners of fish ponds. We must go fishing and have good luck — then we have *our* fish, *our* opinions. I am speaking here of living opinions, of living fish. Others are content if they own a fossil cabinet — and, in their heads, "convictions." —

318[552]

Sign of freedom and unfreedom. — To satisfy our essential needs ourselves, as much as possible, even if imperfectly, that is the direction toward *freedom of spirit and of person.* Allowing many needs, and even superfluous ones, to be satisfied for us, even as perfectly as possible — trains us into *unfreedom.* The Sophist Hippias, who had himself acquired or made everything that he carried, within and without, corresponds in this with the direction toward the highest freedom of spirit and of person. It is not a matter of everything having been made equally well and perfectly: pride patches up the defective places.

319[553]

Believing in ourselves. — In our age, we mistrust everyone who believes in himself; formerly, this sufficed to make others believe in him. The recipe *now* for eliciting belief is: "Do not spare yourself! If you want to place your opinion in a believable light, then you should first set fire to your own hut!"

320

Richer and poorer at the same time. — I know a human being who as a child had already gotten into the habit of think-

ing well of the intellectuality of humans, and thus, of their true devotion with regard to spiritual things, their unselfish preference for what was recognized as being true and similar things, but who, by contrast, had a modest, even lowly conception of his own mind (judgment, memory, presence of mind, imagination). He thought nothing of himself when he compared himself with others. Now in the course of years, he was forced, first once and then hundreds of times, to change his views on this point—one would think to his great joy and satisfaction. There was in fact something of this; but "nonetheless,{"} as he once said, {"}there is a bitterness of the bitterest kind mixed in with this, which I did not know earlier in life: for because I assess other people and myself more accurately in regard to spiritual needs,[554] my mind seems to me less useful; I scarcely believe that I can still use it to accomplish anything good, because the minds of others do not understand how to accept it; I now see before me constantly the terrible gulf between those who are helpful and those needing help. And so I am tormented by the necessity of having my mind for myself and having to enjoy it alone, insofar as it is enjoyable. But *giving* is more blessed than *having*:[555] and what is the richest person in the solitude of a desert!"[556]

321

How we should attack.—Only in the rarest of people are the reasons why they believe or do not believe in something as strong *as they could possibly be*. In general, we do not need to bring up the heaviest cannons right away; with many people, it already produces the same result if we make the attack with a bit of noise: so that firecrackers often suffice. With extremely vain persons, giving the *air* of the heaviest possible attack is sufficient: they see themselves being taken quite seriously—and gladly give way.

322

Death. —The sure expectation of death could have mixed a precious, fragrant drop of lightheartedness into every life—but now you amazing apothecary souls have made a foul-tasting poison drop of it, which makes all of life disgusting.

323

Regret. —Never give space to regret, but instead say to yourself immediately: to do so would be joining a second stupidity to the first. —If we have caused harm, we should think about how we might bring about something good. —If we are punished for our actions, then we should endure the punishment with the feeling that something good is being brought about in this way: we[557] deter others from falling into the same foolishness. Every punished wrongdoer[558] may feel himself to be humanity's benefactor.[559]

324[560]

Becoming a thinker. —How can anyone become a thinker if he does not spend at least a third of every day without passions, people and books?

325

The best remedy. —A bit of health now and then is the invalid's best remedy.

326[561]

Do not touch! —There are terrible people who, rather than solving a problem, make it entangled and harder to solve for everyone concerned with it. Anyone who does not understand how to hit the nail on the head should be asked not to hit it at all.

327

Forgotten nature. —We speak of nature and, in doing so, forget ourselves: we ourselves are nature, *quand même*[562] —. Hence nature is something completely different from what we feel in speaking its name.

328

Depth and boredom. —With deep people, as with deep fountains, it takes a long time before something that falls into them reaches the bottom. Observers, who generally do not wait long enough, easily take such people to be impassive and hard —or even boring.

329

The right time to swear fidelity. —We sometimes proceed in a spiritual direction that is contrary to our talents; for a time, we struggle heroically against the tide and the wind, basically against ourselves: we become tired, pant; whatever we accomplish brings no real joy, for we think we have paid too great a price for this success. Indeed, we *despair* about our fertility, our future, perhaps in the midst of victory. Finally, finally, we *turn around*—and now the wind blows *in* our sail and drives us into *our* channel. What happiness! How *certain of victory*[563] we feel! Now, for the first time, we know what we are and what we want; now we swear fidelity to ourselves and *are permitted* to do so—as those who know.[564]

330

Weather prophets. —As the clouds betray to us where the winds high above us are moving, so do the lightest and freest spirits foretell the weather to come by the directions they take. The wind in the valley and the opinions of today's marketplace signify nothing concerning what is to come, but only what has been.

331[565]

Steady acceleration. —Persons who begin slowly and come to feel at home in something only with difficulty, sometimes have the quality of steady acceleration afterward—so that in the end nobody knows where the current may take them.

332[566]

The good three. —Peace, grandeur, sunlight—these three comprise all that a thinker wishes[567] for and also demands of himself:[568] his hopes and duties, his claims in the intellectual and moral spheres, even in his daily way of life and even in the landscape where he resides. To these correspond in the first place *elevating* thoughts, secondly, soothing ones, thirdly, illuminating ones—but fourthly, thoughts that share in all three of these qualities, in which everything earthly comes to be transfigured: that is the realm where the great *trinity of joy* rules.

333

To die for the "truth." —We would not let ourselves be burned to death for our opinions: we are not that certain of them. But perhaps we would do so for the right to have and to change our opinions.

334

To have a fixed price. —If we want *to be valued* as precisely what we are, we must be something that has *its fixed price.* But only common things have a[569] fixed price. So that desire is either the effect of a prudent modesty—or a stupid immodesty.

335

Moral for house-builders. —We must remove the scaffolding once the house has been built.

336

Sophocleanism. — Who poured more water into their wine than the Greeks! Sobriety and grace united — that was the noble prerogative[570] of the Athenians in the time of Sophocles and after him. Imitate this, anyone who can! In life and in creation!

337

The heroic. — The heroic consists in doing something great (or *not* doing something, in a great way), without feeling oneself to be in competition *with* others or *in front of* others. The hero always carries solitude and a sacred, restricted sanctuary around with him, wherever he may go.

338

Doppelgängerei[571] *of nature.* — There are many places in nature where we discover ourselves once again, with a pleasing sense of horror; it is the most beautiful *doppelgängerei.* — How happy anyone must be able to be, who has that feeling right here[572] in this constantly sunny October air, in this mischievously happy play of breezes from early in the day until evening, in this purest brightness and most temperate coolness, in the completely charming and serious character of the hills, lakes and forests of this plateau, which has fearlessly set itself alongside the terrors of eternal snow, here, where Italy and Finland have come together in union, in a place that seems to be home to all the silvery tints of nature: — how happy is he who can say: "There is certainly much that is greater and more beautiful in nature, but *this* I find to be intimate and familiar to me, related by blood, indeed, even more than that."[573]

339[574]

Affability of the wise. — By instinct, the wise will associate affably with other people, like a prince, and, despite all differences in talent, in rank and in manners, readily treat them as

similar to himself: which, as soon as they notice this, they take very badly.

340

Gold. — All that is gold does not glitter. A gentle radiance is characteristic of the noblest metal.

341

Wheel and brake. — The wheel and the brake have different duties, but also one that is the same: to cause each other pain.

342

Disturbances of the thinker.[575] — The thinker must regard with tranquility everything that interrupts him (disturbs him, as we say) in his thoughts, as he would a new model who comes through the door to offer himself to the artist. Interruptions are the ravens that bring food to the solitary person.

343

Having much spirit. — Having much spirit keeps us *young*: but we must put up with being taken to be *older* than we really are. For people read the writing of the spirit[576] as the traces of *experience in life*, that is, of having lived much and having had[577] things go badly, of having suffered, gone astray, had regrets. Therefore: they take us to be older, as well as *worse* than we are, if we have and display much spirit.

344

How we must gain victory. — We should not want to gain victory when we have only the prospect of overtaking our opponent by a *hair's breadth*. A good victory must leave the loser in a joyful mood, it must have something divine that spares him from *shame*.

345[578]

Delusion of the superior spirit. — Superior spirits have trouble freeing themselves from one delusion: that is, they imagine that they arouse envy among mediocre people and are felt to be exceptions. But actually, they are felt to be something superfluous, which, if absent, would not be missed.

346[579]

Demand for cleanliness. — That we change our opinions is for those of a certain nature the same as a demand for cleanliness, like the one that we change our clothes: for those of a different nature, however, only a demand of their vanity.

347

Also worthy of a hero. — Here is a hero who has done nothing more than to shake a tree as soon as the fruit was ripe. Does that seem to you too little? Then look first at the tree that he has shaken.

348

What wisdom is to be measured against. — The increase in wisdom lets itself be measured precisely by the decrease in bile.

349

Calling error unpleasant. — It is not to everyone's taste that wisdom be called pleasant. But let nobody believe, at least, that error turns into truth if we call it *unpleasant*.

350[580]

The golden watchword. — Many chains have been placed upon humans, so that they may forget to behave like animals: and really, they are milder, more spirited, more joyous, more sensible than all other animals. But they still suffer from having worn their chains for so long, from having lacked clean air

and free[581] movement for so long: — but these chains, I repeat it over and over, are the heavy and significant errors of the moral, religious, metaphysical representations. Only once the *sickness of the chains* has been overcome has the first great goal been attained: the separation of humans from animals. — We stand now in the midst of our work of removing the chains and need to be as careful as possible in doing so. Only *to the ennobled human being* may *the freedom of spirit* be given; to him alone does *the alleviation of life* draw nigh and salve his wounds; he is the first who may say that he lives for the sake of *joyfulness* and for the sake of no further goal; and in every other mouth his motto would be dangerous: *peace be around me and good will to all things near at hand*. — With this motto for individuals, he is reminded of an old, great and moving saying that was intended for *everyone*, and that has remained standing over all of humanity as a motto and a sign, upon which everyone shall perish who decorates his banner with it too soon[582] — upon which Christianity perished. Even now, it appears, *it is not yet the time* when *all* humans may fare like that shepherd who saw heaven light up above him and heard the phrase:[583] "Peace upon earth and good will among human beings."[584] — It is still *the age of the individual*.

* * *

* * *

The Shadow:[585] Of all that you have expressed, nothing has pleased me *more* than one promise: you wish once again to become a good neighbor of the things nearest at hand. This will benefit us poor shadows, too. For admit it, you have up to now been all too willing to slander us.

The Wanderer: Slandered? But why have you never defended yourselves? You were certainly right at our ears.

The Shadow: It seemed to us as if[586] we were too close to you to be permitted to speak about ourselves.

The Wanderer: Delicately put! very delicately! Ah, you shadows are "better humans" than we, I perceive.

The Shadow: And yet you call us "intrusive" — us, who understand at least one thing well: how to be silent and how to wait — no Englander understands it better.[587] It is true that you find us very, very often trailing along behind humans, yet not in subjection to them. When a human avoids the light, we avoid him: thus far, at least, does our freedom extend.

The Wanderer: Ah, but the light avoids humans much more often, and then you also forsake them.

The Shadow: It has often caused me pain to abandon you: much about human beings has remained dark to me, deeply curious as I am, because I cannot always be around them.

For the price of a full knowledge of humans, I might well be inclined to be your slave.

The Wanderer: Do you then know, do I then know whether you might not suddenly turn from the slave into the master? Or remain a slave, to be sure, but lead a life of degradation, of disgust, in despising your master? Let us *both* be content with freedom, as it has remained to you—you *and* me! For the sight of someone who is not free would embitter my greatest joys; the best things would be repugnant to me, if someone *had* to share them with me—I do not want to have any slaves around me. And so, I do not like dogs either, those lazy, tail-wagging parasites that first became "doglike" as the slaves of humans and that they still tend to praise by saying that they are true to their master and follow him like his—

The Shadow: Like his shadow, so they say. Perhaps I, too, have already followed you for too long today? It has been the longest day, but we are at its end, have just a little more patience. The grass is damp; I feel chilly.

The Wanderer: Oh, is it already time to part? And I had to cause you pain again at the end; I saw it, you became darker just then.

The Shadow: I blushed, in the color that I can manage. It occurred to me that I have often lain at your feet like a dog, and that you then—

The Wanderer: And couldn't I still do something quickly for you? Don't you have any wish?

The Shadow: None, except perhaps the wish that the philosophical "dog" had of the great Alexander:[588] move a bit out of the sunlight for me, I am getting too cold.

The Wanderer: What should I do?

The Shadow: Step under these fir trees and look around you at the mountains; the sun is sinking.

The Wanderer:—Where are you? Where are you?

* * *

Unpublished Fragments
from the Period of *Human, All Too Human II*
(Spring 1878–Fall 1879)

[27 = N II 5. Spring–Summer 1878]

27[1][1]
Hesiod's *artistic* technique the fable.[2]
Inspiration of the muses, the process.[3]

27[2][4]
Noise gets made about completely empty events such as assassination attempts. The press is permanent false *noise*.

27[3]
As a student, I said, "Wagner is Romanticism, not the art of the middle and fullness, but instead the final quarter: soon it will be night." With this insight, I was a W<agnerian>, I *could* not do otherwise, but I *knew* better.

27[4]
The strong, free human is a *non*-artist. (Against Wagner.)

27[5][5]
Is Wagner capable of bearing *witness* about himself?

27[6][6]
The energy of Greek music in its unison singing. Its *more refined* development in tone and rhythm—whereby *harmony* **does harm** to us.

27[7]
8[7] points, concerning which I have to decide.

27[8]
On a spreading piety: Trietschke and the French, too: "All things must serve God as best they can."[8]

27[9][9]
Passions — conclusion: conviction.[10]
Final piece: By oneself alone.[11] Beginning: And so forward, toward wisdom.[12] Conclusion to it: Genoa.[13]

27[10][14]
On the passions.
Religion.
In relations with others.
Woman and child.
Artists and writers.
Future of education. (*Isolate phase*)[15]
By oneself alone.

27[11]
We stand too close to music, we only intimate, later ages will not understand our writings about music at all.

27[12]
I know that independence of thinking has increased on earth and that anyone who declares himself against me — cf. Emerson Goethe p. 9.[16]

27[13][17]
What is frivolity? I do not understand it. And yet Wagner has grown up in opposition to it.

27[14][18]

Finding fault with a work is bound up with great pleasure. Moreover, with utility (rarely for the author), because it obliges *admirers* to give themselves *reasons*.

27[15][19]

Lively *forms in stone* imitating *forms in wood*—as a *comparison* for speaking and writing style (reading style).[20]

Assyrian columns with the volutes of ionic capitals—according to the pictures.[21]

Egyptian columns proto-*doric*.

The *throne* of Amyclae[22] and of Zeus in Olympia *dissolving* into *animals*—*Assyrian*.[23]

Treatment of hair in ancient Greek art is Assyrian.[24]

Excellent when the ceremony ceases, how we can let ourselves go.

Animal shapes among the Assyrians.[25]

Opposite of the handling of gigantic masses and roughness of the material in the *Cyclopian structures*.[26]

To be able "to speak to us aesthetically."

Revulsion toward curves and arches.[27]

Ancient Gr<eece> filled with woods—the *hall* primal among the oblongs, that is the prius.[28]

27[16][29]

———— like what is least disturbed in the largest city, so our conversation with friends in the face of complete publicity: nobody hears us, who only begins to listen. —But we are very few.

27[17]

Human beings who try in vain to make a *principle* out of *themselves* (like Wagner).

27[18]

Dramatists borrow—their primary capability—artistic thoughts from epic (Wagner from classical music, too).

27[19][30]

Dramatists are *constructive* geniuses, not inventive and original ones, like the epic poets.

Drama stands *deeper* than epic—a cruder public—democratic.

27[20][31]

I am glad that nature is *not* romantic: untruth alone is human: to untie oneself as far as possible from it means knowing how to *translate* humans *back* into nature[32] and its truth. What does art matter to me there! —But invigorating air, protection from the sun and the damp, the absence of humans—that is *my* nature.

27[21]

I see sufferers who betake themselves to the mountain air of Engadin. I, too, send patients into *my* mountain air—*what* sort of sickness do they have?

27[22]

The Wanderer to His Friends
by F. N.

27[23]

Wholesale love for Wagner's art is precisely as *unjust* as wholesale rejection.

27[24]

His music lacks what his writings lack—dialectic. By contrast, art of *amplification* very large.

His works appear like piled-up masses of great *insights*; one wishes a greater artist were present in order to *deal with* them.

Always intent upon the *most extreme* expression—with every *word*; but the superlative makes things weaker.

Jealousy toward all periods of *measure*; he is suspicious of beauty, grace, he ascribes only *his virtues* to the "German" and also understands all of his defects as part of this.

27[25]

It is really the *art* of the *present day*; a more aesthetic age would reject it. More refined people reject it *now*, as well. *Coarsening* of everything aesthetic.—Held up against Goethe's ideal, it stands far behind. The moral contrast of these submissive, glowingly loyal natures in Wagner's works like a *thorn*, as stimulation: even this feeling is used for *effect*.

27[26][33]

I called the "most moral music" the place where it proceeds *most ecstatically*. Characteristic!

27[27][34]

Wagner *against* the clever, the cold, the contented—here is his greatness—unfashionable—against frivolous and elegant people—but also *against* the just, the moderate, those who rejoice in the world (like Goethe), against the mild, the charming, scientific people—here is his reverse side.

27[28][35]

Epic motives for inner fantasy: many scenes have much weaker effects in being rendered perceptible (the giant worm[36] and Wotan).

27[29]

Wagner cannot *narrate* with his music, cannot *prove* anything with it, but instead assaults, overthrows, torments, causes tension, terrifies—what he lacks in training, he makes up for in his principle. *Mood* replaces composition: he goes about his business too directly.

27[30]

Turning to *un*artistic humans, *every* means available should be used for **effect**; it is meant not for *artistic* effect, but instead *neurological effect* quite generally.

27[31][37]

Wagner is always embarrassed with regard to a *theme*, how to extend it *further*. Therefore *long* preparation—tension. His own exhaustion, his weaknesses are reinterpreted as virtues. Thus, the improvisational.

27[32]

What about our age does Wagner express? The juxtaposition of coarseness and the gentlest weakness, nature-drive barbarity and nervous oversensitivity, a passion for emotion out of exhaustion and a desire for exhaustion.—This is what Wagnerians understand.

27[33]

I compare Wagner's music, which wants to work like rhetoric, with relief sculpture, which wants to work like painting. The highest laws of style are violated, what is noblest can no longer be attained.

27[34][38]

I attained the greatest pathos when I sketched Schopenhauerian humans:[39] the *destructive* genius, against all becoming.

As a counternecessity I needed the constructive metaphysical artists, who make us dream beautifully in such uncanny daily labor.

Dissatisfaction with *tragic thinking* increased.

Antidote: *pessimistic* critique of thinking and of the *desire* for thinking. Critique of genius.

1st Phase: Strauss. Dissatisfaction. By contrast, *desire* for battle.[40]

2nd Phase: *Attempt* to *close* the *eyes* against the knowledge of history.[41]
3rd Phase: Desire for destruction.[42]
4th Phase: Desire for stupefaction.[43]

27[35][44]
Rhythm in the poetry of the Greeks did *not* come from dance. Dance and poetry independent. **Therefore**: *music* and *dance* must have been *in*dependent for a long time.

27[36]
Mighty, black pine trees contrasting against mountains and spring verdure—the sun in long, treeless stripes in the woods at evening—we await the most cheerful dance.

27[37]
My error concerning Wagner is not even individual, very many people say, my picture is the right one. It is part of the most powerful effects of such natures to deceive the painter. But we offend justice just as much through favor as through disfavor.

27[38]
With Wagner, the most ambitious *combination* of all means for the strongest effect: whereas earlier musicians cultivated quietly the individual kinds.

27[39]
Perceiving the form-shap<ing> power of the military.

27[40]
If nature had not been made into a drama for you, you would not believe in God—the theatrical machinery, the corridors and surprises———

27[41]

The psychological law in the development of passion (action speech gesture) and the musical symphony do not correspond: the Wagnerian claim can be considered contradicted by his art. — Everything great is either where the music dominates, or where the drama dominates — therefore *not* in the parallelism.

27[42]

It seemed to me after the war as if power were a duty and contained an excuse within it.

I saw in Wagner the opponent of the age, even in those aspects where this age has greatness and where I felt strength in myself.

A cold water cure seemed necessary to me. I attached myself to suspicion of humans, to their contemptibility, which I had used earlier in order to raise myself into that high-spirited metaphysical dream. I *knew* humans well enough, but I had *measured* and judged them falsely: the reason to repudiate them was lacking.

27[43][45]

The living Schopenhauer has nothing to do with metaphysicians. He is essentially a Voltairean, the 4th <book>[46] alien to him.

27[44]

My picture of Wagner went beyond him, I had depicted an *ideal monster*, but one who is perhaps capable of igniting artists. The real Wagner, the real Bayreuth was for me like the bad, final impression of a copper etching on cheap paper. My need to see real humans and their motives was uncommonly stimulated by this shameful experience.

27[45][47]

Wagner reminds one of lava, which obstructs its own flow by solidification and suddenly feels hemmed in by blocks that it has itself constructed. No *allegro con fuoco*[48] in him.

27[46][49]

Associating charm and sincerity is also *German*.

27[47]

His soul does not *sing*, it *speaks*, but in the way that the highest passion speaks. *Natural* to him are tone, rhythm, rhetorical gestures; the music, by contrast, is never completely natural, a sort of *acquired* language with a moderate supply of words and a *different* syntax.

27[48][50]

But afterward, the view of the *thousand* springs in the desert was opened up.[51]

Those periods very useful against a premature precociousness.

27[49]

Now antiquity and Goethe's insight about great art has dawned upon me: and *now* for the first time I could attain the *modest* sight of the *truly* human life: I had the *antidote* so that no poisonous pessimism could come from this. Schopenhauer became "historical," *not* someone who knew humanity.

27[50]

Poverty of melody and in melody *in* Wagner. The melody is a *whole* with many beautiful proportions. Mirror image of the well-ordered soul. He *strives* for that: if he *does have* a melody, he almost crushes it in his embrace.

27[51]
Our youth rebelled against the *sobriety* of the age. It threw itself upon the cult of excess, passion, ecstasy, the blackest, bitterest conception of the world.

27[52]
Wagner battles against "frivolity" in itself, which is what rejoicing in the world turned into for him, the ignoble one (vs. Goethe). S<ee> the p<receding>[52]

27[53]
Wagner imitates himself repeatedly—mannerism. Therefore he has also been the most quickly imitated of musicians. It is easy.

27[54]
Wagner does not have the strength to make humans free and great in their relations with one another: he is not certain, but instead suspicious and presumptuous. His *art* works **thus** upon artists; it is envious toward rivals.

27[55]
Contradiction of crudeness in action and excessive delicacy in feeling.

27[56]
Unclarity of the final goals, unclassical haziness.

27[57][53]
The art of orchestral colors, learned by listening (prematurely) with the subtlest ear to the French, Berlioz.

27[58]
Tannhäuser and *Lohengrin*[54] are not *good* music. The purest and highest art, however, is not the most certain way of attaining what is affecting, touching. *Coarsening.*

27[59]
It lacks the natural distinction that Bach and Beethoven <have>, the beautiful soul (even Mendelssohn)—is one step lower.

27[60]
Even in music there exists a *logic* and a *rhetoric* as stylistic opposites.
Wagner becomes a rhetorician when he uses a theme.

27[61]
Profound *distrust* of *his* musical discovery in dialectic. He masks his lack in every possible way.

27[62]
Representation of the birth of tragedy—hovering garlands of clouds, white in the night sky, through which stars shimmer—unclear, all-too-clear, supernaturally illuminated valley.

27[63][55]
On the bridge—after an encounter with friends—solitude.

27[64]
Living in mountain passes.

27[65]
In the Bohemian Forest[56] I raised myself above that *phase*.[57]

27[66]
"Cultivated philistines" and historical sickness began to lend me wings.

27[67]

In **Schopenhauer**.[58] At first **holding fast** to him in large matters against the individual, later in individual matters against the whole.

27[68]

Wagner's "*musical euphuism*"[59] (Liszt).

27[69][60]

Rhine daughters' music—autumnal beauty.

27[70][61]

Problem: the musician who lacks a sense of rhythm.

Hebraic rhythm (parallelism), overripeness of rhythmic feeling, having recourse to primitive stages.

Middle of art over and done with.

27[71][62]

If we had the Greek subjective energies, which [—] "originality."

But no *cultivation* within *narrow*, constricted boundaries.

27[72]

Development of the ornamentation of speech.

27[73][63]

"To receive as compensation for the most refined inner moderation" Burckhardt.

27[74]

There is something that arouses in the highest degree a distrust of Wagner: that is Wagner's distrust. That is so strongly agitating that I twice doubted whether a musician ———

27[75]

Plato's envy. He wants to confiscate Socrates *for himself.* He permeates him with himself, believes he is beautifying him, καλὸς Σωκράτης,[64] wresting him from all Socratics, depicting him as living on. But he represents him completely unhistorically, from the most dangerous side (as Wagner does with Beethoven and Shakespeare).

27[76][65]

The Greeks without any *feeling of sin<s>*. Orestes the criminal venerable. Insanity, no need for redemption.

27[77]

In his writings, Wagner does not have greatness, tranquility, but instead arrogance—Why:—

27[78][66]

Passage of Taine's on the Semites.—Moreover, I have led the reader astray: the passage does not apply to Wagner at all—could Wagner be a Semite? Now I understand his aversion to the Jews.

27[79]

I was in love with art with true passion and finally saw in everything that exists nothing except art—at an age when otherwise, different passions would more reasonably fill the soul.

27[80][67]

The *Schopenhauerian human being* drove me to skepticism toward everything respected, exalted, defended up to now (and also toward the Greeks Schopenhauer Wagner) genius saint—pessimism of knowledge. Via this *by-way*, I reached the *heights* with the freshest winds.—The writing about Bayreuth was only a pause, a sinking back, a *recuperation*. *There*, the *unnecessariness* of Bayreuth became clear to me.

27[81]

Anyone who attacks his time can only attack *himself*: for what can he see, if not himself? So, too, we can glorify in others only ourselves. Self-annihilation self-idolatry self-contempt—that is our judging loving hating.

27[82]

I had had enough of the desire for illusions. Even in nature it offended me to see a mountain as a feeling-factum.—Finally I perceived that our desire for truth, too, rests upon the desire for illusion.

27[83]

Wagner battles against the monumental, but believes in common humanity!

Style-tradition—here he wants to *monumentalize*—where it is least allowed—in the tempo!—

27[84]

I do not have the talent for being loyal and, what is worse, not even the vanity to seem to be.

27[85][68]

All pleasure consists in how refined the faculty of judgment is. Every *critique* of a master opens up for us access to other masters. A thousand springs in the desert.

27[86][69]

What are Wagner's follies and excesses for, and which *are of use* to his party? Or are they to *be made* useful? These are a *weeping bell* that he carries around with him. I wish him nothing different.

27[87]

I am *opposed to* the *special* development of religious feeling, because its energy comes at the cost of *other developments*. It is so widely dispersed now—yet it does not cause real joy.

27[88][70]

Friends—we do not want to turn into ghosts.—Agony for a rendezvous.

27[89]

Wagner chases after one insanity, time after another; both at the same tempo, equally blind and inappropriate.

27[90]

All of Wagner's "ideas" immediately become a stiff mannerism, he is *tyrannized* by them. How *such a man can let* himself *be tyrannized in this way*! E.g., through his hatred of the Jews. He kills his themes, like his "ideas," by a raging desire for repetition. The problem of excessive breadth and length—he torments us with *his* delights.

27[91]

I can ring bells (a written work on Richard Wagner).

27[92]

Everything exceptional has a *middling* nature. Richard Wagner is music for overripe musical periods.

27[93]

Beethoven did it better than Schiller. Bach better than Klopstock. Mozart better than Wieland. Wagner better than Kleist.

27[94]

In connection with Wagner's rejection of forms, we are reminded of Eckermann: "There is no art in being ingenious when we have respect for nothing."[71]

27[95]

Friends. — Nothing ties us together, but we have joy in one another, up to the point where one promotes the other's direction, even if it is diametrically opposed to his own.

27[96]

Music, admittedly, not monumental. Poetry *much* **more** (because of the thinking).

27[97][72]

A refrain (Sorrento) is felt by us as if it came from a *false folie*: *so* it is with *all* past music.

[28 = N II 6. Spring–Summer 1878]

Memorabilia

28[1][73]

Autumn — Pain — Stubble — Catchflies asters. Just like at the time of the supposed fire in the Louvre. Cultural autumnal feeling. Never a more profound pain.[74]

28[2]

Perennial distrust of so-called moral actions. Humans act in the ways that make them feel best.

15. Exceptionally defiant, self-contemptuous, mountain-air feeling of morality.

28[3]

14. *Splügen*.[75] Symbol<ic> to and fro of generations. Middle between north and south, summer and winter. The castle in sunshine at midday. Woods evening monument<al> history written.

28[4]

13. I have not gotten to know any human being with convictions who did not soon arouse irony in me because of these convictions.

28[5]

In the year 1877 I could not ask for anything at all from the future. Not even health — for this is a means — *what* would I have wished to attain with this means?

28[6][76]

Windlücke.[77] Stones as witnesses of antiquity.[78]

Krumme Hufe[79] moonlight skating. "What I earned during the day on m<y> lyre, is gone with the wind a<gain> at n<ight>."

Happy days in life!

28[7]

As a child, saw God shining in splendor. — First philosophical writing about the emergence of the devil (God thinks himself, which he can do only by representing his opposite).[80] Melancho<ly> afternoon — church service in the chapel at Pforta, distant organ notes.

As a relative of pastors, early insight into spiritual and emotional narrowness excellence pride decorum.

28[8][81]

Seven years — loss of childhood felt.[82] But at the age of 20 in Bonn under the influence of Lippe (?)[83] felt myself as a child.

28[9][84]

Daemonion — warning voice of the father.

28[10][85]

Tower near Sorrento on the Hausaffe Mountain

evviva evviva il cuor di Maria
evviva il Dio que[86] *tanto l'ama*

28[11][87]

Read and explicated *Apology* of Socrates with inner emotion. Pleasure in the *Memorabilia*, which I believe I understand better than the philologists do.

28[12][88]

I err instinctively about the intellectuality of humans, about their objective interest, which I am always equating with my own. I treat them very decently in this regard.

28[13][89]

The housekeeper at the Einsiedel parsonage.[90] — Witness of the early earnestness. Christ as a child among the scribes.[91]

28[14][92]

Walk to Gohlis when Ritschl confirmed the philologist in me, early warm sun in February. Pancakes.

28[15][93]

A primary characteristic: a *refined heroism* (which I recognize, moreover, in Epicurus, too). In my book there is not a single word against the fear of death. I have little of that.

28[16]

My being *discloses itself*—does it *develop itself*?

From childhood on, overloaded with an alien character and an alien knowledge. I discover myself.

28[17]

Mitromania.[94] — Waiting for the appearance of the first sunbeam — *finally* seeing it and— mocking it and extinguishing *oneself*.

28[18]

Knowledge *numbness*—action epilepsy involuntary.

12. I have been wounded, as if by the curare arrow of knowledge: seeing everything.

28[19][95]

Of *travelers*: Some know how to make a lot from little, most how to make a little from a lot.

11. *To be* seen (well traveled); to see; to experience; to settle in; to live out—five stages; few arrive at the highest one.

28[20][96]

10. It is the secret of all successful people to treat their flaws like virtues. Thus Wagner.

28[21][97]

To make our suffering useful for others like the state does the death of the criminal.

28[22]

Mithras—hope
Mithras-madness![98]

28[23][99]

He has wounded me, the one who awakened me.

28[24]

Grotta di *Matrimonio*,[100] idyllic image of the unconscious life.

28[25][101]

Tiberius: madness of being able to act. Antithesis: madness of being able to know.

28[26]

8. They have not offended me: nonetheless I separate myself from human beings. No revenge.

28[27][102]

7. Refined heroism with *eyes shut* about oneself, noticed in me. Perhaps others close their eyes during *their* actions.

28[28][103]

Mother — nature — past — murder — Orestes — respect for the great criminal. He is sanctified.

Cult of the Erinyes (as fruitful).[104]

28[29][105]

6. Little strength necessary to push out a small boat. Byron Edinburgh critique.[106] Later the slander.

28[30][107]

5. Harness his illness to the plow.

28[31]

4. Not to allow oneself to be brought by any suffering to belief in the δεὐτερος πλοῦς.[108]

To reject *suffering* as punishment and test (future).

28[32][109]

Mornings in winter in a steaming horse stall.

28[33][110]

3. In Sorrento I raised a layer of moss nine years old.

To dream of the dead.

28[34][111]

To think of life as a *festival*, from the standpoint of mitromania.

28[35][112]

Christ is supposed to have redeemed the world? He must indeed have failed.

28[36][113]
To sow upon one's errors.

28[37][114]
The Faust problem overcome, with metaphysics.

28[38]
To claim for the individual a bold *capriciousness* in life. Now, for the first time!

28[39][115]
Art of memory, conquest of the evil bitter elements. Struggle against illness irritation boredom.
2. Mithras kills the bull from which the snake and scorpion hang.

28[40][116]
To regain the ancient worldview. Really *moira* above everything, the *gods* representatives of real powers! To become ancient!

28[41]
I need the cans of ointment and flasks of medicine of *all* the ancient philosophers.

28[42][117]
Dream of toads.

28[43][118]
New antiquity.

28[44]
To love what is great, even when it humbles us.—Why shouldn't the artist kneel before the truth, the leader of a spiri-

tual movement throw himself down in shame before justice, and say, "I know it, goddess, my affair is not your affair, forgive me, but I cannot do otherwise."

28[45]
Effect of my writings: very *skeptical* toward it. I saw *parties*. "I want to wait until Wagner recognizes a written work that is directed *against* him," I said.

28[46]
In the presence of dissatisfaction, *spiritual poisoning* easily sets in: so it is in the lines of the *Bayreuther Blätter*.

28[47]
The *highest* sense for form, to develop the most complicated things *consistent*ly upon the simplest basic form—I find in **Chopin**.

28[48]
In *German* music, **moral** factors are valued too highly.

28[49][119]
Forcing one's way into shameless things—that can really be compassion: but I want compassion *with* intellect: the Schopenh<auerian> kind, which is supposed to be *intelligent*, I distrust completely.

28[50]
Natural error of the *musician*.
Biographies.[120]

28[51]
The orchestral pit in Bayreuth too deep, already from the middle on, we have to accept the musical correctness in good faith.

28[52]

Wagner has the sense for laypeople, who take an explanation from a *single* cause to be better. Thus, the Jews: *one* debt, *hence one* savior. Thus he simplifies what is German, the culture.[121] False, but effective.

28[53]

Liszt, the *representative* of all musicians, *not a musician*: the prince, not the statesman. A hundred musicians' souls together, but not enough his own person to have his own shadow.

If someone wants to have his own corporeal personhood, he must not resist having a shadow as well. [122]

28[54]

I have often had the good fortune of touching the good string of a human being and enjoying its tone for entire days; others, on my recommendation, came to know them and found them unbearable, conceited, childish companions—these were the same people who let me see a true wealth of goodness of spirit, modest courage and trust.

28[55]

"Afterthoughts," that is, we think of nothing other than how it went and should not have gone.

28[56]

Against writing letters among friends. As soon as we write letters, we already begin to err.

28[57]

I have said, "one could learn a great deal about the emergence of the work of art from Wagner's writings."[123] Namely, the deep injustice, self-pleasure and overestimation, the contempt for critique, and so on.

28[58][124]

What makes me impatient with women on occasion is that they renounce what is good, indeed, what is excellent, and disparage it if it has not been baptized with the name that they take to be the highest. The miserable squandering of spirit that results, in order to make what is good bad and what is insignificant into something uncommon, very meaningful.

28[59]

Under the seemingly holy name of compassion, the vilest calumnies spring from behind one's back.

28[60][125]

Under a walnut tree, like among relatives, completely at home.

[29 = N II 4. Summer 1878]

29[1][126]

What Goethe sensed in H. Kleist[127] was his feeling for the *tragic*, from which he turned away: it was the incurable side of nature. He was himself conciliatory and curable.[128] The tragic has to do with incurable, come<dy> with curable suffering.

29[2][129]

Nobody understands better than Wagner how to construe his errors as virtues. A profound *cunning of his artistic sense* is evident here. All artists have something of this, *women* as well.

29[3]

We must understand how to *separate* ourselves from a phase of life, like the sun, with the greatest splendor, even if we do not want to rise again—

29[4]

Like the sun, the truth should not be too bright: otherwise human beings flee into the night and make it dark.

29[5]

Alcohol and luxuries are for those who are poor in *ideas*, who want to have *sensations*. That is why artists degenerate so easily.

29[6][130]
Someone who takes a false path notices it, b<ecomes> distrustful, his throat is almost strangled.

29[7]
If we do not take life to be a good thing, which must be preserved, then all of our striving for science lacks even purpose (utility), to what end truth?

29[8]
Dühring, in order to become *positive*, becomes unscientific (ethics).

29[9]
It makes the greatest difference whether we are predisposed by our temperament for short-term or long-term happiness. We confuse them easily and strive for false goals (in art and philosophy). It spoils temperament and talents, too.

29[10]
From the standpoint of the *intellectual conscience*, humans are broken down into *good*, those who have the good will to allow themselves to be taught—and those who do not have this will—the *evil*.

29[11]
I believed myself to be wonderfully far from philosophers and moved forward in fog and yearning. Suddenly —

29[12]
Contour[131]-phantom. At every bend, draw out the completing circle.

29[13]

Anyone who accepts homages is a liar or completely blind *concerning himself.*

29[14]

Metaph<ysics> makes thinking unnatural, unfruitful (it does not coalesce) finally *empty of thoughts.*

29[15][132]

Motives for a *tragic* worldview: the struggle of the nonvictors is exalted. The unsuccessful are in the majority. Terrible things shake us more profoundly. Pleasure in paradox, to prefer night to day, death to life.

Trag<edy> *and com<edy>* provide a caricature of life, not an image. "Pathological."

Goethe against the *tragic*—why seek it out?—A conciliatory nature.

29[16]

Beings as gifted as I imagine geniuses to be have never existed.

29[17]

The colossal impression that the doctrine of transitoriness makes upon the ancients! (Horace and Marc Antony)

29[18][133]

"The Greeks make what is significant large, what is insignificant (for example, panta[134] attribute) small."

29[19][135]

There is nothing about a genius, no matter how high he lifts us or how far he frees us, that we eventually no longer require of him.

To free someone and to let oneself be disdained by him—is the fate of the leader of humanity, no melancholy one—they rejoice that their path has been taken further.

29[20]
The simple and pale rose that grows upon mountain slopes touches us more deeply than the most colorful splendor of garden flowers.

29[21]
Why are scholars absent in Bayreuth? They were not *needed*. Before, I would have reproached them for this. Now—

29[22][136]
We do not even need to love our enemies, we need only to *believe* that we love them—that is the subtlety of Christianity and explains its popular success. Even *to believe* is not really necessary, but *to say* and *to avow* it quite often.

29[23]
Re-creation of the portrait by intuition, considering the works ("Richard Wagner": how the work enchants the image of the living—there is such a thing as the shaping of ideals.)

29[24][137]
Downward at evening, when the glow of the sun looks through the lush leaves of the chestnut trees.

29[25]
Following nature erroneously in Montaigne III 354.[138]

29[26]
Liv. 41, c. 20: Persei "nulli fortunae adhaerebat animus, per omnia genera vitae errans, uti nec sibi nec aliis qui homo esset satis constaret." Montaigne III 362.

29[27][139]
In *Jung-Stilling*, the passage about the satisfaction in *Christian* morality.

29[28]

Humans not only want their way of life to be pleasant or useful: it should also be a *service*, indeed, so much the more as its pleasantness is not great. They want to hold themselves blameless, through *respect*.

29[29][140]

My child, live so that you do not need to be ashamed of yourself; speak your word such that everyone has to say about you that one can rely upon you; and do not forget that creating joy creates joy for yourself. Learn in good time that in all matters hunger spices up the fare and flee comfortableness because it makes life pale. You should sometime do something great: for that purpose, you must first *become* something great.

29[30][141]

That odor from fields of wheat, which comes close to honey.

29[31]

Title:

The New Overview
by F. N.

29[32][142]

Baroque art carries about with it the art of the heights and spreads it around—a service!

29[33]

Wagner's art for scholars, who do not dare to become philosophers—discontent with oneself, generally muffled deafness—from time to time bathing in *oppositions*.

29[34]

My moral observations go beyond the *mean*—a phenomenon of *not yet* established health.

29[35]
Upbringing. 2 main epochs. — 1) Pull the veil together. 2) Lift the veil. If we feel well afterward, then it was the *right* time.

29[36]
Seeming art *for everyone* (in Wagner) because coarser and subtler means together. Yet *very much* tied to a specific musical-aesthetic upbringing — especially *moral* indifference.

29[37]
The time when books and conversations are *overburdened* with thoughts is not the time of *prosperity* of thoughts. When the latter occurs, it *compels* one to order and simplicity in the household. Young people love what is overburdened, because it awakens *appearance* among the *poor* (who are the majority).

29[38]
Because masters are not born — not even bunglers.

29[39]
Anyone who counts upon the *art of inspiration* must get *a lot* of help from related territories in order to accomplish his art, eternally be moving, shaking, stealing deliberation and judgment, recalling the deepest needs and experiences.

29[40]
Anyone who dares not trust the understanding attempts to cast suspicions upon it. The human beings of feeling.

29[41][143]
Irony — lies about what we know, as if we did not know it.
For the well-being of others (place of metaphysics in education?).

29[42][144]
Three types of divine youth Apollo Hermes Dionysus—astonishing to give form to them—what courage!

29[43][145]
The gods *become young* in the observing imagination of artists.

29[44][146]
"Second class beauty" sensory merriment beside the *high* ideal.
Too bad if it had not been represented. New regions, not highly noble, yet still ideal. Not divine.

29[45][147]
Why should we not be permitted to *play metaphysically*? and expend quite enormous creative energy upon it?

29[46]
Wagnerians do not want to change anything about themselves, live in irritation about pale conventional brutal things—art should *temporarily* magically elevate them above such things. Weakness of will.

29[47]
No longer to need Wagner's art or *still* to *need* it.

29[48]
Monstrous drives are in it—*it drives people beyond themselves.*

29[49][148]
Why don't we let metaphysics and religion count as *play for adults*?

29[50]

By *giving away seriousness* for metaphysics and religion, we no longer have it for *life* and its task.

29[51]

Wagner's art is for those who are conscious of an essential *failure* in the way they lead their lives: either having a large nature hemmed in by lowly activity or spoiled by idleness or conventional marriages etc.

World-evasive is here = **I-evasive**.

29[52][149]

"The Gods of Greece" a step on the way to disillusionment: finally freedom from metaphysics.

29[53][150]

To believe in God is like it once was to believe in ghosts. (Lichtenberg?)

29[54][151]

The child does not want to give up his dream.

29[55]

If life does not have the highest value (metaphysics), is it therefore to be sold off at the lowest price? Why do humans say this? Childish spite?—As if we didn't always have to unlearn a piece of esteem from childhood on.

29[56]

It is not to be excluded, how hard it is to get beyond *literary sensation*. We can deceive ourselves among others, because their literary education is only too *slight* or is *different*.

[30 = N II 7. Summer 1878]

30[1][152]

My mistake was that I came to Bayreuth with an ideal: so I then had to experience the bitterest disillusionment. The excess of ugly distorted overly seasoned things repelled me intensely.

30[2]

On the Origins of the Art of Poetry

Prejudices about Poets.

Aphorisms.

30[3]

I saw the inclination for the social<ist> range of ideas spreading in the upper classes: and I had to say, along with *Goethe,* "people did not seem to realize how much would have to be given up for the attainment of some degree of dubious advantage."[153]

30[4]

Goethe: "the longing that was in my nature, which I had perhaps favored too much in my younger years and sought to combat forcefully as I grew older, was no longer appropriate or sufficient for the grown man and I therefore sought its final and complete satisfaction."[154] *Conclusion*?

30[5]

Goethe: "the beautiful is, when we view something living in accordance with the laws of nature in its greatest activity and perfection and, stimulated to reproduce it, feel ourselves to be equally alive and spurred to the highest activity."[155]

30[6]

The middle the best (in choice of problems, of expression, in art). Vigorous aest<hetic>. No baroque style.

30[7]

Montaigne: "Anyone who has ever been a real fool will never again become truly wise."[156] That is, in order to scratch behind one's ears.

30[8]

Milton in Taine I, 656. "The truth that first brings shame."[157]

30[9]

Schopenhauer's Effect

1) in the hands of the ultramontane—Protestant and Catholic;
2) purest science soiled with spiritism;
3) ghost stories;
4) believers in miracles like Fr<au.> W<agner>;
5) philosophy of the unconscious;[158]
6) genius and inspiration in Wagner, so that all that is known is rejected; "intuition" and "instinct";
7) exploitation of the "will" in practice as uncontrollable, by poets as a means of attaining effects;
8) the crude error that compassion replaces the intellect, brought upon the stage with a truly Spanish credulity;
9) kingdom as otherworldly;
10) science scorned: metaphysics gropes around inside itself;

11) Gwinner's biography, Schopenhauer as entrance hall to Christianity.

A general becoming *pious*, the incarnate Voltairean-minded Schopenhauer, to whom his fourth book would be incomprehensible, is shoved aside.[159]

My distrust of the system *from the start*. The *person* stepped forth, he *typical* as a philosopher and promoter of culture. But to *what is transitory* in his teaching, to what did *not* make an impression upon his life, *general respect* attached itself—in contrast to me. The begetting of the philosopher counted *for me* as the sole aftereffect—but the superstitious belief in the *genius* inhibited even *me*. Close the eyes.

30[10][160]

According to Demosthenes, a speech must be *sculpta*[161] "chiseled."[162]

Demosthenes studied Thucydides with regard to style.[163]

30[11]

"*Restraint* of the ancient writers in the use of astonishing means of expression that were available to them."[164]

30[12]

Avoiding as much as possible piling up more than 2 short syllables—the rhythmic law of Demosthenes.[165]

30[13]

Close of a speech, like a tragedy, as calm and dignified as possible—is Athenian.

We prefer finales to be different.[166]

30[14]

Utilitarian education
Decorative education.[167]

30[15]
Because I have compared Wagner to Demosthenes, I must also emphasize the *contrast*. Brougham in Blass, 188, 196—p. 173.[168]

30[16]
The greatest rhetorical improviser, Demades, was esteemed more highly than Demosthenes. According to Theophrastus, the latter is "worthy of Athens," the former "beyond Athens."[169]

30[17]
"A man who consists of words and, indeed, of bitter and artificial ones," said Aeschines of Demosthenes.[170]

30[18][171]

Pallas Athena
On the useful and decorative effects of the faculty of judgment.

30[19][172]
Wagner, whose writerly models and attempts (beginnings) belong to an age whose common mistake is described by a Frenchman in this way—*au delà <de> sa force*.[173]

30[20][174]
Decorative arts.
Decorative and *pleasurable* education.
Heightened *sense for splendor*.

30[21][175]
Eternal architecture of the Romans.
Bridges in Spanish Alcantara.

30[22]
"Thought image" for imagination im<age>.

30[23]

When he speaks of himself, a dramatist plays a role; it is inevitable. Wagner, who speaks of Bach and Beethoven, speaks like the one whom he would like to be considered to be. But he persuades only those who are already convinced, his mimicry and his real nature struggle far too fiercely against each other.

30[24]

Disadvantage of metaphysics: it makes us indifferent toward the proper ordering of this life—accordingly, toward morality. Is always pessimistic, because it strives for no *happiness here*.

30[25]

With regard to the Greek poets, we were trained to deceive ourselves. Even if everyone wanted to say: I do not like this one, that one counts nothing for me, what I feel there is contrary to the usual assessment—still, we had more respect for philologists as honorable people, even when they were in danger of having their *classical* taste doubted.

30[26]

Greek *dithyramb* is **baroque style** of poetry.

30[27]

Against *our* pleasure in an excess of metaphors, rare words, etc.—Praise of Euripides.

30[28]

What becomes of an art that has come to its end? It itself dies out—the effect it has provided benefits other areas, likewise the *unexpended* energy that *now*, with its *end*, becomes free. So where, for example?

30[29]

Path to Wisdom

Strengthening
Moderating (Beautiful as proportion)
Liberating

30[30]

In that same way that we now strengthen ourselves, with the help of the spirit, upon what is already *known*, so, by analogy, the conclusion in reverse.

30[31][176]

Waves — lapping at the shore on a calm summer day — Epicurus's garden-happiness.

30[32][177]

Dramata the religious fact, origin in temple cult. False concept of myth — the Greeks take it as history. By contrast, the poets *invent* quite unabashedly.

30[33][178]

Goethe: "we often dare not damage error, in order not to damage the truth."

30[34]

Goethe defines *duty* "where we *love* what we *command* ourselves to do."[179]

Ordinarily "where we *command* ourselves to do what we *love*."

30[35][180]

Rhythmic sensibility displays itself first on a large scale: opposition of *kola*[181] (hexameter and hexameter). Hebraic rhythmics remained stuck there. Likewise the periodicity of prose. Gradually the *feeling for time* becomes finer, first at the *end*.

30[36]

"Ipsum viventem quidem relictum, sed sola posteritatis cura et abruptis vitae blandimentis."[182] Tac{itus} hist. II 53

30[37][183]

He knows nothing yet about evil, he who has not experienced how the basest slander and the most poisonous envy comport themselves like compassion.

30[38]

Because everyone wants happiness, character traits affects <are> quite varied and scarcely alterable: so we must utilize *all* beginnings *cleverly*. Ethic for the clever-spirited.

30[39][184]

Probable: the mastery of the *experts* and the education of the masses to rule themselves through them.

30[40]

Anyone who perfects something that lies beyond the horizon of what his acquaintances can see and feel:—envy and hatred as compassion—parties consider the work as degenerate sickness temptation. Long faces.

30[41]

Instead of overflowing into life, Wagnerian art demands from Wagnerians only inclinations (for example religious national).

30[42]

We resemble the *living* beasts on the shield of Hephaestus[185]—*aesthet<ic>* phenom<ena> but *horrible*!

30[43][186]
We must have the courage to love in art what really suits us and to admit this, even when it is *bad* taste. Thus we can move forward.

30[44][187]
Inverted morality, for example in *Tristan*, where the adulterer makes the reproach: quite different among the Greeks.

30[45]
Much too much music in Wagnerian drama.

30[46]
Novella: because of death *moriendi perdere causas*.[188] A suicide, who in his search for death———

30[47]
In reading a book, we imagine that the keynote is the first thing that we should hear from it—but generally we hear *into* it something that we call by this name.

30[48][189]
Chap. VII. Education
Germany in its action–reaction shows itself to be barbaric.

30[49]
The one who insists the most upon moral "service" is the one who cannot make his success visible—the unfree oppressed.

30[50]
Wagner's art calculated for the nearsighted—all-too-great proximity necessary (miniature),[190] but at the same time farsighted. But no normal eye.

30[51][191]

At that time, I believed that from the aesthetic point of view the world was and was meant by its poet to be a play, but that it was a *deception* as a moral phenomenon: for which reason I came to the conclusion that the world would let itself be justified only as an aesthetic phenomenon.[192]

30[52]

When I listened to the united sound of the older Greek philosophers, I thought I was perceiving tones that I was accustomed to hearing from Greek art, and especially from tragedy. How far this was due to the Greeks, and how far instead to my own ears, the ears of a human being greatly in need of art—that I cannot even now express with certainty.

30[53]

1 The individual and the many
2 Survival of art
3 New antiquity[193]
4 Sources of energy
5 Picture of a nearby future
6 Property
7 Education[194]

30[54]

Poland the only country of Occidental-Roman culture that has never experienced a Renaissance. Reformation of the church without reform of the total spiritual life, therefore without putting down lasting enduring roots. Jesuitism—noble freedom destroys it. It would have gone precisely this way for the Germans without the effect of Erasmus and the humanists.[195]

30[55][196]

The Greeks were *ready* when a Homer displayed works of art to them—he could *count upon understanding for long,*

comprehensible compositions—there, a people must be *far along*! Think of the Teutons with their momentary effects of the *Edda*!

What Homer could do, *to compose*, we see in the ambition of *Hesiod*, who also composes.

30[56]

I want properly thinking humans to let this book count as a sort of atonement[197] for the fact that previously I promoted a dangerous aesthetic: the effort of which was to make all aesthetic phenomena into "miracles" —— I have thereby caused damage among the followers of Wagner and perhaps in Wagner himself, who sees as valid everything that lends higher rank to his art, however well founded or unfounded it may be. Perhaps I have misled him into greater certainty through my assent since his writing on "The Vocation of Opera"[198] and brought something untenable into his writings and working. I regret this deeply.

30[57]

The *poet's* invention can become *myth* if it finds widespread belief—as the *usus* and *abusus* of a word fluctuates.

30[58]

With the harmony of *pleasure* in which human nature swims, it is not *really* the same as with the harmony of spheres: we no longer hear it, when we are living inside it.

30[59]

Analysis of the *sublime*.

30[60]

My way of reporting history is really to narrate my own *experiences* through the occasion of past ages and human beings. Nothing connected—some individual thing dawned on me, something else did not. Our literary historians are boring

because they force themselves to speak about everything and to judge, even where they have *experienced* nothing.

30[61]

What *still works*? Principle of painters and musicians and poets: they ask themselves first, from the time when they were not productive.

30[62][199]

The fear that people do not believe that the Wagnerian figures are *living*: therefore they behave so insanely.

30[63][200]

We make a mistake toward a way of life we have adopted because our mood at the moment of resolution and at that of execution is completely different.

30[64]

Art begins with the caricature. That something *has meaning* causes pleasure. That something meaningful is mocked and ridiculed causes more pleasure. Ridicule is the first sign of the higher spiritual life (as in the graphic arts).

30[65][201]

"Where art is *restricted* in its *means*, however, it must be *powerful* in its *essence*." Jacob Burckhardt.

30[66]

Greek prose—intentional circumscribing of the means. Why? What is simple at the end of the mountain path. Complicated at first and at the end.

30[67]

I have thereby drawn the lot of the idealists who have been offended by the object of which they have made so much—an ideal monster: the real Wagner shrivels up.

30[68][202]

How worm-eaten and filled with holes human life is, how totally it is built upon deception and distortion, how everything exalting, like illusions, and all pleasure in life is thanks to error—and accordingly, how the origin of such a world is to be sought not in a moral being, but perhaps in an artist-creator, by which I meant that such a being deserves no respect at all in the sense of Christians (who set up a God of goodness and love), and did not even shy away from the intimation that this representation, as it was inoculated by force could also be torn out once again by force from German nature. In so doing, I believed that I had uncovered in Wagner's art the path to a German heathenism, or at least a bridge to a specific, unchristian view of the world and of human beings. "The gods are bad and knowing: they deserve their downfall, humans are good and stupid—they have a more beautiful future and will attain it once the former have gone to their final twilight"—thus I would have formulated my creed at that time, whereas I now ———

30[69]

What was at first *customary* subsequently becomes overloaded and *seeped through*, as it were, not only with piety, but also with *reason* and *reasons*. So in the end a thing appears to be quite reasonable (much about it has been shoved into the background and embellished). This deceives about its *descent*.

30[70][203]

The aftereffect of a past culture is *national* in a culture that has been completely changed, and supported upon a different foundation. Hence the logically contradictory elements in the life of a people.

30[71]

We must resist Wagner's false imitation. If, in order to be able to create *Parsifal*, he is required to pump new energies from religious sources, this is not a model, but instead a danger.

30[72]

There exist readers who prefer the somewhat high-stepping and uncertain gait and ring of my earlier writings, which I am presently struggling against—the greatest possible certainty of description and suppleness of all movements, the most careful moderation in the use of all pathetic and ironic artistic means. May those readers who do not wish to allow their taste to be spoiled, obtain something welcome from the work being communicated here, as compensation for the fact that I have caused them annoyance by changing my taste in these matters. Yet if we have gradually become so dissimilar, so alien in so many and such great efforts, then I would prefer at this opportunity where I must speak to them once again to speak only of the most harmless of all differences, the difference of style.

30[73]

Wagner has no proper confidence in *music*: he draws upon related sensations in order to give it the character of something great. He attunes himself to *others*, first he has his listeners given intoxicating drinks in order to make them believe that the *music has intoxicated them*.

30[74][204]

"*Childish* art offends the most." A group in front of the statue, the statue *in front of* the herma, etc. "We do not yet recognize the difficulties." Jacob Burckhardt.

30[75][205]

Tapestry—home of the infinitely often *re*peating. On vases and brass implements we find it again. Because everything is

small and countless, only its *gestures* could be seen, not its spiritual expression.

30[76]

Healthiest figure is Brahms, in whose music more German blood flows than in that of Wagner—by which I would like to have said something very good, yet not at all *only* something good.

30[77][206]

I only want to admit it: I had hoped that through art the *stale Christianity* could be completely spoiled for the Germans—German mythology as weakening, habituating to polytheism, etc.

What terror over *restorative* trends!

30[78]

Like someone who takes leave forever, steps toward even to his less well-regarded acquaintances with warmer feelings and offers them his hand, so I feel myself more well-disposed toward certain works of earlier years precisely now, when I am moving away from the shores toward which I was then guiding my ship.

30[79][207]

Age-old *portrait-similarity* in Mycenae—later this trace abandoned.

Animal world better than human—not symbolically bound.

30[80][208]

It is hard to attack Wagner with regard to individual matters and not be right; his way of art life character, his opinions, his inclinations and aversions, everything has sore spots. But as a whole, the appearance is able to cope with every attack.

30[81]
Plato's aversion toward art symbolic-typical at the end.

30[82]
If Wagner were to think differently about this; well then, we want to be better Wagnerians than Wagner.

30[83][209]
I understand the development of *Sophocles* through and through—the antipathy toward pomp and ostentatious effects.

30[84][210]
Smiling is the expression of life, of the momentary (even when they die, *aegineten*).[211]

30[85]
The *highest task in the* **end**, to *thank* Wagner and Schopenhauer publicly and at the same time to make them take sides against themselves.

30[86]
The **Thracian** *pessimism* v<ide> Herodotus,[212] the one who is born gets lamented.

30[87]
Those writers who write with reason *against* reason should take heed that they do not come to disgust themselves.

30[88][213]
The **rich** style follows upon the **great** one.
Cities artists and schools compete.
Bodies cultivated long before expression of the soul.
Thigh much earlier than the breast.

30[89][214]

The *useful* stands higher than the *pleasant* (beautiful), because it strives indirectly and in the long run for what is pleasant, and does not seek to create something immediate or even the basis for what is pleasant (for example, as health). The art of the beautiful is either calculated solely upon the moment or coincides with the useful; the useful is **never** an aim *in itself*, but instead the *feeling of well-being in what is pleasant*.

30[90]

Wagner should never be allowed to forget that in the second half of the 19th century, in his own way—which admittedly is not exactly the way of good and sensible human beings—he brought art into remembrance as an important and magnificent thing.

30[91]

Frightful, to *what* degree I myself could take pleasure in Wagner's style, which is so negligent that it is not worthy of such an artist.

Wagner's style. The all too fashionable habituation of conversing about the most important objects without sufficient knowledge has made him so uncertain and incomprehensible: hence the ambition to do the same as the witty feuilletonists—and finally the presumption that readily pairs itself with negligence: "see, everything was very good."[215]

30[92]

The most beautiful thing about hunger is that it creates an appetite.

30[93][216]

Preface. Position of the wise man concerning art. The Greeks *subtler* than we: the wise one, the man of taste.

Not only hunger is necessary (or rather this should not be too severe)—"love," say the dreamers:—but also taste. Indeed, taste already presumes appetite—otherwise nothing tastes good. Critique is the pleasure in the good, with **an increase in pleasure** through knowledge of what has been unsuccessful. Whence the countless critics, if there were no pleasure in this? Accordingly, even something bad *is useful* in that it invites us to destroy it and thereby arouses pleasure. Also pleasure to *make it better*.

30[94][217]
Emerson, p. 328 (Essays) "the rounding mind's eye."

30[95]
Preface. I could have entitled this book: from the souls of artists and writers; in fact, it is a continuation of the fifth chapter, which bears this title.

30[96]
Preface. I know no means for recognizing something good other than making something good oneself. This gives us wings that allow us to fly to many a distant nest in which something good is sitting.

30[97]
Schopenhauer an optimist when he says (*Parerga* II, p. 598)[218] "There are *two histories*: one of *politics* and the other of *literature* and art. The former is the history of the *will*, the latter that of the *intellect*. The former is, therefore, generally alarming and even terrifying; dread, fear, distress, deception, and horrible murder *en masse*. The latter, on the other hand, is everywhere delightful and serene . . ." Oho! Ho!

30[98]
However much we may decompose morality—our own, nested in our entire being, cannot thereby be decomposed.

Our way of being true and untrue remains undiscussable. "The tone of seeking, is one, and the tone of having is another."[219]

30[99]

I am concerned that Wagner's effects will eventually flow into the river that springs from beyond the mountains and that also understands how to flow across mountains.

30[100]

Schopenhauer, Parerga II, 630:[220] "<that> many a man has a degree of existence at least 10 times higher than that of another—ten times as much as *is there*"—the *sage* is then the *most real of all beings*.

30[101][221]

Comparison with the symphony, Act III of *Tristan*, "The Birth of Tragedy"—unclear and high-stepping, as I loved at that time to express myself according to Wagner's model.

30[102][222]

In the fourth century, the world of inner excitement is discovered—Scopas, Praxiteles, *Expression*. (Not yet Phidias. Laws of **strictness**.)

30[103]

Emerson, p. 331, *Essays*, "The *life of truth* is cold, and so far mournful; but it is not the slave, etc."[223]

30[104]

"To be great is to be misunderstood."[224]

30[105]

To characterize *Schiller's ideality* (best done from Körner's letters).

30[106][225]
Frieze in Phigalia of the highest passion.

30[107][226]
The same sum of talent and diligence that makes the classical artist, one span of time *too late*, makes the baroque artist.

30[108][227]
We demand of him that he make the worst of a *good job*.

30[109]
Wagner interrupted the process, harmfully, not in order to regain the path.

There hovered before me a *symphony covered* with drama. Extending itself out from song.

But opera, effect, what is ungermanic drew Wagner elsewhere. All of the even imaginable means of arts in the highest intensification.

30[110][228]
Complete absence of morality in Wagner's heroes. He has the wonderful idea that exists only in art: the reproach of the sinner directed against the guiltless: "O king"—Tristan to Mark.

30[111]
Listen to the second act of the *Götterdämmerung without* drama: it is muddled music, wild as a bad dream and as terribly clear as if it wanted to be clear even to deaf people. This *speaking, without saying anything*: is alarming. The drama is pure redemption.—Is it *praise* to say that this music is, by itself, unbearable as *a whole* (apart from individual, intentionally isolated places)?—Enough, *without drama* this music is a continual denial of all the highest laws of style of older music: anyone who has fully *accustomed* himself to it loses his feeling for these laws. But has drama *gained* anything

from this supplement? A *symbolic interpretation* has been added, a sort of philological commentary that anathematizes the forever *free imagination of the understanding*—tyrannical! Music is the *language of the explainer*, who speaks continually, however, and allows us no time: in a difficult language, moreover, that demands yet another *explanation*. Anyone who has first had poetry (language!) drilled into his head *separately*, has then transformed it with his eyes into action, has then sought out and understood and fully incorporated the musical-symbolic element of it, has truly fallen in love with all three of these things—he, then, has an uncommon pleasure. But how *demanding*! It is impossible, however, except for short moments—because too exhausting, this tenfold total attentiveness of eye ear understanding feeling, highest receptive activity, without *any* productive countereffect!—This is what the smallest number of people do: whence then the effect upon *so many*? Because we *are intermittent* with our attention, whole stretches are flat, because we are sometimes attending *only* to the music, sometimes to the drama, sometimes to the stage—the work is therefore *decomposed*.—The *genre* is thereby condemned to death: the result is not drama, but instead a moment or a *voluntary* selection. The creator of a *new genre* should pay attention here! Not the *arts beside one another all the time*—but instead, the *moderation* of the ancients, which is in accord with human nature.

30[112]

Various ways to music still stand open (or still *stood* open, without Wagner's influence). Organic structure as symphony with a counterpart as drama (or mime without words?) and then *absolute music*, which regains the laws of organic formation and Wagner used only as preparation. Or *outdoing* Wagner: *dramatic choral music*—Dithyramb. Effect of unison.

Music out of enclosed spaces into the mountains and forest preserves.

30[113]
Gradual **surrender** of
union of the nation
union of the *party*
union *of friendship*
of the *consistency of actions*.

30[114][229]
Insight into the *injustice of idealism*, in that I revenged myself on Wagner for my deceived expectations.

30[115]
Wagner, who in his prose writings will be more admired than understood.

30[116]
In spring, a path in the woods overgrown with grass—undergrowth and bushes, then larger trees—feeling of ecstatic freedom.

30[117][230]
Wagner's nature makes us into *poets*, we discover a still higher nature. One of his most magnificent effects, which turns itself *against him* in the end. So must every human being raise himself above himself, insight raise itself *above* his abilities: humans become a series of steps of Alpine valleys, ever higher upward.

30[118]
Short passages of *good* music escape him: almost always in contradiction to the drama.

30[119]
Princes and nobles, whose external attitude in thinking of the feast is very beautifully delineated by a short fable. The most highly placed guest, etc.

30[120]

Deafening or *intoxicating* effect of all Wagnerian art. By contrast, I want to name the places where Wagner stands *higher*, where pure happiness streams forth from him.

30[121]

There are individual sounds of an unbelievable naturalness that I never want to hear again; indeed, only to be able to forget them — materna.

30[122][231]

There is *always* something that makes Wagner's music interesting: and so sometimes feeling can rest, sometimes the understanding. This total tension and stimulation of our being is what we are so grateful for. We are finally inclined to count his errors and deficiencies to his credit, because they make us productive ourselves.

30[123]

Wagner, whose ambition is even greater than his talent, has dared in countless cases to do something that exceeds his ability — but it almost awakens awe to see someone so unceasingly assaulting something unconquerable — the fate in himself.

30[124][232]

An art that denies the harmony of existence and shifts it *behind the world*. All of these hinterworlders and metaphysicians.

30[125]

The *critique of morality* is a high *stage* of morality — but vanity ambition pleasure in victory are blended with it, as in all critique.

30[126]
Our thinking should be powerfully fragrant, like a field of grain on summer evenings.

30[127]
Blowing away gold dust.

30[128]
We can speak without constraint about Wagner as we can about Schopenhauer, even during their lifetimes—their greatness, which we are compelled to lay upon the other pan of the scales, will always remain victorious. All the more reason to warn against the *dangerousness* of their effects.

30[129]
The billowing, fluttering, swaying element in the *whole* of Wagnerian music.

30[130]
I advise everyone not to be afraid of paths like these (Wagner and Schopenhauer). The really quite *unphilosophical* feeling of remorse has become completely alien to me.

30[131]
I feel as if I have recovered from a sickness; I think with inexpressible sweetness of Mozart's *Requiem*. Simple fare tastes good to me once again.

30[132]
Dionysus the *first* god of the Thracians, their Zeus, like Wotan.

30[133]
Mendelssohn, in whom they find lacking the energy of the element<ary> convulsion (parenthetically said: the talent of

the Jew of the Old Testament), without finding a substitute in what he does possess, freedom within the law and noble affects restrained by beauty.

30[134]

Schopenhauer basically glorifies the will (the omnipotent entity that everything serves). Wagner *transfigures* passion as the mother of everything great and even wise.

Effect upon *youth*.

30[135][233]

Often enough, Wagner himself has conceded all of this in private conversation: I wish that he would also do it publicly. For what constitutes the greatness of a character other than that he is capable, for the sake of truth, of also taking sides *against himself*?

30[136][234]

Thoughtfulness expended upon an unclear, but high-stepping turn of Wagner's ("time becomes space here").

"Wotan's eye" touching, to cause the corner of the philologist's mouth to twitch—but displeasure over[235] subtler heads, from which only partisan sensibility speaks and who certainly notice the negligence.

30[137]

The *natural laws of artistic development* are really the consequences of *psychological* things, vanity ambition etc.

30[138]

Baroque style—it must be said.

It is very difficult to find the course of Wagner's inner development—his own description of his inner experiences is of no importance at all. He writes partisan writings for his followers.

30[139]
We are experiencing the downfall of the **last** *art*—Bayreuth convinced me of this—

30[140][236]
The *hatefulness* of the human soul follows just as necessarily as the baroque style upon the classical—for entire eras.

30[141]
The Wagnerian gods, none of whom "is worth anything."

30[142][237]
We have only to achieve something good and new: then we experience from our friends what it means: to make the worst of a good job.

30[143][238]
Schiller's phrase "there is no deliverance except in love from what is excellent"[239] quite Wagnerian. Profound jealousy toward everything great, from which he can extract *one* side—hatred toward what he cannot approach (Renaissance, French and Greek art of style).

30[144]
Error has made the poets into poets. *Error* has made the appraisal of poets so high. *Error* then allowed the philosophers to raise themselves even higher.

30[145]
In *Wagner*, *a blind denial* of what is good (like Brahms), among the partisans (Fr<au> W<agner>) a *perceiving* denial (Lipiner Rée).

30[146][240]

What is *partisanship*, what frivolity? From the latter perspective, I did not understand Wagner.

30[147][241]

Moods of *beauty*: Rhine-daughters scene, dim lights, exuberance of colors like with the autumn sun, brightness of nature; glowing red purple, melancholy yellow and green flow all mixed together.

30[148][242]

Reason- and world-fleeing efforts.

30[149][243]

Who would want to follow Wagner to the pinnacle of his vanity, which he always attains *there*, when he speaks of "German nature"—the pinnacle, moreover, of his imprudence: for if Friedrich the Great's righteousness, Goethe's refinement and lack of envy, Beethoven's noble resignation, Bach's shabbily[244] transfigured inner life, if creation without regard for splendor and success, without envy, are the truly *German* qualities, wouldn't Wagner almost intend to prove that he is not a German?

30[150][245]

"C'est la rage de vouloir penser et sentir au delà de sa force." Doudan.[246]—The Wagnerians.

30[151][247]

The Greek artists employed their energy upon restraint, now upon unchaining—strongest contrast!

Restrainers of the will, unchainers of the will.

30[152]

Milton: "it is almost the same thing, whether one kills a human being or a good book."[248] Against *parties*.

30[153][249]

Terrible wildness, the crushed annihilated, the cry of joy, the suddenness, in short, the qualities innate to the Semites—I believe that Semitic races encounter Wagnerian art with more understanding than the Aryan one.

30[154]

For the *preface*. I would like to give my readers this advice: the sign that they have penetrated into the sentiments of the author are ———— but nothing lets itself be forced here. A *journey* is favorable.

30[155]

The *creaturely life*, that enjoys wildly, snatches things up, grows sated with its abundance and longs for *transformation*—**the same** in Schopenhauer and Wagner.

Corresponding to their **age** for both: no lies and conventions, no morals and morality any more, really—colossal admission that the wildest *egoism* is present—honesty—*intoxication*, not *mitigation*.

30[156]

A sign of the health of the ancients, that their moral philosophy, too, remained *on this side* of the boundary of happiness. Our investigation of truth is an excess: this is something we must *comprehend*.

30[157]

Neither suffering so severely from life, nor so flat and in need of emotion that Wagner's art would be *necessary* to us as medicine.—This is the primary reason for the **antagonism**,

not impure motives: we cannot value as highly anything to which no necessity drives us, that we do not *need*.

30[158][250]

Time—elementary sensuality *not* transfigured by beauty (like that of the Renaissance and the Greeks), *desolation* and *coldness* are the presuppositions against which Wagner and Schopenhauer battle, *upon* which they work—the *ground of their art*. *Fire* of desire, *coldness* of the heart—Wagner wants a fire of the heart *in addition to* the fire of desire, Schopenhauer wants coolness of desire *in addition to* coolness of heart (the Schopenhauer of life, not the one of philosophy).

30[159]

Goethe—"Byron's boldness insolence and grandiosity, isn't all of that educational? We must guard against wanting constantly to seek for it in what is definitively pure and moral. Everything *great* educates, so soon as we become aware of it."[251]

This to be applied to Wagner's art.

30[160]

Voltaire, according to Goethe "the universal source of light."[252]

30[161]

Keller, Burckhardt to be mentioned: many German things maintain themselves better in **Switzerland** at present, we find them *more clearly* maintained here.

30[162][253]

Superstition about *property*—it does not make us freer, but instead more enslaved, requires much time, reflection, creates cares, ties us to others to whom we prefer not to be compared, because we need them; binds us more firmly to a place, to a country.—The beggar is admittedly more dependent—but with few needs, small, but sufficient earnings and much free

time. For those who admittedly are able to make no use of free time, striving for property, like striving for honors decorations etc., an *amusement*. Wealth is often the result of spiritual inferiority: but *it* arouses envy, because it can be used to mask inferiority with cultivation. Accordingly, the spiritual impotence of humans is the indirect source of the immoral covetousness of the others. This, an *observation* **after the war**.[254] *Cultivation* as a *mask*, *wealth* as a consequence of *inner, real lack of culture and coarseness*.

30[163]

Nothing is more damaging to good insight into culture than allowing genius and nothing else to count. That is a *subversive* way of thinking, in connection with which all working for culture must cease.

30[164]

After the war, *luxury*, contempt for the *French*, the national, displeased me—like Wagner with respect to the French, Goethe to the French and Greeks.[255] How far back compared with Goethe—disgusting sensuality.

30[165][256]

With the Greeks, the art of poetry is older than the *other* arts: *it* must therefore have accustomed the people to the *sense* for *measure*; the other artists must then have followed them. But **what** gave measure to the poets?

30[166]

Plan.

Insight into the **endangerment** of *culture*.

War. Deepest pain, *fire in the Louvre*.[257]

Weakening of the *concept of culture* (the national), cultivated philistines.[258]

Historical sickness.[259]

How does the individual gain footing against the epidemic?

1) Schopenhauer's metaphysics, suprahistorical; more heroic thinker. Standpoint almost religious.[260]
2) Wagner's defense of his art against contemporary taste.[261]

From that, *new dangers*: the metaphysical leads to contempt for the *real*: accordingly, in
the end *inimical to culture* and almost more dangerous Overestimation of genius.
The culture of music rejects science, critique; much that is limited is added from Wagner's nature. Coarseness in addition to overstimulated sensibility.
Subtilizing and symbolizing gain the upper hand among Wagnerians.
I estranged myself from art, poetry (learned to misunderstand antiquity) and nature, almost lost my good temperament. The bad conscience of the metaphysician there.

Significance of Bayreuth for me.
Flight.
Cold water bath.
Art, nature, mildness return.

Purpose of the Communication
Friends.

30[167][262]
What is *ungermanic* in Wagner:
he lacks the German charm and the grace of a Beethoven Mozart Weber, the flowing cheerful fire (*allegro con brio*) of Beethoven or Weber, the unconstrained humor without contortion.
Lack of modesty, the noisy bell.[263] Inclination toward luxury.
Not a good civil servant like Bach. Toward competitors not Goethean calm.

30[168]
besides a morality of grace stands an *art of grace* (inspiration).
Description!

30[169][264]

At that time, I believed that I saw Christianity vanishing, Wagner also sent a few angry words along after it—stifling superstition—now—beyond the mountains.

30[170]

Grand opera from French and Italian beginnings. Spontini, when he created *La Vestale*, had still not heard a note of gen<uinely> German music. *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*—for them there was no need for a Beethoven, though a Weber, to be sure.—Bellini Spontini Auber provided the dramatic *effect*; from Berlioz[265] he learned orchestral language; from Weber romantic coloring.—

30[171]

Everything that would like to *present* itself as energy, inspiration, overflow of feeling—artistic methods of *weakness* (of overstimulated artists), in order to *deceive*.

30[172]

The *luxury* of methods of colors of the claims of the symbolic. The *sublime* as what is inconceivable inexhaustible with regard to size. Appeal to every *other* kind of greatness.

30[173]

I do not doubt that things covered in a thick, sweet pulp are swallowed more willingly.—Truths about Wagner.

30[174]

These wild animals with touches of a sublimated tenderness and thoughtfulness—have nothing to do with us. By contrast, for example, Philoctetes.

30[175]

Wotan—annihilating the world, because one is annoyed.

Brünnhilde—allowing the world to be annihilated, because one is in love.

30[176]

Wotan, raging disgust—may the world perish.

Brünnhilde loves—may the world perish.

Siegfried loves—what does the method of deceit matter to him. Likewise Wotan. How odious to me all of this is!

30[177]

Just as Master *Erwin* von Steinbach is dependent upon his French models and masters, free and towering over them, so Wagner upon the French and Italians.

30[178][266]

Vaulted construction probably passed from the Diadochi to the Romans, *probably*.

30[179][267]

Power and pomp, will of the Romans.

30[180]

Opposition—Horace among only eternal stable things—we among only very brief ones: every generation should till its own field.

30[181][268]

Romans **creators** of all rounded forms, not only improvers with ingenuity.

30[182]

With Goethe, the greatest part of the art passed over into his being. It is otherwise with our theater-artists, who are inartistic

in their lives and only theater-compassion[269] ——— Tasso's theater.

30[183][270]

The effects of Wagnerian rhetoric are so intense that our understanding takes its *revenge* afterward—as it is with a conjurer. We criticize Wagner's *methods* of creating effects **more severely**. It is fundamentally an annoyance that Wagner did not find it *necessary* to use *subtler* methods in order to capture **us**.

30[184]

Like music in the open air during windy cold weather

30[185]

The pleasure in Rée's psychological observations one of the very greatest. Where from? thus I felt the motives of human beings are not worth very much. Like Socrates about wise humans, so I about moral ones. At that time, I made *exceptions*; in order to place these quite high, I placed the former quite low (and in so doing, doubtless misunderstood the author).

30[186]

The previous century had less history, but knew how *to make something* more of it.

30[187]

How can anyone have such pleasure in *triviality* that *self-love* furnishes the *motives of all* our actions! 1) Because for a long time I knew nothing about it (metaphysical period) 2) because the proposition can be tested very often and stimulates our acuteness and thus causes us pleasure 3) because we feel ourselves to be in community with all the experts and sages of all times: it is a language of honorable people, even among bad ones 4) because it is the language of *men* and not

of visionary youths (Schopenhauer found his youthful philosophy especially the 4th book completely alien to himself—)[271] 5) because it incites us to take up life in our *own way*, and rejects false measures; it *gives us courage*.

30[188][272]

Regression compared to the previous century in ethics—Helvétius. From there downward Rousseau Kant Schopenhauer Hegel.

30[189]

The vehemence of excited sensation and the length of its duration stand in contradiction. This is a point in which the author himself does not have a decisive voice: he has slowly accustomed himself to his work and created it over a long time: he *cannot* displace himself disinterestedly into the standpoint of the recipient. Schiller made the same mistake. In antiquity, too, it was much too closely trimmed.

30[190]

I perceived this, with sorrow, many things even with sudden terror. But finally I felt that I, taking sides against myself and my preferences, was perceiving the consolation and comfort of the truth—a much greater happiness came over me thereby than the one to which I now voluntarily turned my back.

30[191]

Wagner's *Nibelungen* cycle are the strictest *closet dramas*, counting upon the inner imagination. High genre of art, also among the Greeks.

30[192][273]

Contradiction in the presumed auditor. Most *artistic* as recipient and totally *unproductive*! Music tyrannizes sensation

through all-too-painful realization of the symbolic, the stage tyrannizes the eye. Something slavish-subservient and yet completely fire and flame at the same time in this art—*therefore* unparalleled partisan training necessary. *Therefore* Judaism etc. as hunting whip.

[31 = N I 5. Summer 1878]

31[1][274]

Theopompus complete jealousy toward Plato, too, as the *greatest Litterator*.[275]

31[2]

Reasons why Greek literature does not appear *alien* to us?

1) *Gymnasium* spoiled
2) tool of philology
3) we have too much imitation

31[3]

Chap<ter>—moral influence of the poets orators writ<ers>]
Chap<ter> prose and poetry

31[4][276]

Thucydides complete outflow of *Sophistic* education.

31[5]

Introduction.

We should read nothing *about* literatures, therefore also *write* nothing about them. So I want to say *how* one should read. Task of philology.—Warn against ord<inary> reading.

31[6]

In any event, I agree with anyone who was dissatisfied with the scen<ery> stage apparatus in Bayreuth. Much too much effort and invention expended upon putting the imagination in chains, with materials that do not deny their *epic* origin. But the *naturalism* of the *gestures*, of the *songs*, in comparison with the orchestra!! What twisted affected spoiled tones, what a false nature we heard there!

31[7][277]

The art of the modern statesman, to awaken the good conscience upon the outbreak of a war—the belief in the triumph of the good cause.

31[8][278]

To give up the joy in the romantic, and to that end, in the elementary.

31[9][279]

Friends, we take joy in one another as in fresh growth of nature and have regard for one another: thus we grow beside one another like trees, and precisely for that reason stretched upward and straight, because we extend ourselves by means of one another.

[32 = N III 2. Autumn 1878]

32[1]
You are like the keynote ———

32[2][280]
It makes a difference among great human beings, too, whether they, in climbing upward toward a high goal, place ever higher or ever lower demands upon their powers. But it is difficult to know this for someone standing far away, because what the former have attained is under any circumstances unattainable for him: nevertheless, one of the highest can still always deny his ideal.

32[3][281]
To the *styles* in art correspond *souls*: to delineate a baroque soul. The high soul, the more refined soul, the noble soul.

32[4][282]
The subtler obscurantists — Lipiner.

32[5][283]
If an artist wants to violently shake exalt transform humans, he can as an artist utilize dishonest methods to do this: his sanctified purpose does not sanctify matters in this case. For his purpose belongs in front of the moral tribunal, his means in front of the aesthetic one.

32[6]

All around us a sort of education through myths. Cause: we are not completely honest, beautiful words stampede us.

32[7]

A man who is portrayed by an enthusiast and who says to him, "how well you know me!", arouses my deepest antipathy.

32[8]

The greatest part of our being is unknown to us. Nevertheless, we love ourselves, speak as if of something completely known, on the basis of a little bit of memory. We have a *phantom of the "ego"* in our heads, which determines us many times over. Consistency is supposed to result from development. That is the *private-culture*-achievement—we *want to create unity* (but believe that it is only to be *discovered*!).

32[9][284]

A novel.
A volume of poetry
A history
A philology.

32[10][285]

Human beings cannot hear the tone of promising and the tone of fulfillment together: for they have *heard* something out of the promise that was not in it.—As I: I promised the harshness of truth—admittedly with many a fantastic *expression*: and now I have overturned the milk can of these innocent children.

32[11]

Solemnity has become repugnant to me: what are *we*!

32[12]
Friends as worn-out clothing.

32[13]
Emerson p. 201 the "*Over-Soul*"[286] is really the highest result of culture, a phantasm on which everything good and great has worked.

32[14]
"Wouldn't we have to be dehumanized?"[287] Who understood the irony?

32[15]
Emerson thinks that, "the value of life lay in its *inscrutable* possibilities; in the fact that I never know, in addressing myself to a new individual, what may befall me."[288] That is the mood of the wanderer. p. 311 in Emerson *important*, the *fear of so-called science*—the creator goes in through a door for every individual.[289]

32[16]
*H*ave *you* had great *j*oy *i*n something? then take *l*eave of *i*t, for it never comes a second time.

32[17]
Feeling of well-being after completed daily work—pessimists and art visionaries *lack* this.

32[18]
"In nature, all is useful, all is beautiful."[290] But in the end, seen from above, for humans, *too*. Beauty is *there*, only the eye for seeing it is lacking. At least that natural beauty that is at the same time usefulness.

32[19][291]

Pine trees that *listen* and render even deeper the impression of southern stillness and midday *peace*.

32[20][292]

The *rejecting* of a *book* frequently says that we can experience nothing here, because we lack the preparation and the senses for it. With human beings, too. All *negating* displays our lack of fertility and of organs in *this* area: if we were like the ground, we would let *nothing perish*.

We have the feelers of many human beings in us—but not of all.

32[21]

History wants to *overcome strangeness*, humans resist the past, everything ought to be "ego" "biography" and "long-since-known."

32[22]

Artists strive "to refine luxury, not to do away with it" —complain the idealists. But what we call doing away with something (it is evaporating sublimating) occurs nonetheless along that path. The superfluous is the precondition of everything beautiful.

32[23][293]

"We must carry to the market on foot what we earned by working hard" E<merson>.

32[24]

The more or less *uniform* development of *reason* and of *feeling* is the *goal* of culture (as foundation of the understanding, of common assistance and advancement). Therein lies the significance of such organizing world powers as the *Romanum imperium*, Christianity, above all, science. In general and in

detail, *misunderstanding* predominates: *that is the reason for* eccentric egoism, not out of badness. — There is a great loss connected to this *leveling culture*. "History" is the narrative of the means, the channels <and> paths leading to uniformity.

32[25]

Poets and imaginative sages *dream* that nature (animals and plants) can be *understood* without science and method, simply out of love and intuition. Precisely so do the metaphysicians still stand in relation to *humans*.

32[26]

What do we *want* with prosperity health? — *Joy* and comfort. Now, the sources of this lie in the spirit and the disposition. <With> prosperity and health we seek to do away with a sort of slime that obstructs an outward flow. — *Struggle* over the *means* to joy—if art and the sense for truth conflict. But this struggle can itself become a source of joy. In the end, the *development* of human beings is the joy of all joys.

[33 = N III 4. Autumn 1878]

33[1][294]

"Happiness of the staircase"—Children on ice, a wind-lantern in the moonlit night by the brook.

33[2]

Against Socrates, we can now object that there is nothing to be done with human virtue, but very much to be done with human wisdom.

33[3]

Artists think that pleasant moments, an[295] overflowing of the heart, are the goal of the world: they consider themselves to be the officially designated speakers for the happy moments.

33[4]

That artists have no feeling for spiritual property is something that they formerly betrayed in art itself: now mostly when they present themselves as thinkers and writers.

33[5]

Why are all musicians bad writers, without an ear for rhythm, without rigor in arranging their thoughts? Music relaxes thinking and overly refines the ear. Vague[296] symbolizing—allowing oneself to be satisfied with that.

33[6]
The youth places his hopes upon someone who always expresses himself too strongly, the man upon someone whose words always lag behind his achievements.

33[7]
Politics — party — honest<y>.

33[8]
In conclusion — "Does a greater happiness exist than in examining the soul — a life without examining: οὐ βιωτός."[297]

33[9]
What then is Europe? — Greek culture grew out of Thracian, Phoenician elements, Hellenism Philhellenism of the Romans, their world empire Christian, Christianity the bearer of antique elements, from these elements scientific seeds finally sprout, from Philhellenism comes a *philosophers' realm*: as far as science is believed in, so far does Europe now stretch. The Roman Empire was divided, Christianity blown away. We are no farther than Epicurus: but his dominion is infinitely more widespread — Hellenizing in fourfold coarsening and ungrounding.

33[10]
Therefore, because moral law and justice are made by human beings, do you believe that you can set yourselves above them: only by human beings, you say — do you not know that when you disdain human work in this way, you characterize yourselves and all of your intended human works as contemptible? You should be smart and honor it more highly than if it were "a work of God" — for what does a God matter to you! But the work of your fathers and forefathers ———

33[11]
NB. The true *maya*. — unstable and worthless values.

33[12]
Chinese workers,[298] in order to Europeanize Asia.

[34 = N III 1. Autumn 1878]

34[1]
There are certainly much cleverer heads, stronger and nobler hearts than I have: but they benefit me only insofar as I reach their level and we can help one another. What is then left over could, for me, from my perspective, be lacking: the world would still remain entirely my world.

34[2]
Also enthus<iasm> a hard question.

34[3]
We do not notice sickness of the spiritual constitution — but so much the more the ————

34[4]
Stammering poets, orators whose breath gives out and whose voices break, musicians without a rhythmic soul, sages with a wormwood flavor of foolishness — these imperfections of nature are almost torturers, who bring the most stubborn humans to reply: indeed, we need art.

34[5]
We do what we can.

34[6][299]
Out of ignorance the beginner reaches toward the highest goals, like art in its beginnings—misleading.

34[7][300]
Simplicity is a short level stretch in the mountains of art—neither at the beginning nor at the end.

34[8]
We can have little immediately, but we can have everything, if we only have time. Time is the capital that bears interest on all the virtues and talents in the world.

34[9]
There exists a creeping, scarcely admissible immodesty that is the most thoroughly exhausting, for example, in art, in thinking, in questioning.

34[10][301]
Homer no battle-hero, Sophocles no patient and persecuted hermit, the singers of fidelity and sacrifice are pitiless egoists, the cold moralists like Helvétius are good-hearted friends of humanity without cunning—talent wants to supplement character; it is the glass eye for the one who bears it, but not for those who see it.

34[11]
Beginning mastery of writers.

34[12][302]
Book anonymous, newspaper signed.

34[13][303]
Poets as apologists enthusiasts or concealers without character make thieves out of their friends. Conclusion from work to disposition unreliable.

34[14]
Even if someone has made his way through all of the wolf-, fox- and lion-pathways of the theory of knowledge — the first novice who comes along and takes a turn in these pathways is impertinent, if we allow the sun to go down and the earth to stand still.

34[15]
From the way in which the genius expresses admiration, we easily recognize whether he is grafted upon a wild tree of unrestrained selfishness — in this case, he admires how the great ones of earlier times display his own gleaming sides quite splendidly, one by one; he turns only those sides to the light, he throws a shadow upon the others — or instead: whether he grew up equal in birth with a noble tree; then he loves what is more than and different than him; like Goethe.

34[16][304]
We recognize how transitory philosoph<ies> are from their power to make things transitory. Schiller, fresh and vigorous in his time — must already now be perceived historically: the gloss of German idealism. So, too, all poetry with spots of intellect- and world-evading German pessimism, today.

34[17]
Anyone who now represents absolute metaphysics or even skeptical metaphysics in science and art goes over the mountain and promotes Rome.

34[18]
That goodbye where we finally separate ourselves because feeling <and> judgment are no longer inclined to go together, brings us closest to a person and we beat violently against the wall that nature has erected between him and us.

34[19][305]

<The> artist imagines that he has purchased his soul through his great gifts: but he has only made it more extens<ive> in order to obtain even greater gifts from other sides and to consider the offered selling price as much too small.

34[20]

Never to associate with someone who does not understand how to listen, but who instead presents himself and his ideas, while thinking that he thus directs the conversation. It is the sign of a great egoist, however gifted he may be.

Also, one who forces himself to be attentive is just as egotistical, only more polite.[306]

34[21]

The poet allows his spirit to count as his heart, the thinker bears his heart unnoticed in his spirit; the first as an actor.

34[22][307]

Summer breeze of the soul—terr<ible> happiness—February.

[35 = N III 5. Autumn 1878]

35[1]
Negl<ect> of workers ———

35[2]
Paris the only city ———

35[3]
On "baroque" ———

35[4]
There are many things that a man ought not to hold back with regard to men: but with pain, he is mindful of youths, whom his openness could confuse and divert from the good path: all the more if they have up until now been accustomed to listening to the words of their directing teacher. There remains for him, in order not <to> disturb their education, only the option of distancing himself thoroughly and sternly from them and of throwing to them the reins of his influence upon them. May they remain true to themselves *against him*! So they remain true to him, without knowing it.

35[5][308]
For many natures, it may be good to give their passions a festive holiday from time to time.

35[6][309]

——— the charming greatness of this first gardener of the soul of all times rediscovered ———

35[7]

——— presupposing that he understands how to chatter in cheerful modesty, out of this feeling of saturnalian liberty. The listeners ———

[36 = Mp XIV 2a. Autumn 1878]

36[1]

The Darwinist. — St. Augustine said: "ego sum veritas et vita, dixit Dominus; *non dixit*: ego sum consuetudo!"[310] — Too bad about that: thus he is not the truth and does not know what life is.

36[2]

One more owl to Athens. — We know that science and nationalist feeling are contradictions, even if political counterfeiters occasionally deny this knowledge: and finally! the day will also come when we comprehend that *all* higher culture can only damage itself now by surrounding itself with a national picket fence. It was not always so: but the wheel has turned and continues to turn.

36[3][311]

Seal and witness.

"purity of spirit has purity of passion as its consequence; hence a great and pure spirit loves with warmth and yet sees clearly, *what* he loves. — There are two types of spirit, the one geometrical and the other what we could call *the fine spirit*. The former has slow, hard, inflexible views; the latter has a quickness of thought that adapts itself immediately to the amiability of the beloved object. From the eyes, it goes to the

heart and in the exterior movement it recognizes what is occurring within" —

According to Pascal.

36[4][312]

Wieland "that I can<not> recall ever having heard the word German used for honor's sake." *Works* edition of 1840 XXXI, 247.

36[5]

The thought is not only the birth of the human will, but also treated by humans as a humanlike, willing person. The mind lingers in the presence of a human world ———

[37 = N III 3. November 1878]

37[1]
What do we get from it, if we have something of the whole world and yet do not give thanks!

37[2]
Defiance in the germ of thought, or love.

37[3]
Joy in fasting,[313] joy in "duty" — missed.

[38 = D 12. November–December 1878]

38[1][314]

Unexpected instruction. —It is a life full of pain and renunciation that first teaches us how existence is completely drenched with honey; which is why it is not rare for asceticism to be chosen out of a cunning Epicureanism. —The[315] "pessimists" are clever people with ruined stomachs: they take revenge with their heads for their bad digestion.[316]

38[2][317]

Overly refined unhappy people, like Leopardi, who proudly take revenge for their pain on all of existence, do not notice how the divine matchmaker of existence laughs at them for doing so: right now they are drinking once again from his mixing jar: for their revenge, their pride, their tendency to *think* what they are suffering,[318] their art of saying it— is that not all once again — honey?

[39 = N I 3c. 1878–July 1879]

39[1][319]
Literat<ure>.
Character falsely inferred from works. This, however, according to the artist<ically> most efficacious.
The artist, too, easily errs about himself.
But gradually his being transforms itself *in accordance with his* favorite creations.

39[2]
Winckelmann Goethe is absorbed by culture: therefore it seems empty to us.

39[3][320]
Pleasure in *constraint*, ever new self-binding among the Greeks.
Homer under the *constraint* of old technique.

39[4]
Metric *constraint*.
Natural error of the epic, of the individual genres.

39[5]
Thracians first make the transition to science: Democritus Protagoras Thucydides.

39[6]
Beginnings of new genres, dying out.
Rejected themes, selection.

39[7]
Coarsening of art in *drama*.

39[8][321]
Books to read:
Taine, France b<efore> the Revolution.[322]
Lenormant, Phoenicians etc.[323]
Gutschmid, New Contributions to Assyriology.[324]
Duncker, History, first volume[325]
Doehler, Hadrian etc. (Halle).[326]
Reumont, Cosimo.[327]
Reumont, History of Tuscany.
Stern, Milton and <his>Age.[328]
Villari, Machiavelli translated by Mangold.[329]
Petrarch, Geiger.[330]
Baudissin, Studies.[331]
Schack, Spanish Theater.[332]
— on Islam?
E. Schérer, études litteraires.{sic}[333]
Ambros III Volume (Renaissance *up to* Palestrina).[334]
Peschel, Ethnology.[335]
Renan etc.

39[9][336]
To see out of two eyes—δὶς τὸ καλόν.[337]

39[10][338]
A selected word wants to have its household of words around it and its aroma (perfume).

39[11]
Age of *knowledge* in order to give the soul peace and joy.

[40 = N IV 2. June–July 1879]

40[1][339]

October human being. Peasants in the Black Forest.

40[2][340]

All I lack is a homunculus.

40[3][341]

I conclude: *limitation* of his *needs*. But in this *everyone* must see to becoming a *specialist* (for example, with regard to his food, clothing, housing, heating, climate, etc.). *Placing his life upon as many or as few bases as he can adequately assess*—thus we advance the general morality, that is, we force every tradesman to deal *honestly* with us, because we are *experts*. A need in which we do not wish to become experts, we must *forbid* to ourselves: this is the new morality.

Expertise regarding the persons whom we need is the first *substitute*. Therefore, anthropology, at the point where our expertise ceases.

Therefore: to acquire a completely different type of *knowledge*, on the basis of our *needs*.

40[4][342]

The machine exerts terrible control, in that everything occurs at the right time and in the right way. The worker obeys the blind despot, he is more than its slave. The machine *does*

not educate the will in self-control. It awakens reactive desires against despotism—intemperance, nonsense, intoxication. The machine calls forth saturnalia.

40[5]

The *unfreedom* of opinions and person is *proven* by the revolutionary propensity.

Freedom by contentment, self-*ad*justment and personal *improve*ment.

40[6]

Against the harmfulness of the machine, *remedies*

1) Frequent change of functions on the same machine and on different machines.
2) Understanding of the total structure and *its* mistakes and capacity for improvement

(the democratic state, which often changes its officials)

40[7][343]

When there is a *less vigorous* character to social life, the final decisions (about so-called eternal questions) lose their importance. Consider how rarely already a human being has anything to do with them.

40[8][344]

My greatest pain.

40[9]

I became afraid at the sight of the uncertainty of the modern cultural horizon. Somewhat ashamed, I praised the cultures under a bell and protective glass. Finally I took heart and threw myself into the free world-ocean.

40[10][345]

Sentimental moods (about the transience of all pleasure, or melodic sighing for liberation from prison) always an expres-

sion of *depressed* nervous activity. The greatest part of musical pleasure belongs here.

—There are cultures of increasing nervous activity and those of declining; likewise philosophies, poetries.

It is only weariness (of thinking), especially amid a temporary poverty of hope, that leads them[346] into the Wagnerian atmosphere.

40[11][347]

The "Song to Joy" (22 May 1872) one of my highest moods. Only now do I feel myself on *this* path. "To fly, happy as his suns, wander brothers along their path—." What an oppressive and false "festival" was the one of 1876. And now everything out of the *Bayreuther Blätter* is enraged against the song to joy.

40[12]

As heroes battle upon our stages with dragons and we are supposed to believe in their heroism, *nevertheless* we see—therefore *see and* **still** *believe*—so, too, with all of B<ayreuth>.

40[13][348]

Music-sentiment<ality>.

To describe.

Night-watch, yearning for sleep—bright reddish brown.

40[14]

The more perfected the machine, the more morality it makes necessary. (Ax flint etc.)

40[15]

The more refined the spirit, the more the human *suffers* with an excess of desires. To that extent, spiritual refinement brings forth the same thing as morality from constrained spirits.

40[16][349]

The doctrine of the *nearest things*.
Division of the day, goal of the day (periods).
Food.
Circle of acquaintances.
Nature.
Solitude.
Sleep.
Earning of bread.
Education (one's own and of others).
Utilization of mood and weather.
Health.
Withdrawal from politics.

Unnatural displacement:
sickness (as healing)
death (as a blessing)
misfortune (as benefit)
battle against *pain*. The weapons become further pains (in battling lies exaggeration, pushing things too far). Nature as pain, religion as pain, society as pain, culture as pain, knowledge as pain. Therefore: *battle against battling!*

Healing of the soul.
Care.
Boredom.
Desire.
Weakness.
Wildness, revenge.
Renunciation.
Loss.
Sickness.

Joy. Trinity of joy
1) as elevation
2) as illumination
3) as peace
} 4) triune

40[17][350]
We esteem things according to the effort that producing or catching them has caused us. Hence "value." This is carried over to the truth and gives ridiculous results.

40[18][351]
Against the philosoph<ical>-relig<ious> *matchmaker*

40[19][352]
The *teacher* is, by diffusion of self-education, to be raised to the highest demands, in his middling forms to be annihilated.
To *replace* the *school* with friendship societies avid for learning.

40[20][353]
The restless *traveling life* of cultivated people is proof that they must go in search of themselves and that so few cultivated people live in a single place. Ten mature and diverse representatives of spirit root themselves firmly through the common magic of living together. — *Searching for nature* is a substitute for the absence of good society. Better alone than badly matched. We flee not so much ourselves as our circle of acquaintances, when we regularly forsake a place for the entire summer.
Yet rootedness is necessary for the persistence of all common institutions. We become travelers "wanderers," when we are nowhere *at home*. Therefore: the modern cloister.[354]

40[21][355]
Metaphysics and philosophy are attempts to *violently* take possession of the most fertile territory: they perish all the

sooner, because uprooting forests goes beyond the powers of the individual.

40[22][356]
Against the simulated contempt for the *nearest things* and the real neglect of them (crude conception).

40[23][357]
The nearest and furthest things.

40[24]
When I have *cried*:
1) Commune[358]
2) Poem Rosenlaui[359]
3) Peasants Black Forest[360]
4) Dream[361]
5) Address from Vienna birthday[362]

40[25]
The thread along which the thoughts of some thinkers run, is so fine that we do not see it and that we presume they are flying or hovering or practicing the art of winged poets. But just as the *spider* often runs down a single delicate thread—

40[26][363]
Now we must justify our *retirement*: universal—

40[27]
How do we produce human beings with good temperament?

[41 = N IV 1. July 1879]

41[1]

A philosopher who was once praised at length in the aforementioned way,[364] meanwhile wrote in the sand with his staff: "Eheu, Triviam deam fortassis amplexus sim?"[365]

41[2][366]

The most attractive book of Greek literature: *Mem<orabilia> Socr<atis>*.[367]

41[3]

We strive for independence (freedom)[368] for the sake of *power*, not the reverse.

41[4][369]

The overly watchful, all-too-brilliant glance and the trembling hand—Tristan.

41[5]

Through purposes, life becomes completely senseless and *untrue*. We work, *in order* to feed ourselves? We feed ourselves, *in order* to live? We live, *in order* to leave children (or works) behind. These do the same—etc. and finally *salto mortale*.[370] Instead, *in* working eating etc. the end is always also there: with the purpose we connect 2 ends to each other. I eat in order to eat *and* in order to live, that is in order to eat again.

An action wants to be *repeated* because it is pleasant. Everything pleasant is the end. Do plants exist, *in order* to be consumed by animals? There is *no purpose*. We *deceive* ourselves. — I dip the quill *in order to* ———

41[6][371]
We have considered climates, but day and night in general etc.

41[7][372]
Even for the most pious person, his daily midday meal is more important than the evening meal.[373]

41[8]
In the trades, we imitate nature and we are delighted in turn at how it seems that nature has imitated us, as in the small stem of the Alpine rose blossom, which seems to be woven out of yellow and red silk.

41[9][374]
Socialists help the triumph of *democracy*.

41[10][375]
Νεμεσσᾶν unseemly/inappropriate *equivalence*.

41[11]
If an equal renders assistance to his equal, it is not compassion, but instead duty — equivalence established. If the strong one helps the weak, *without* advantage — does he pity himself —?

41[12]
Stages: increasing reputation
1) with immediate utility in view
2) without this, but as capital

3) against immediate utility with regard to coming
4) *against* and *without* "vanity."

41[13]
All small things were once large.

41[14][376]
"Instead of coming, the stranger departed once again."

41[15]
The brain growing. Only the youngest parts have an accompanying consciousness. The older ones work without this *control lamp*.

The goal: the human being a great unconscious purposefulness, like the nature of the plant.

41[16]
Girls who laugh like turtle doves.

41[17]
At the time of the mild February wind, when the small ice-covered waters crackle under the feet of the children.

41[18]
A wheel-track full of water.

41[19]
A midday bell from the village tower, at which piety and hunger awake at the same time.

41[20]
Like the sun in a pine forest, warm fragrance and pure coolness of the wind's breath.

41[21]
Gnats cloudy sky and damp, warm air — my enemies.
Cliffs wind conifer trees heath grasses and a lot of air — my friends.

41[22][377]
"Sphynx, Temistocles, mythes, Paradoxs, Sofism, stile, Litterature etc."

41[23]
Carey 512.[378] Competition — its utility, although fundamentally bad. — It goes *against* equilibrium — but the other group has the advantage of the struggle. The third, who leads his ass away. But if they are English, then the third is himself the ass which is led away.

41[24]
Sleepy and contented like the sun in the alleys of a small city on a holiday.

41[25][379]
Terzas — octaves: melody
Childhood — to learn — first magic
everywhere there is sorrow, a loss is felt, but a partial rediscovery of the feeling from back then.
"Alpine glow of feeling" when the sun has gone down
Sunday-afternoon-solit<ude> likewise to be explained.
The child excels at great delight in simple things.

41[26]
The sensitive person very pious — a rogue.

41[27]
Soldier ball twilight

41[28]
A cert<ain> silliness in the accompanying figures of the rhythmic cadenzas does not cancel this effect,[380] sometimes it even seems to streng<then> it.

41[29]
At the nearness of a thunderstorm, when the grey mountain range looks frightful and malicious.

41[30][381]
Due to Jean Paul, Carlyle was ruined and became England's worst writer: and due to Carlyle in turn Emerson, the *richest* American, let himself be led astray into a tasteless wastefulness that throws thoughts and images out the window by the handful.

41[31][382]
Conclusion: *we* become *what we are not yet*: **good neighbors of the things nearest at hand**.

41[32]
The comforting remedies of Christianity will soon be an antiquity; an oil that has begun to stink. Then the comforting remedies of classical philosophy step forth once again, newly shining—and *our new* kind of comforting remedies is added, the historical kind.

41[33]
Most humans rebel against any comforter for a while and exaggerate the depth and intractability of their pain, in words and laments.[383] They find it unbearable that the comforter seems to assume that he would more readily be done with these misfortunes, losses, etc.: they indicate to him that this could only have its basis in the fact that he does *not* feel *deeply enough* and stands below them in his *capacity* to feel deeply. In truth,

they do not feel a hair's breadth more deeply than he, often less. Thus they oppose to his presumed superiority in overcoming pain a different one.

41[34]
Classical taste—to favor nothing that the force of time would not be capable of bringing to pure and exemplary expression, thus a feeling of the force and task specific to time.

41[35]
In views about *art*, *at least* we do not want to tolerate passion and coarseness: also blind partisanship.

41[36][384]
Ugliness and unattractiveness dislike fashion, because it does not think about them. They have to disguise themselves.

41[37]
The trick is not in organizing a festival, but instead in finding the ones who *take joy* in it. A festival is generally a spectacle without spectators, a table full of food without guests. Those who take part, princes and soldiers, have their duties and fatigue in this, and the curiosity of the street children is the sole lively *addition*.

41[38]
Pastry sugar a meal, a staircase.

41[39]
Against the cuisine of *prix fait*[385]—of the hotel.

41[40]
The shining yellow meadow and above it dark, brownish green strokes of woods, but over them in powerful ascent the same lines of mountains, the high mountain crests, bluish gray and shimmering white as snow.

41[41]
The greatness in the *ancients* is their universal drive, their eye and <their> evaluations of everything, their slight national accent (Greeks and Romans).

41[42][386]
For *ending* the *battle for existence*, community emerges. *Equilibrium*, its point of view.

41[43]
Commonness emerges first in the community. Thucydides: φθονερόν[387] toward brilliance, to blacken it—therefore among *equals*.

41[44]
I must have nature alone in order to bring it near to me. When I am with other people, it makes me impatient: and becomes ever more alien to me. People intoxicate me: for nature, I must have found my equilibrium completely.

41[45][388]
Human beings socialize too much and thereby lose themselves. Anyone who has little, will have even the l<ittle> t<hat he> h<as> tak<en away> by society, too.

41[46][389]
Anyone who does not learn early to be able to be alone for 2 hours a day, without occupation and obligation and (the disgusting halfway occupations of blowing off steam and gulping drinks)—he ———

41[47]
Perhaps the gods are still *children* and treat humanity like toys and are cruel without knowing it and destroy things in innocence. If they were older—

Perhaps the gods do not concern themselves with us, as we do not with the anthill, although—

41[48]

Reasons in place of habits,[390] *intentions* in place of drives, knowledge in place of belief, spiritual-emotional joyfulness in place of frequent individual pleasures, equilibrium of all movements and pleasure in this harmony in place of excitement and intoxication—and *later* everything again *becoming unconscious*!

41[49]

This dialogue is not from me. It was sent to me one day, with the sole remark that I was allowed to read it and pass it on. I did the first, the other I am doing.

41[50][391]

—— there would be no speaking about the welfare of the soul, the state would not have so much need to help out nor to cause such cogitation.

41[51]

Against Wagner we are easily too much in the right.

41[52][392]

Once estimation, for example, of unselfishness, has been established (*even* if erroneously —), then it grows larger.

41[53]

The various forms of the *imagination* have a varied power to *increase*. Imagination making *fear* very *great*—hence someone who wants to be powerful speculates upon it first of all.

41[54]

Something that we *know* seems to us thereby to increase greatly in value. For a while—

41[55]
A walk along the harbor of Naples makes the spirit free and brings it nearer to the ancients. Fertility cheerfulness and plague or wars—

41[56][393]
The mediator-morality.
Transfer of the m<ediator->m<orality> and likewise of the equilibrium-morality to the soul.

41[57]
Mercy originally a sign of *contempt*.

41[58][394]
Unselfishness gains a positive reputation due to the mediator, when hate rages between two. In truth the m<ediator> is *not* unselfish.

41[59]
A thing to which a *concept* corresponds exactly would be *without* a line of descent. Plato's error about the *eternal ideas*.

41[60]
Much character is necessary to maintain a thing of good taste and of reason when the greatly talented people all place themselves on the opposite side.

41[61]
The greatest intention of art should not be represented by the weak.

41[62][395]
———— according to Biblical morality, according to which from the one who has little, the little that he has will be taken.

41[63][396]
Our pessimism, our sentimentality in tragedy and lyric is fatigue of the head, among peoples and individuals. Weakness of the nerves.

41[64]
A *long* taste in the mouth.

41[65]
Our task, to *inventory* and to *revise* everything inherited {and} traditional that has become unconscious, to test its origin and purposefulness, to discard a lot, to let a lot live.

41[66][397]
The silkworm, which we should not forbid from spinning.

41[67]
The *ideal* in Schiller Humboldt—a false antiquity like that of Canova, somewhat too varnished, soft, not daring at all to look hard and ugly truth in the face, proud of its virtue, noble in *tone*, emotionally laden gestures, but no *life*, no genuine blood.

41[68]
I have to weep when I read Goethe's phrase about Schiller "and behind him in incorporeal appearance etc."[398] Why?

41[69]
<*Wanderer*>—This is too flat for me. *Shadow*—Should even a shadow always be deep! Just consider how thin he is. *Wanderer*—I did not know before now that those who are fat have a greater right to depth than those who are thin.

41[70]
Anecdote about the cardinal and the night-stool.

41[71][399]
<You cannot> read *fluently* in the heart, but you love to spell and sometimes the right word comes out.

41[72]
The Wanderer and his Shadow.
A Babbling en route.

41[73]
Rivarol. Fontenelle.[400]
Beyle's Letters.[401]
Mérimée completely.[402]

41[74][403]
If 1 time almost = 0 times, 10 times = 100 times.

41[75]
One hour every day: instruction in health.

[42 = N IV 3. July–August 1879]

42[1]

Curiosa of our modern writers, which seem like specks of dirt to someone who knows the ancient languages.[404]

Kringel	(*Ge-ringel*)	
Kraut	(*Ge-reutetes*)?	*the parado<x>*[405]
Kleben	(*ge-leben*)?	

On sound- and gender-*curiosa.*

42[2][406]

A piece of sugar dissolved in tea and one like it, held in the mouth while we drink the tea, give a different feeling of sweetness.

42[3][407]

Those with free will, a wonderful illusion whereby the human being has made himself into a higher being; the highest nobility, noticeable in good as in bad. Yet already *bestial*. Anyone who raises himself above it, raises himself above the animal and becomes a *conscious plant*.

The act of free will would be the *miracle*, the break in the chain of nature. Humans would be miracle-doers.

The *consciousness of a motive* brings deception along with it—the intellect {is} the primeval and sole *liar*.

42[4]

Plato and Rousseau on culture in *one* opposition: Plato believes that among natural humans (savages) we would still embrace the Athenian *criminal*, too (as a cultural being).[408] He is right against Rousseau.

42[5]

The greatness or smallness of human *energy* decisive in the constitution of his sensations. He first becomes angry and savage when powers that are similar to or *beneath* him confront him. Against thunderstorms he is without reproach.

We bear the injustice of princes more easily. The worst is the neighbor. Where a human being does *not subject* himself, he himself becomes a *tyrant*.

42[6][409]

Turkish fatalism is the one that posits the individual unfreedom of the human being in action as equivalent to that of the intellectual one and tunes the latter *down* to the individual. (For blind people, whose drives *heed* a command, one motive for only *wanting* to see —)

42[7][410]

1) Revenge of the powerful against the powerful, where possible annihilation. Sparing in order to revel in torture.
2) *Equal* retribution (in order to weaken the consequences of revenge).
3) The powerful against the subjected. The *chief* imposing punishments (similar point of view as the community, often personal desire for revenge triumphing *over* the advantage of the chief). The greater the danger, the *more closely* he *investigates*, the more *strictly*, draconically he punishes and in any case the more capriciously.

4) Deterrence and at the same time *sparing* the individual (from the standpoint of the community, *which* does not want to lose him).
Degree of pain as the equivalent of the offence. The more useful someone is, the *more mildly* he is punished.[411]
If an *eternal* life is believed in, and earthly life little esteemed, then sparing is not as necessary, therefore the cruelty greater.
To make harmless, yet still *to maintain as useful as possible* (therefore also to spare the body) — annihilation is *necessary*, then rather too cruel, because thereby the *greatest* deterrence, therefore the greatest utility is attained.
5) Divine punishments, as equivalent to worldly justice (therefore blows of fate). Thereby greater *moderation*. The priests announce these punishments; those thirsting for revenge **wait** — much attained!
6) The *pangs of conscience* as equivalent. Danger of eternal damnation. Christian standpoint.

42[8][412]

The revenge of the lower against the higher always goes to extremes, annihilation: because only in this way can they avert the return blow.

42[9][413]

Fines, to make *amends* for damage — something *different*. To render as much *utility* as possible, after someone has done *damage*. The pain is not considered in the paying. *Community-advantage*, seizure, confiscation of property etc.

From that an appraisal of the *offence* in terms of *money*. (*Replacement* for damages, starting point.)

42[10][414]

The holy envy and the holy wrath.

42[11]

(Anyone who has to give all the time has something shameless)

42[12][415]

Melodies that do not run cheerfully to the end, but instead suddenly stand still, like hydrophobic dogs with their tails squeezed in.—

42[13]

Paintings where the colorist wants to say what the sketcher cannot say.

42[14]

The start toward human beings often made in vain, under conditions of slight fertility *for once* a wholly favorable convergence!

42[15]

We *require* nourishment: but the *requirements* of our taste are different, first compulsion, then habituation, then pleasure, which wishes to be repeated (requirement). Just like with the moral sense, which is just as varied as *gustus*, but the purpose that it serves is almost the same (maintaining of the human being *by means of* and against human beings).

The moral sense is a *taste*, with specific requirements and aversions: the *reasons* for the emergence of every individual requirement are forgotten, it works as taste, *not* as reason.

Taste is an *adapted* and *selective appetite*. Likewise morality. (An appetite that wants to be satisfied in a specific way, not chemically.—) So we want, thanks to the moral sense, to maintain ourselves not in *just any way* by means of and against human beings.

42[16][416]
Under conditions of full-time bodily or spiritual work, the sex drive is slight. A moderate industriousness beneficial in *one* respect.

42[17][417]
Via Appia—finally all is at rest—the earth once a floating burial mound.

42[18][418]
We do not wander continually among images without being punished.

42[19][419]
Socialism—the highest commandment: thou shalt not have possessions.

42[20][420]
As long as *self-defense* and *deterrence* (human being as means) *with<in>* society, for so long wars will not cease. We forget the *harshening* influence of all punitive justice: the contempt, the hatred for the criminal. Standing armies are a means of deterrence.—

42[21][421]
Revenge
1) hindering the continuation (security—?)
2) the human being who is harmful to us should be made harmless (reconciliation?),
3) envy at the victory or superiority of the opponent,
4) never *exaggerate* pessimism, out of anxiety at what can occur nonetheless—we set the measure too high.
5) production of our appearance.

42[22]
The moral teaching that was most easily forgotten also had to be *punished most severely*, as a hint.

42[23]
It is pitifully little when music is "in tune." An instrument should be in tune: but then let something beautiful be heard: likewise a human being and a piece of writing.

42[24]
Change and *circularity*, to differentiate humans accordingly (milk daily, then it *tastes* differently—we take enjoyment from an opposition).

42[25][422]
The strong-*willed* one 1) he sees the goal clearly. 2) He trusts in his strength, at least with regard to *means*. 3) He heeds himself more than others. 4) He does not tire easily, and when tired his goals *do not fade*. He is an experienced mountain-climber. 5) He is not too much or too often frightened. Therefore: this form of freedom of the will, which we praise in him, is *firmness* and *strength* of willing, along with experience and weakness of imagination, likewise mastery or desire for mastery and self-confidence. We speak of *freedom* because this is *generally* connected to strength and mastery.

42[26][423]
Revenge very complicated!

42[27][424]
Equilibrium. The feeling of *freedom* of will emerges out of the oscillation and standing still of the scale, under the condition of an equilibrium of motives.

42[28]
Degrees of freedom. When he prefers new motives to old ones (hab<its> or inherited motives), conscious to drive-lik<e> motives ———

42[29]
They have extended the territory of the *pudenda*[425] so far that a conversation about digestion, even about brushing the teeth is already considered rude: and more refined people consequently do not even *think* about such things.

42[30]
Primary question to be answered *individually* for every human being: are your feelings or your reasons (reason)[426] worth more? This depends upon *inheritance* and *training.* (But good parents stupid!)

42[31]
We want to rejoice in such a way that *our joy is useful to others.*

42[32]
To have as much *joy in oneself* as possible. But does that not mean to encourage self-satisfied people? —Are they so harmful? And the danger of disillusionment!! Does it mean to encourage those who simply have an *imaginary* healthiness?

42[33]
Self-discovery
Self-estimation
Self-transformation

42[34]
Worth of the criminal. If the king has the right to grant mercy, then the criminal has the right to reject it.

42[35]
Against speaking at the table.

42[36]
Never take part in the so-called large meals to which even now, in this age, people invite us.

42[37][427]
Diminishment of the military forces — nonsense! But *breaking the sword to pieces*! The sword not only of justice but also of war! The *most costly, most triumphant* weapon!

42[38][428]
Armies of *self-defense*? — But self-defense for the sake of self-preservation. How many *wars* of aggression are launched for the sake of self-preservation! (In order to prevent an attack, in order to divert the people, etc.) In the end, the conqueror, too, seeks only his own *self*-preservation *as the being* that he is: he must conquer: "Your self-defense justifies every war. Break the sword to pieces and say: we prefer to suffer anything, even to be destroyed, rather than to maintain *hostility* in society."
It stands just the same with *punitive* justice.[429]
No state now admits that it maintains its army with the intent of conquest. So this means: to accuse its neighbor of the desire for conquest and of hypocrisy. This is a *hostile* disposition.

42[39]
Falsely directed ambition, for example, drinking among young people, whereas refinement of the brain ————

42[40][430]
Supervisory tour of a baker concerning civic pastries.

42[41]

Gentler natures, for whom even the hardest morsels of life are involuntarily crumbled into milk, would be too happy if they realized their own goodness: and so a secret envy torments them with regard to those who are more vigorous, more energetic and all too readily do they feign the virtues of those people, that is, the backwardness of their humanity: which appears to impartial people as if the lamb in wolf's clothing wishes to cause terror among lambs.

That is, to be sure, a laughable imitation, for the models that they envy understand how to cause terror among wolves themselves: and that admittedly requires not only a wolf's pelt, but also a wolf's bite and a wolf's soul—and still more.

42[42][431]

May today not steal from tomorrow its duty!

42[43]

At the hours of the day[432] when the spirit is at high tide, who would then grasp a book! Then we want to be our own boatmen and pilots.

42[44]

Emotion just at the words "cherries and redcurrants" —**melody**.

42[45][433]

Eckermann achieved the best prose work of our literature, the highest point of German humanity.

42[46][434]

Globe, earth-circle— ἀπειρεσίη.[435]

42[47][436]

The tongue stumbled, the heart knew nothing about it.

42[48][437]

Socr<atis< Mem<orabilia> not a delighting *curiosa*, but instead simple neighborliness.

42[49]

The lake and the high mountains. An old man who holds a mirror in his hand (at evening, when the sun stands too low to appear in the lake, the high mountains appear in it: it is as if an old man— ——

42[50][438]

The day is coming when the people with the most triumphant army decide to *do away with* the army.

42[51]

We hold the criminal in prison until—"his time of punishment has run out." Absurd! Until he is no longer hostile toward society! Until he no longer has feelings of revenge for his punishment! To hold him *even longer* would be: 1) cruelty 2) a waste of energy that could be used in the service of society 3) danger of making him so vengeful that he feels an *overflowing* harshness, therefore moral degradation.

42[52]

In the world of *works of art* there is *no progress*, even across millennia. But in morality, yes: because in knowledge and science.

42[53]

The criminal to be handled gently upon apprehension, like a sick person. The *police* {are} completely different human beings.

42[54][439]

To be *responsible* means to be able to know and to provide the motives out of which we act. But do we know *all* the motives of any action?[440] Their relative strength and kind?

42[55]

Beautiful seriousness—black silk, uniformly woven through with red threads, a subdued shining.

42[56][441]

Against punitive justice.
An attempt at the moderation of customs.

42[57][442]

Paul—who is one of those great immoralities, in which the Bible is richer than we think.

42[58][443]

Presupposition, that acts of compulsion *not* be punished. Only *intentional* actions—but not **all** intentional actions! Where someone acts intentionally: *because* or *so that*—there is compulsion of motivation. We should not punish motives. "But there is no compulsion there: other motives exist: why does he not follow these?" Just so, *why not*?! "They do not weigh for him the same as those!" Why not—an error of judgment? Of character? Everywhere there would be *compulsion*.—Therefore: they weigh for him the same as those, the scale is in balance. "Now free will springs forth." But if it is completely the same, whether to act in this way or that, there, too, is a *compulsion* (in this *completion* of judgment). Not punishable! Therefore: whichever way you turn, you are punishing *contrary to* your presuppositions. You punish someone *who has been compelled*.

42[59][444]

"But society would thereby perish!" So admit that *punishment* is *self-defense*. But do not misuse moral words, do not speak of justice. For it is precisely the **trivial** gradations of punishment that are *senseless* with regard to self-defense. *Individual* meting out *necessary*! — But that causes *arbitrariness*!!

42[60][445]

"He has the *choice* between good and evil!—"

42[61][446]

Teacher in place of judge. — Against punitive justice. Into its place only the instructive kind can step (which thereby improves reason and habits — the motive-creating!). "Beat the child! it will never do the action again." The blow here is therefore a *reminder* of the instruction: *pain as the strongest stimulus of memory.* From that *would result the greatest possible alleviation of all punishments: and the greatest possible equalizing of them*! Simply as mnemonic device! *A little is sufficient* there!

(*Praise set aside*!)

42[62][447]

If punishment is measured *according to ne iterum peccet*,[448] then the *measure* is individually *differentiated*. The intention is to imprint upon or to cut into the motive strongly enough: and there it depends upon the material into which one is cutting. — But we have at present *no* individual measure of punishment. Therefore individual improvement is not the intent. Instead, it is the punishment that has been *deserved*, according to the theory of free will: especially with regard to *free* will is *everyone* rated as **equal**: because it is a miracle, without prehistory, not at all individual. Because of this *equality*, punishment can also be the same for *all* humans. — The difference compared to other punishments is related to their content of

guilt, not to the guilty person? But then the punishment, too, should be *one and the same* for every crime.

42[63][449]

Making punishments the same presupposes making crimes the same. But there is no equality with regard to *motives*—and if we go back to freedom of will, we cannot disregard the question why there should be *various* punishments—there should only be one. But it would be immoral to punish the *motives*—because we do not want to punish someone who is not free. We therefore seem to draw distinctions with regard to that freedom—a greater or lesser freedom of will according to whether it is a greater or a lesser offense. Something completely senseless illogical! For then freedom would not be something absolute, that is, there would exist *weights* that would make the scale sink to this or that side. The gradation of freedoms would as much as assume unfreedom.

42[64][450]

δὶς ἡβήσας:[451] Hesiod as a hero received the ἥβη[452] and did *not* then live in Hades, but instead with the other heroes. There was a double afterlife: 1) in Hades δὶς παῖδες,[453] really a potentialized old age, 2) in Elysium δὶς ἡβήσας.

42[65][454]

We hold some<one> *responsible* only if he was able to make use of his reason, that is, if he has and can provide reasons. If we punish him, we are punishing because he preferred bad reasons to better ones: therefore, the *intentional denial of his reason*. If he had not seen the better reasons (due to stupidity), we ought not *to punish* him. He would then have followed a *compulsion*, he would have had no choice. Likewise, if we assume that he does indeed see what is better, but *does* something different on account of an inner compulsion, he is not to be punished: he is unfree (like the mother who smothers her child). "He follows an evil inclination"—but if he is supposed

to be *free*, then out of absolute *arbitrariness*. How can someone intentionally be more unreasonable than he has to be! This is what we call "free will": thus, the *preference* for bad reasons as motives — purely as an unmotivated sinking of the scale, as a miracle. (Or else it is "radical evil" etc.) In truth: he chooses what is worse because 1) his sense for community advantage has been too weakly inherited 2) because his imagination is too weak to represent the future advantage and the praise to come in such a way that it overcomes the attractiveness of the present. He **must** in both cases.

Therefore: it is the *miracle* that is punished or praised in both cases. The *isolated fact*.[455]

42[66][456]

What we really *punish* is freedom of will — because we *demand constraint* through law and morality? But there would be nothing to praise there, nothing moral — this world, too, must be completely arbitrary, without foundation.

42[67][457]

Via Appia.
Thoughts on death.

42[68]

As an atheist, I never said grace in Pf<orta> and was never made weekly inspector by the teachers.[458] Tact!

42[69][459]

"The libell of the mith of sofism" — erroneous application or writing of foreign words.

42[70]

History of criminal punishments.

[43 = M I 2. July–August 1879]

St. Moritz
Trains of thought.
1879.

43[1][460]
Read Beyle's letters ("Stendhal"): he had the strongest influence on Prosper Mérimée.

43[2][461]
Anyone who takes offense at the expression "milk-green sea" reads with his palate and not with his eyes.

43[3][462]
The day before yesterday, toward evening, I was completely submerged in Claude Lorrainian delights and finally broke into lengthy, intense crying. That I had still been permitted to experience this! I had not known that the earth could display this and believed that good painters had invented it. The heroic-idyllic is now the discovery of my soul: and everything bucolic of the ancients was all at once unveiled before me and became manifest — up to now, I comprehended nothing of this.

43[4][463]

The *jus talionis*[464] is, as a private right to punish, a higher stage of morality; it is directed *only* at retaliation. The communal right to punish contains an excess—the individual and the community stand *opposite* each other, the state of equality *is lacking*.

43[5][465]

Indigestibility of crime.

[44 = N IV 4. August 1879]

44[1]

Do you know that every one of the qualities of humans and of things to which you now give your most beautiful words directly assumes these to be your qualities.

44[2][466]

Schubert is related to Beethoven as naive poetry is to sentimental.[467] Schubert*ian* music is the *object* of Beethovian musical sensibility.

44[3][468]

Moral perversity[469] has in it an appearance of radical-evil, that human beings are more intellectual *today* than *yesterday*, but also the reverse. They are something various: but we take the intellect as *fixed*.

44[4]

Supposing someone has had his heart broken by a malicious anonymous letter: the ordinary cure is to discharge his feeling by causing heartache to someone else. We must forget this foolish form of primeval homeopathy: it is clear that if he, too, immediately writes an anonymous letter in which he does a good deed and courtesy to someone else, he attains his recovery as well.

44[5]
To an unhappy person who wants comfort, we must show either that all humans are unhappy: that is a restoration of his honor, insofar as his unhappiness does not then push him beneath the average: as he had believed. Or we must show that his unhappiness distinguishes him among human beings.

44[6]
Where something *must* be done, we should not speak of law, but only where something *ought* to be done. Against the so-called natural laws and especially the economic, etc.

44[7][470]
"Vanity," a headwater from which the most powerful streams of morality have surged forth.

44[8]
As soon as we feel ourselves to be out of sorts or bilious, immediately take out the wallet or the pen or the next poor person or the first child who comes along and give them a present, with a benevolent expression if possible: but if that is not possible, then even with clenched teeth.

44[9]
Poems that, when we want to translate them into prose, evaporate.

44[10]
With such delicate and bashful skin that the blood dares to let itself be glimpsed from very far away.

44[11]
Plato's views—he knew the forbidden entrances of every holy place.

44[12]
Walter Scott, 2 novellas = the best.[471]
The 3 perfect storytellers.[472]

44[13][473]
Jean Paul in relation to the G<erman> wr<iters> e.g. S<chiller> was more than a s<mall> G<oethe>.

44[14][474]
His rigorousness in *Laocoon* had *one* important antagonist: good writers. We should also not forget that he the immortal ridiculousness ———

44[15]
No partisan understands loyalty to himself.

44[16][475]
To declare the great value of the new institutions—defense and bulw<ark> against robbery and exploitation of spirit and money.

[45 = M I 3. August 1879]

45[1]
"those sunny, patient October days in which our moderate[476] climate reaches its bliss and fullness."

45[2]
"in the summery[477] afternoon stillness, when the clock on the wall speaks more audibly[478] and the distant tower-bells have a deeper tone."

45[3]
"that sallow facial color of the high valley when it has just begun to recover from winter and the snow has melted away."[479]

45[4]
"everything now lies there so bright, so still:[480] is this the stillness of someone tired of life, the brightness of someone wise? One does not know. Meanwhile the wind runs along the mountain slopes and blows upon the late summer meadows: soon it will be completely silent once again:[481] does the face of nature make him afraid? the ashy-pale, motionless? One does not know; everything is uncertain like the first dreams of a wanderer who has been walking the entire day."

45[5][482]

"we must walk through a village on a Saturday afternoon if we want to see the true holiday-tranquility in the faces of the peasants: there they still have the entire, unbroken day of rest in front of them and are zealous in organizing and cleaning in honor of that, with a sort of forepleasure that pleasure itself does not equal. Sunday itself, however, is already the fore-Monday."

45[6]

The solitary man says: now my clock is living for the moment. Previously[483] it was moral and a direction signal for duties.

[46 = D 13. September–October 1879]

46[1][484]

Gaudii maxima pars est oblivio. Dolor de se ipso meditatur.[485]

46[2][486]

Aegrotantium est sanitatem, medicorum aegritudinem cogitare. Qui vero mederi vult et ipse aegrotat, utramque cogitat.[487]

46[3][488]

Short summer. — To many natures, only a moment of summertime is allotted: they had a late spring and are supposed to have a long autumn. These are the more spiritual creatures.[489]

[47 = N IV 5. September–November 1879]

47[1][490]

"He has a *strong will*," his intellect his judgment and imagination are very much alike at var<ious> times, says the same things or almost and charmingly—

it has nothing to do with free will: he is *independent* of others, therefore *free* (as dependent upon himself). The unfree weak person is not sufficiently dependent upon himself, therefore very dependent upon others.

47[2]

Fools that we are! To think about such things when Europe is coming apart in two military groups that are hardening over and over into ore (here and there), apparently in order to prevent thereby total European wars, but with the likely result that—

47[3]

For the *people* Christianity as a muzzle! — So say many educated persons who do not count themselves among the people, among themselves: for they dare not say it aloud, the fear of the people is their muzzle

47[4]

If a Greek a<rtist> placed his audience or spectators in front of his soul, he was not thinking about the women (nor about

the girls, like German novelists, nor about the young women, like all the French novelists, nor about the old ones, like the English novelists), nor was he thinking about the "people" en masse, who filled the streets and workplaces of his paternal city, working and sweating: I mean the slaves; he completely forgot the peasants all around, just like the foreigners and temporary inhabitants of his home: instead, only those hundreds or thousands of ruling men stood before him, the real bourgeoisie of his place, therefore, a very small minority of the population, distinguished by a similar education and similar demands in all things. The sight of such a fixed and homogeneous magnitude gave all of his writings a certain "*cultural perspective*": something that is lacking today, for example, in all those who work on the newspapers.

47[5]
Schopenhauer's great intrinsic error lies in not having seen that desire (the "will") is only a *form of knowledge* and nothing at all besides.

47[6]
The pleasure of vanity is the pleasure of a means to an end that we have ourselves forgotten.

47[7][491]
Oh, about this sublime half-idiotic seriousness! Is there then no tiny wrinkle around your eye? Can you not take a thought upon your fingertips and make it suddenly rise up? Does your mouth have only this pinched, disgusted expression? Is there no opportunity to throw your shoulders upward? I would like you to whistle for once and behave as if in bad company, rather than that you sit together so respectably and insufferably well behaved with an author.[492]

An *author* must always communicate movement to his words.

Here is a reader; he does not notice that I am observing him. He is previously known to me—a shy fellow: it does no harm to be read by him.—But, he has been completely transformed: am I the one who has transformed him?

Commas, question and exclamation marks, and the reader is supposed to give his body over to them completely and to show that what is moving also causes movement.

There he is. He is completely transformed.

Moral: we should learn to read well; we should teach to read well.

The moral is: we should not write for our readers. They think we should *not* be writing. Where possible for oneself ———[493]

Watch how quickly he reads, how he turns the pages—according to exactly the same number of seconds page for page. Take a watch in your hand.

There are nothing but individual ideas worth reflecting upon, harder easier—and he takes pleasure in all of them! He reads them *through*, the unfortunate, as if we were ever permitted to read through collections of ideas!

47[8]

That the dramatic personage sings (even when the theme belongs to the present) is permitted, that is our form of a *cothurnus*[494] *for feeling*.

47[9][495]

How far can the feeling of superiority or even of mastery give pleasure? Not in itself and originally, but instead only as the wellspring of many good things and the impediment to many bad ones—thus, as a *means* that really only in foreplea-

sure of the goal could itself give pleasure. But, all the more often has power gradually gone from being the means to being the end and come to be desired *for its own sake*: especially with regard to those who did not reach the s<ame> goal.

47[10][496]

We are more patiently and mildly disposed toward everything burdensome and boring that the rule of democracy brings with it, if we consider it as a centuries-long, quite necessary "quarantine" that society within its own territory ———— in order to avert the new "carry-over," the new spreading of what is despotic, violent, autocratic.

47[11]

Selected culture ————

47[12][497]

Blindworms. — But perhaps it does your eyes good that you live in your dark rooms—who would have the right to scold you on that account!

47[13]

Richard Wagner seeks the music for the sensations that he has at the (inner) sight of dramatic scenes. To draw a conclusion from this music, he is the ideal spectator of drama.

47[14][498]

"I am thinking of having a long sleep."

47[15][499]

Pregnancy[500]
La Rochef<oucauld> and Rée
Culture settlements versus nomad<ism>
- Wundt "Superstition in Science"
- half-Asiatic barbarians[501]
- foggy swamp
- retort[502]

Notes

Between May and November 1878, N wrote notes in ten small notebooks. The first five contain primarily autobiographical notes and thoughts about Wagner (cf. notebooks 27–31, pp. 297–366 {cf. *KGW* IV:4, 106}) and suggest that they may have been intended for a planned work that would have been dedicated to questions of art and the Wagner movement. This project, for which N was thinking of the title *The New Overview*, was given up at the end of the summer. The notes in the other five notebooks treat once again the multiple themes that we already encountered in *HAH*. On the basis of these notes and numerous fragments from the so-called "Sorrentino papers" of which he had not previously made use, N prepared a clean copy. In October he gave this to Marie Baumgartner to transcribe. N then cut the copy into pieces, which he put in order, numbered, and provided with titles. The printer's manuscript that emerged in this way was sent to the publisher on 31 December 1878. It contained 394 aphorisms; 14 additional ones were sent off later by N. N intended at first to allow the new work to appear as a continuation of *HAH*; the publisher advised against this: "This is its own thing. You might like to number the pages and the aphorisms from the end of the first volume on, so that both parts make up a single whole, but it appears odd when a volume begins with page 379 and the number 639 (E. Schmeitzner to N, 25 November 1878, *KGB* II:6, 998). From the middle of January 1879 on, the page proofs (which still exist) were read by N in Basel and by Peter Gast in Italy. The new book appeared at the beginning of March 1879 with Schmeitzner

in Chemnitz under the title: *Human, All Too Human: A Book for Free Spirits, Appendix: Mixed Opinions and Maxims* (= *MM*).

Up until summer 1879, no new notes of N's can be documented. In St. Moritz, between the end of June and the beginning of September 1879, N filled six pocket notebooks {notebooks 39–44, pp. 385–422} (two of these no longer exist {Montinari notes in *KSA* 14 that two notebooks no longer exist; this does not match what he says in *KGW* IV:4, 106–7, where he mentions six notebooks, but identifies the five mentioned above and included in this volume}) with notes, which he then transferred as a clean copy into two larger notebooks {notebooks 43, pp. 418–19, and 45, pp. 423–24; cf. *KGW* IV:4, 107} and 22 loose sheets {included in notebook 36, pp. 381–82; cf. *KGW* IV:4, 107}. On 10 September, he sent the two notebooks to Peter Gast to be written out, the loose sheets on 30 September (from Naumburg). Concerning his clean copy, N wrote to Peter Gast: "The manusc<ript> that you received from St. M<oritz> has been purchased at such expense and with such difficulty, that perhaps nobody who could have avoided it would have written it at this price. It often terrifies me now to read it, especially the longer sections, because of the hideous memory. Except for a few lines, everything was conceived *while underway* and sketched by pen in 6 small notebooks: transcribing it made me ill almost every time. About 20 *longer* chains of ideas, unfortunately quite essential ones, I had to let slip, because I never found time enough to draw them out from the most awful ink scrawling: just as occurred for me already the preceding summer [as *MM* emerged]. Afterward, I lose the connection of ideas from my memory" (5 October 1879, *KGB* II:5, 450). This passage from his letters is significant because it describes N's manner of working after *MM* and explains the origin of many remaining fragments—from *MM* on. The printer's manuscript was produced by N by the same procedure as for *MM*, after he had received the copy from Peter Gast. N himself delivered it to Schmeitzner in Leipzig on 18 October. From the end of October until the beginning of December, N and Gast took care of correction (the corrected proofs still exist). *The Wanderer and His Shadow* (= *WS*) appeared in the middle of December, as a "second appendix" to *HAH*, with Schmeitzner in Leipzig, with a publication year of 1880.

In 1886 the remaining inventory of *MM* and *WS* was bound together by E. W. Fritzsch in Leipzig and provided with N's preface; they appeared as *Human, All Too Human: A Book for Free Spirits, Volume 2: New Edition with an Introductory Preface* (= *HAH II*). N's own printer's manuscript of the preface still exists.

Pm in the commentary means a variant stemming from N in the printer's manuscripts of *MM* and *WS*. Marie Baumgartner's printer's manuscript for *MM* contains numerous obvious reading errors that were overlooked by N and went into the first edition. These have been eliminated in our edition; in every case, the commentary provides justification.

The following symbols are used throughout the text and notes:

[ ]	Deletion by Nietzsche
| |	Addition by Nietzsche
{ }	Addition by the translator
⟨ ⟩	Addition by the editors (Colli and Montinari)
———	Unfinished or incomplete sentence or thought
[?]	Uncertain reading
Italics	Underlined once by Nietzsche
Bold	Underlined twice or more by Nietzsche
NL	Books in Nietzsche's personal library
P	Preface

Variants and editions of Nietzsche's works are referred to by the following abbreviations:

CW	*The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche*
KGB	*Briefwechsel: Kritische Gesamtausgabe*
KGW	*Kritische Gesamtausgabe*
KSA	*Kritische Studienausgabe*
Cp	Correction in the proofs

Fe	First edition
Le	Twenty-volume 1894 Leipzig edition of Nietzsche's works (*Großoktav-Ausgabe*)
Le²	*Großoktav-Ausgabe*, second edition (1897, edited by Fritz Koegel)
Ms	Manuscript
N	Nietzsche's Notebooks
Pd	Preliminary draft
Pm	Printer's manuscript (clean final copy of handwritten MS)
PmG	Change made by Gast in the printer's manuscript
PmN	Change made by Nietzsche in the printer's manuscript
Pp	Page proofs
Sd	Second draft
Se	Subsequent emendation
Up	Uncorrected proofs

Titles of Nietzsche's works are referred to by the following abbreviations:

AC	*The Anti-Christian*
BGE	*Beyond Good and Evil*
BT	*The Birth of Tragedy*
D	*Dawn*
DD	*Dionysus Dithyrambs*
DS	*David Strauss the Confessor and the Writer*
EH	*Ecce Homo*
GM	*On the Genealogy of Morality*
HAH	*Human, All Too Human*
HL	*On the Utility and Liability of History for Life*
JS	*The Joyful Science*
MM	*Mixed Opinions and Maxims*
NCW	*Nietzsche Contra Wagner*

SE	*Schopenhauer as Educator*
TI	*Twilight of the Idols*
UO	*Unfashionable Observations*
WA	*The Case of Wagner*
WB	*Richard Wagner in Bayreuth*
WP	*The Will to Power*
WS	*The Wanderer and His Shadow*
Z	*Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

Citations from Schopenhauer's works use the following abbreviated titles and translations:

Ethics	*The Two Fundamental Problems of Ethics.* Translated by Christopher Janaway. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2009.
Parerga 1	*Parerga and Paralipomena. Volume 1.* Translated by E. F. J. Payne. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974.
Parerga 2	*Parerga and Paralipomena. Volume 2.* Translated by E. F. J. Payne. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974.
World 1	*The World as Will and Representation. Volume 1.* Translated by Judith Norman, Alistair Welchman, and Christopher Janaway. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2010.
World 2	*The World as Will and Representation. Volume 2.* Translated by E. F. J. Payne. Mineola, NY: Dover Publications, 1966.

Human, All Too Human II

Preface

1. The immediately preceding versions of the *Pd* of §1 of this Preface are two successive drafts of a preface to a planned "second

volume" of *BGE* (summer 1886): cf. *CW* 17, 6[4]. N reworked these notes into the present §1; at first, N wanted to use these paragraphs as the beginning of the preface to *HAH* and sent them toward the end of August 1886 to the publisher Fritzsch with the remark: "NB! Addition to the submitted manuscript for *Human, All Too Human*: that is, the *beginning* of the Preface!" Soon afterward, when the preface for the second volume was finished, N wrote to Fritzsch: "The Preface to the *first volume* stays as it was in the *first* draft; the beginning submitted subsequently is now to be used as the beginning of the Preface of the *second* volume." The *Pm* of the preface to *HAH II* consisted originally of five paragraphs: §§1 and 2 corresponded to the present text; §3 began thus: "The writings of this second volume are the late image of a time when my vitality sank to its lowest ebb: I had become sick and more than sick, that is, weary from the ceaseless disillusionment at seeing nothing but false society, nothing but lost time, work, youthfulness, hope, love, even more out of the grief of a relentless suspicion that I had deviated from myself—into idealistic deceit and romanticism, into what was precisely the most harmful and most unsuitable *for me*" and concluded with the text of the present §4; §4 corresponded to the present §5 up to the words: "every sort of strangeness . . ." (p. 8, l. 29); §5 corresponded to the present §6 and was the final paragraph of this first draft, with the date: "*Sils-Maria*, Oberengadin, in August 1886." The first *Pd* of §§2–5 of the first draft is: "This book |is hard to understand: and not least because it presents itself as cold and frivolous| emerged during the lowest ebb of my vitality that I had experienced up until then: I had become sick [from nothing but false society, nothing but wasted energy] and more than sick, that is, weary of life, from the ceaseless disillusionment at seeing nothing but false society, nothing but wasted energy, nothing but lost time, youthfulness, hope, love. Alone and deeply mistrustful toward myself, I learned the way of speaking that only the most silent and most suffering understand: I spoke only of things [that meant nothing to me: or as if they meant nothing to me—] [that diverted me from me: I spoke in order not to hear myself] I spoke in order not to suffer, in order not to suffer from silence, only of things that meant nothing to me: but as if they did mean something to me—I gradually attained the art of

presenting myself as cheerful, objective, artistic, above all, healthy and malicious: for maliciousness belongs |it seems to me| to health of the soul. Just as a doctor puts a sick patient into totally alien surroundings [among only new tasks] so that he will be removed from his entire up-to-now, his cares, friends, letters, duties, [enemies,] stupidities and the martyrdom of memories, and learn to stretch out his hands and senses toward new nourishment and a new future: so I forced myself, as doctor and patient in a single person, into an [new] unaccustomed climate of the soul and especially into a diverting wandering and curiosity about every sort of new climate. Should my experience—the history of a sickness and a cure, for it *was* a cure—have been only my personal experience? [I believe precisely the *opposite*: and therefore I recommend these wander-books] And really only human, all too human? I would like to believe the opposite and believe that I have a right to recommend these wander-books to all of those who are burdened with any sort of past and [thirst for freedom] still have the courage—to thirst for their freedom and health, for their future and task."

On the basis of this text, N reworked the second *Pd*, which forms the immediately intermediate stage to §§2–5 of the first draft: "*Preface.* / 1. / The *Mixed Opinions and Maxims* were, just like *The Wanderer and His Shadow*, first published *individually* as continuations and appendices of that human, all too human 'book for free spirits,' with which at that time a sufferer defended himself against the deductions of the suffering: likewise as continuation and doubling of an anti-pessimistic cure, as prescribed and required for itself by the all-healthiest instinct of someone sick. May it be acceptable this time for the same texts to be *united* as the second volume of *Human, All Too Human*: considered together, they perhaps teach their lesson more strongly and more clearly—a lesson of health that may be recommended to the more spirited natures of the generation newly arising, as *disciplina voluntatis* {discipline of the will} and art of self-preservation. Someone who has often enough gone out of his own skin, but always returned inside it—what? should a human of such art and serpent's cleverness not have a duty to show *how one—does it*? . . . / 2. / This book emerged during the lowest ebb of my vitality that I had experienced up until then: I had become sick and more than sick, that is, weary from

the ceaseless disillusionment of seeing nothing but false society, nothing but wasted energy, nothing but lost time, youthfulness, hope, love. Alone and deeply mistrustful toward myself, I learned the way of speaking that only the most silent and most suffering understand: I spoke in order not to suffer from silence, only of things that meant nothing to me, but as if they did mean something to me—I finally learned the art of presenting myself as cheerful, objective, artistic, above all, healthy and malicious: for maliciousness belongs, it seems to me, to health. What perhaps constitutes the attractiveness of these writings will nonetheless not escape a subtler eye and sympathy—that a sufferer and renouncer here speaks, as if he were *not* a sufferer and renouncer. Here balance, composure, even gratitude toward life shall be upheld; here rules a strict, proud, constantly vigilant, constantly ready-to-leap will to defend life *against* pain and to break down all of the inferences that tend to grow like mushrooms out of pain, disillusionment, annoyance, isolation and other swampy ground. This perhaps gives a hint about self-education, for it was at that time that I attained the proposition that: 'someone suffering has *no right* to pessimism,' it was at that time that I waged a wearingly patient campaign with myself against the basically unscientific tendency of every pessimism to puff up, to interpret, to mishandle individual personal experiences as general valuations, . . . in short, it was at that time that I turned my gaze *around*. Just as a doctor puts his sick patient into totally alien surroundings, so that he will be removed from his entire 'up to now,' his cares, friends, letters, duties, stupidities and the martyrdom of memories, and learns to stretch his hands and senses toward new nourishment, a new sun, a new future, so I forced myself, as doctor and patient in a single person, into an untested *climate of the soul*, and especially into a diverting wandering and curiosity about every sort of new climate. Should my experience—the history of a sickness and recovery, for it did lead to a recovery—have been only my personal experience? And really only *my* 'human, all too humanness'? I would like to believe the opposite; and perhaps my wander-books were not designed only for me, as I sometimes believed . . . I recommend them, at least as an experiment, to all of those who are burdened with any sort of 'past,' and especially to each of those rare ones, distin-

guished ones, predestined ones, in whom all the energies and sicknesses of the modern soul come together—whose fate, however, wants them to turn everything into energy and health."

Pd, for which three insertions were sent to Fritzsch toward the middle of September 1886; for §3, a fragmentary text on Wagner, from which N had already taken some thoughts for the first draft of his Preface: "—It was high time then to take leave: I immediately received proof of this:—The last Romantic, Wagner, himself suddenly sank down, helpless and shattered, before the old Christian ideals and sent his curses against those who, like myself, maintained for themselves the will against these ideals. His adherents (the artists, as is proper, excepted) [provided the most disgusting spectacle] ——— As I alone went farther, I believed I was going into nothingness. Not long afterward: and I was sick, more than sick, that is, weary (3) from the ceaseless disillusionment about everything that [can inspire modern human beings] [seemingly] remained for the inspiration [and intoxication] of us modern human beings [in truth], [at the energy, labor, hope, youthfulness, love everywhere being *wasted*] not least at the grief of an unrelenting suspicion that I had deviated from myself—[into the idealistic deceitfulness and romanticism in which precisely for me] into what was most forbidden and most unsuitable precisely for me, into the [idealistic] romantic deceitfulness and pampering. 1. [In fact]—And in fact, it was high time then to take leave: I immediately received proof of this. Richard Wagner, seemingly the most triumphant, in truth [someone overcome, a] a decayed, [long-]despairing romantic, suddenly sank down, helpless and shattered, before the Christian cross . . . I [even] fear, did he send his best curses toward those who therefore [then] turned their backs on him, the curses of someone overcome? [Enough: this most unexpected spectacle nearly destroyed me: as I alone went farther, I believed I was going into nothingness. Not long afterward: and I was basically sick, more than sick, that is, weary, lost |and weary of living|] 2. Enough, this [most] unexpected event, like a flash of lightning, gave me clarity about the place that I had forsaken—and also those belated fears felt by someone who has [passed through the midst of a great danger] passed through a terrible danger unaware. As I alone went farther, I was trembling; not long afterward, and I was sick, more than

sick, that is, weary." [See (3)!; numbers 1, 2, (3) were added subsequently by N to clarify the final sequence of these notes.]

{*KGW* IV: 4, p. 246 also includes the following two variants which do not appear in *KSA* 14: "My writings speak only of my own experiences: but it always first required a few years of distance in order to represent such an experience, such a 'survived' condition. To that extent, all of my writings, with one single, essential exception, are *backdated*. Several of them, such as the four *Unfashionable Observations*, even back beyond the time of emergence and experience of my first published book: which ought not to remain concealed from a subtle observer. That angry outburst against the self-contentedness and self-amazed Germanomania of the aged David Strauss gave vent to feelings with which I had sat as a student amidst German cultivation and cultivated Philistinism; and what I had said against the 'historical sickness,' I said as someone who has learned how to cure himself from it and who did not at all want to renounce history. As I expressed my gratitude toward Schopenhauer, I was, for my own part, into the midst of moral skepticism and dissolution: a piece of writing, 'On Truth and Lie in an Extra-Moral Sense,' emerged at that time. My festal oration in honor of Richard Wagner and his Bayreuth festival triumph was at the same time an act of farewell: as long as we *love*, we do not paint any such 'portraits' and do not observe (—"everyone who examines himself closely knows that even observation demands a mysterious antagonism, the antagonism of looking things in the face," it says on p. {291} of the aforementioned text {*WB* in *CW* 2}.) The composure of being able to speak across long years of the most inward solitude and renunciation, I attained first with the book *Human, All Too Human*; the cheerful coldness of the psychologist is in it, who registers nothing but painful facts and *fixes* them fast with a needle, as it were. (—With such work, as we know, we always have some blood on our fingers and not only on our fingers—) In order finally to say what I was preparing with the hints provided: it is with that book, too, whose second and final part is herewith given to the light, no different than it was before with my writings: the thoughts and notes that lie at its basis belong to the same time ———."

Various changes, insertions and deletions, not given here, lead directly into a second *Pd* {cf. *CW* 17, 6[4], which is identical to this

variant, but continues on for about twelve lines after the following abruptly breaks off}: "Prefaces and Epilogues.—My writings speak only of my own experiences—luckily, I have experienced a great deal—: I am in them, body and soul—why conceal it?, *ego ipsissimus*, and as the case may be, *ego ipsissi*mum. But I always first required some years of distance in order to perceive the avid desire and energy involved in representing every such experience, every such *survived* condition. To that extent, all my writings, with one single, yet very essential exception, are backdated. Several of them, such as the first *Unfashionable Observations*, even back beyond the time of emergence and experience of an earlier book, the *Birth of Tragedy*: as will not remain concealed from a subtler observer and comparer. That angry outburst against the Germanomania, self-contentedness and self-amazement of the aged David *Strauß* gave vent to feelings with which I had sat as a student amidst German cultivation and cultivated Philistinism; and what I have said against the 'historical sickness,' I said as someone who has learned how *to cure* himself from it and who was not at all willing henceforth to renounce 'history.' (*Quod demonstratum est*—{What has been demonstrated}). As I expressed my gratitude toward my first and only educator, toward Arthur Schopenhauer—I would now express it even more strongly—I was, for my own part, in the midst of moral skepticism and dissolution and already believed in 'nothing any more,' as the people say, and not in Schopenhauer either: at precisely that time there emerged a piece of writing that was kept secret, 'On Truth and Lie in an Extra-Moral Sense'—but already in the *Birth of Tragedy* and its doctrine of the *Dionysian*, Schopenhauerian pessimism appears as having been overcome. My festal oration in honor of Richard Wagner, on the occasion of his Bayreuth festival triumph—Bayreuth signifies the greatest triumph that an artist has ever attained—was at the same time an act of farewell and alienation. Wagner himself did not deceive himself about this: as long as we love, we do not paint such 'portraits' and do not 'observe' at all—'everyone who examines himself closely knows that even observation demands a mysterious antagonism, the antagonism of looking things in the face,' it says on p. {291} of the aforementioned text {*WB* in *CW* 2}. The composure of *being able* to speak across long years of the most inward solitude and renunciation

came to me first with the book *Human, All Too Human*; upon it lies the cheerful and inquisitive coldness of the psychologist who has confirmed for himself a multitude of painful things from his past, nothing but facts, accurate facts, and *fixes* them fast with a needle, as it were:—with such work, as we know, we always have some blood on our fingers . . . In order finally to say that for which I find it necessary to prepare the reader of this book with the just-provided hints: it is with this book, too, the last part of which is herewith given to the light, no different than it was before with my writings—it is a piece of what is *behind me*. What lies at its foundation, thoughts, initial notes and jottings of all kinds, belongs to my past: especially to that time rich with riddles in which *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* emerged: just for the sake of this simultaneity, it might provide hints for understanding the *hard-to-understand* work just mentioned. Especially, too, for understanding its emergence: with which it has some connection. At that time, such thoughts served me either as recuperation or as self-interrogation and self-justification in the midst of an infinitely audacious and responsible undertaking: may you use the book that grew from that for a similar purpose! Or else as a much-entangled footpath that is ever again tempting one, unbeknownst, toward that dangerous and volcanic ground from which that just-mentioned Zarathustran gospel sprang. So it is certain, too, that this 'Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future' no commentary —— —"}

What follows are other fragmentary, only partially utilized variants (separated from one another by /): "toward the most beautiful calmness of my sea-voyage, which was unfortunately also my worst hesitation [my most dangerous insanity—for I had almost believed that I was already in the harbor—] [my most dangerous temptation—for I had believed myself to be already almost in the harbor]; at the same time a setting loose, a *taking leave*." This passage was used by N during the correction of §1; cf. N's letter to Gast, 14 September 1886 {*KGB* III:3, 248}. / out of disgust at all of the [inward] femininity [at all the intellectual dissoluteness and everything else] [here once again one of the strongest and boldest of our age had been destroyed] [and dissolute] dreamy dissoluteness [of our modern culture] that had here once again carried away the victory over

one of the bravest, not least from the grief of a relentless {suspicion] insight / [that I had to learn to despise where I loved. Where does all romanticism finally discharge itself? Into idealistic deceitfulness and pampering: it causes decay.] / [that I have |lost| slowed my own way] [that I despise better, mistrust better] [to despise at the right time] [to despise more deeply] must learn *severity* toward everything, toward every idealistic deceitfulness and pampering / [that I myself had contributed to him taking better care of himself. Who could have warned him, if not I? But I had not warned myself and into what was precisely *for me* the most forbidden and unsuitable] / [to despise more deeply, must learn strictness toward everything, toward every idealistic] deceitfulness and pampering / he began to speak of the "blood of the savior," indeed, there was an hour when he admitted to me [about the raptures] the raptures that he knew how to extract from communion (we know that he later made music for (or "about") that.) / [At that time, I promised myself henceforth to mistrust more deeply] / [——] to remain sitting near the worst idealist deceit and pampering." For §5, p. 8, l. 29–p. 9, l. 12: "A long period . . . once again." N had recourse to an earlier text, also used for §4 (= conclusion of §3 of the first draft), that in its original draft, that is, before the changes for its new purpose, reads: "1. / The tyrant in us, our *task* takes a frightful revenge for every attempt that we make to escape it, for every premature determination, [like for a] for every setting ourselves equal and society to which we do not belong, for virtue that belongs to a different type. Sickness is its answer when we wish to doubt our right to such a task—when we begin to make things easier for ourselves. Strange and frightening at the same time! Our alleviation is what we must pay for most harshly! / 2. / A free spirit: that is, a human who has grasped the intellectual losses that every reverence brings with it—and who no longer reveres. He has seen through the mendacity that every morality brings with itself, also every religion, every love—indeed, every life! A *minimum* of life—and a spirit beyond coarse affirmations and negations: that lasts for a while. Finally—he discovers in himself a frightening *destructive* principle, a new power—and therewith, a new will to life. This lengthy caution toward generalization, this courage that *seeks out* what is frightening and false, this

can-live under misfortune, with a minimum of coarse stimulations, the resulting independence, the cynicism in the tub and at the same time the happiness of the cricket in the sun—it was great training and strengthening. The long war against pessimism and failure with life, the good will to gratitude for the most delicate colors and signs of life—we are rewarded *by life itself* for this long will to life. With what? With a task of the first rank! / 3. / Spoiled for all [heroism] heroic cult—that is something for superficial and virtuous noisemakers, like Carlyle. What frightening stupidity and intellectual frivolousness has belonged to every great man whom the people revere!"———— For §7, finally, a passage from a text about *BT* in the notebooks was used as *Pd*: "The will *to* pessimism is the sign of *strength* and *severity*: we do not fear to admit to ourselves what is frightening. Behind *it* stand courage, pride, the desire for a *great* enemy. This was my new perspective."

2. *ego ipsissimus]* "I my very self."

3. *ego ipsissi*mum*]* "I myself, as object." N here switches "myself" from the masculine nominative Latin case to neuter objective case. A pregnant pun, not readily unpacked. Although Latin does conventionally use objects of respect in this way to denote self-reflexive structures, there are multiple ways one might try to catch the force of the shift here. "Unpersoned" or "depersonalized" would work as one sense of the self as object, but there is also an "ungendering" that occurs as well.

4. *where . . . beneath me] Pm*: where one has experienced something; and speak only of what one has experienced— everything else is chatter, literature, journalism. My writings speak *only* of my experiences: "I" am in them, body and soul, *ego ipsissimus*, and, at most, *ego ipsissi*mum. Luckily, I have experienced a great deal

5. *the time . . . distance] Pd*: much time, convalescence, remoteness, distance

6. *linguistic raggedness] Pd*: self-amazement

7. *I lay . . . Philistine"]* Although N made the expression, "cultivated Philistine," into a catchword, the expression already occurs around 1860; cf. F. Kluge, *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der deutschen Sprache*, 20th ed. (Berlin{: Walter de Gruyter,} 1967), where the first verified use (1866) cited is from J. Scherr, *Studien*

II {Leipzig: Otto Wigand}, 298: "Humans, for whom we invented the fortunate expression, cultivated Philistine." Another use prior to N is in R. Haym, *Die romantische Schule* (Berlin{: Verlag von Rudolf Gaertner,} 1870), 88: "the prosaic super-cleverness of the cultivated philistines."

8. *strongest] Pd*: greatest

9. *dangerous] Cp*: worst

10. *the most . . . sea-voyage] Up*: my only love-affair, if one wants to believe me

11. *a setting loose] Cp*: an unmooring

12. *a taking leave.] Cp*: an act of alienation.

13. Cf. *WB* 7; *CW* 2, 291.

14. *melancholy] Pm*: painful

15. *was] Pm*: is

16. *this second . . . dedicated, too.] Pm*: this late . . . dedicated.

17. *has] Pm*: sees

18. *fixes]* Not underlined in *Pm.*

19. *at the same time] Pm*: also

20. *that my instinct . . . Romanticism.] Pm*: that the instinct of a dangerously sick patient, which had remained healthy, had itself discovered, itself prescribed for me.

21. *disciplina voluntatis]* "discipline of the will"

22. *in changing its skin]* Not underlined in *Up.*

23. *to show them] Up*: to show

24. *for a long time now] Pm*: henceforth

25. *Cave musicam]* "Beware of music"

26. *in this way] Up*: at that time

27. *terrible] Up*: frightful

28. *first] Up*: also

29. *and for . . . "good taste"?] Up*: for maliciousness belongs, as it still seems to me today, too, to health.

30. *our pessimists] Up*: a pessimist

31. *up and to interpret] Up*: up, to interpret and to misuse

32. *general . . . world-condemnation] Up*: general, indeed world-condemnation

33. *the tub]* {N refers here to the jar or tub of the temple of Cybele in which Diogenes the Cynic was reputed to have lived in order to harden his body against the weather.}

34. *just as certainly a lot of] Pm*: just as much
35. *spirit]* Not underlined in *Up*.
36. *you]* Underlined in *Up, Le*.
37. *not "only] Up*: "not only
38. *proven?]* Underlined in *Pm*.

Mixed Opinions and Maxims

1. *Pd*: Cf. 29[55].
2. *Sd*: In this earlier draft, N used the singular form of the German "you" (*du*) instead of the plural form (*ihr*).
3. *right away] Pm, Fe*: Omitted from these versions.
4. *it then becomes . . . grasp!] Pd*: it is, how stupid the people with pulpy brains in their upward flying and fluttering and straining and not flying and not grasping.
5. *Pd*: Pleasure in reality if we have been *fooled* for a long time.
6. *Pd*: "*Croyez moi, l'erreur aussi a son mérite*" Voltaire—Anyone who understands the degree to which this is an involuntary naïveté will also understand *cr<oyez> moi, la vérité* {be<lieve> me, the truth}—
7. *mérite"]* "Believe me, my friend, error, too, has its merits." {N may here be quoting directly from Voltaire's correspondence, or from Emerson, who quoted this phrase in his *Conduct of Life* (1860), sec. 7, "Considerations by the Way."}
8. *Pd*: Philosophers *ruin* the principles of those who know human beings (moralists) by taking them in absolute terms and proving them to be necessary—while believing that they thereby raise themselves above them. We often find popular wisdom at the foundation of a famous philosophical theory (for example, the primacy of the will over the intellect, the unalterability of character, the negativity of pleasure). All of this is false, as soon as it is supposed to hold exclusively.

Pd: Philosophers tend to take the principles of those who know human beings absolutely and thereby falsify them.

9. *only as approximate indications or simply] Up*: relatively, in a limited temporal-spatial sense, often simply
10. *picture] Up*: characterization

11. *to take the stupid devil as their god).] Up*: to make the stupid devil into their god).

12. Cf. John 18:38.

13. *veil-making philosophers]* {N puns here on the name of the German Romantic philosopher and inventor of modern hermeneutics, Friedrich Schleiermacher—*Schleier-macher* = veil-maker—who was one of the most popular Lutheran preachers in early 1800s Berlin.}

14. *its effectiveness.] Sd, Pm, Pp*: its effectiveness, if those who teach it are insulted.

15. First added by N in *Pm*.

16. *resolutely] Pm, Fe*: absolutely

17. *themselves . . . themselves.] Pd*: themselves—because they involuntarily and continually feel themselves to be exceptions who must legitimate themselves.

18. *are strong . . . against life.] Pd*: *seduce* us into living on, even a good book written in favor of suic<ide>.

19. *Pd*: several mortal souls

20. *hinterworlders]* N's terms here, *Hinterwelter* and *Hinterwelt* (below), are later picked up in the chapter "On the Hinterworlders" from part 1 of *Z*.

21. Cf. Matthew 5:3.

22. *someone] Sd*: the historian; an allusion to Jacob Burckhardt.

23. *is forever . . . transformed] Up*: is being thawed

24. *himself not] Up*: himself, like all historians, not

25. Cf. *CW* 12, 23[40].

26. *Pd*: Philosophers behave as if the task had been set of painting the *picture* of life (existence): but they really always produce only picture<s> and miniatures from life, as is natural when what is becoming reflects itself becom<ing>. Artists and religious people have bequeathed their insanity to them. Science [?] wants no picture, but instead the laws from which those pictures arise [?].

27. *gods] PmN, Pp*: *idols*

28. *historia in nuce]* "history in a nutshell"

29. Cf. John 1:1; the parody comes from a letter from Carl Fuchs to N from the end of June, 1878, {*KGB* II:6/2, 905–7}, and N's letter to Fuchs end June, 1878 {*KGB* II:5, 334–35}.

30. Cf. 29[1].

31. *plaudite amici"]* "Applaud, friends." According to Suetonius, these were the last {or among the last} words of Augustus; {*Lives of the Caesars*, chap. 99. The entire Latin phrase is *plaudite amici, comoedia finita est*, "Applaud, friends, for the comedy is over." This is also the phrase traditionally used to end a performance of *commedia dell'arte*.}

32. *are the kind . . . amici."] Pd*: are the kind of applause that the whole comedy of existence requires.

33. First added by N in *Pm*.

34. *courage; he] PmN*: courage; [the world he made turned out to be too interesting. Why else would we find leaving it so hard?] he

35. *indefatigable] Up*: continual

36. *"king-makers"]* "*Königsmacher*"; N places the English word "king-makers" in parentheses following the German word.

37. *true]* Not underlined in *Pm, Fe.*

38. *justice]* Not underlined in *Pm, Fe.*

39. *power and reputation . . . are] Up*: mastery is . . . it is

40. *pereat mundus, dum ego salvus sim"]* "Let the world perish, as long as I am saved." {N is adapting a common Latin saying, *Fiat justitia et pereat mundus*, a Latin legal phrase meaning "Let justice be done, though the world perish."} Cf. Schopenhauer, *Ethics* 249, *Parerga* 2, 221.

41. *reward] Pm, Fe*: teach

42. *intellectual conscience]* Cf. *HAH* 109.

43. *viper's grass] Schwarzwurzel* or black-root is the German term for viper's grass, *Scorzonera*, a black-rooted, edible plant that was supposed to serve as an antidote for snake bites.

44. Cf. 32[4].

45. *to pave . . . limits?]* Kant: "Thus I had to deny {*aufheben*} *knowledge* in order to make room for faith . . ." ("Preface" to the second edition of the *Critique of Pure Reason* (1787); see the translation by Paul Guyer and Allen W. Wood [Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998], 117).

46. *Pd*: All aesthetic phenomena gradually become (through metaphysics) inexplicable, *hence* nonevaluable, *hence* among other things *incomparable*: total *non-critique* {is} the *consequence* and thereby also a *decrease of pleasure*; and *predominance* of what is slight, effective, deceptive, ambitious. For the *preface.*

47. *non-critique]* N's term here, *Unkritik*, implies a total negation of the act of criticism and may be consciously playing off of Kant's title to his three *Critiques.*

48. Cf. Matthew 29:40.

49. Cf. *CW* 12, 21[46].

Pd: Philosophical systems appear during the travels of rigorously scientific natures like mirages that show the solution to all riddles to be near at hand, a beautiful Fata Morgana {a mirage seen most often in the Strait of Messina}, at the sight of which the soul revels, anticipating the happiness of standing at the goal: they charm and inflame the weary traveler—on the whole. Admittedly, many natures also remain behind, seized by the beautiful stupor, and give up the path of science. For someone who knows that those systems are only a subjective consolation, such a fata morgana, ever recurring, does admittedly come to be something painful and produces a raging thirst, along with anger at not being able to allay it.

50. *and the weary . . . onward.] PmN*: and anticipates the pleasure of reaching the goal of all scientific perseverance and peril, so that the weary traveler seeks his way with new energy.

51. *Pd*: *The poet as deceiver:* he *imitates* being *someone who knows* (general, cobbler, sailor), he succeeds before those *without* knowledge: he himself finally believes in this. Thus he acquires the feeling of honesty.—Sensitive people encounter him and even say that he has the *higher* truth: they are occasionally tired of reality. Sleep and dream for the head—that is what the artist is for human beings. He makes things *more valuable*: because people *believe* that what seems more valuable is *truer*, more real.—Even today, poetic people (for example, Emerson or Lipiner) prefer to seek the limits of knowledge, indeed, skepticism, in order to withdraw from the path of logic. They want uncertainty because then the magician, intuition, and great effects upon the soul

become possible once again. <Cf. *Le* XIX, 389, and, on the magician, *Z* IV.>{Cf. Plato's *Republic*, X, 595–608.}

52. *whole web of the world was being spun out.] Up*: the whole world-comedy was being sketched out.

53. *even to his face] Pm*: all too frequently

54. Cf. *CW* 12, 23[37].

Pd: Schopenhauer is the greatest knower of human beings among recent philosophers; in order to appreciate him fully, we must pull off the metaphysical leopard's pelt in which he has clothed himself so fantastically.

55. *the rest."]* Cf. Schopenhauer, *Ethics*, 178 {N's emphasis}.

56. *human acting"]* Cf. Schopenhauer, *Ethics*, 116.

57. *uncultivated,"]* Cf. *WB* 10, 324, and Richard Wagner, *The Artwork of the Future* {trans. W. Ashton Ellis (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1993), 182–83}: "The daily emphasized and bitterly deplored abyss between so-called culture and un-culture is . . . enormous. . . ."

58. *make]* Not underlined in *Pm, Fe.*

59. *final]* Not underlined in *Pm, Fe.*

60. *heart to whom] Pm*: heart, of the moral concepts, to whom

61. Cf. John 1:29.

62. Cf. Matthew 7:1.

63. *The error . . . judges.] Sd*: Not only being responsible, but also making responsible, the carrying of moral concepts into becoming, is an error.

64. First added by N in *Pm*.

Pd: Self-sacrifice

65. *diagnosticians]* N's term here, *Nierenprüfer*, is an unusual German word, used first by Herder—literally meaning "examiners of the kidneys"—in a more figurative sense: those who closely examine the inward seat of someone's life-force and affects. Also used three other times in the published works: *Z* II "On the Land of Education"; *JS* 308, 335.

66. *A woman . . . our child.]* This sentence was added by N for the first time in *Pm* at the suggestion of Marie Baumgartner, who wrote to him on 13 November 1878 while copying this aphorism:

"I would gladly have added to your very striking maxim: 'a woman or mother would say, until someone puts his heel *upon her darling or her child*.' For a woman will not silently allow something to happen to them that in most cases she patiently accepts for herself." {*KGB* II:6/2, 992.}

67. First added by N in *Pm*.

68. *instinctively . . . himself.] Pd*: must instinctively deny it in order not to despise himself.

69. *The world without feelings of sin.] Pm*: *Responsibility thought away.*

70. First added by N in *Pm*.

71. *annoyance . . . sour.] Pd*: annoyance. Others *become* bitter first in speaking out: the constraint of having to swallow something (before enemies or superiors) does them good and restrains them.

72. First added by N in *Pm*.

73. *bedsores . . . soul.] Pm*: moral-intellectual bedsores.

74. *Pd*: The most vulnerable thing is likewise the most unconquerable—vanity.

75. *Pd*: They struggle for freedom and afterward count the hours.

76. *must be] Pd*: can be

77. Cf. 28[60], 28[6], 29[24]; *CW* 12, 11[11].

Pd: That gray stillness of the twilight before the windows on autumn evenings, which makes everything so melancholy and comfortably solitary.

Pd: glowing and yellowing autumn

78. *nature ever attains] PmN*: they themselves are

79. *creeps . . . evenings] Sd*: makes autumn and late-summer evenings so comfortably solitary

80. *encloses] Sd, Le*: secludes; *Pm* (reading error by Marie Baumgartner), *Fe*: excludes

81. *beatus . . . negotiis."]* "Happy the man, who, remote from business" Cf. Horace, *Epodes* 2:1.

82. First added by N in *Pm*.

83. First added by N in *Pm*.

84. *Pd*: Envy the hen cackles

85. *needle-point.] Pp*: needle-point and has a serpent's tongue.

86. Cf. Romans 12:20.

87. *be perfectly right] Pm, Fe*: be right

88. *Pd*: Anyone who is too vain to show his enmity toward someone (because he wants to be superior to it) feigns compassion.

89. *grudge . . . jealousy.] Pd*: grudge, when he dares to set himself up *beside* him and has overcome the torture of silent jealousy.

90. Cf. Matthew 5:15–16.

91. *Shared joy]* N's term here, *Mitfreude*, plays off the German term for compassion, *Mitleid*, or shared pain.

92. *humanum]* "human thing"

93. *Pd*: Justice often a cloak for weakness, just as injustice wants to call the imagination's attention to a strength.

94. *Herostrateanism]* {Herostratus was an Ephesian who set fire to the temple of Artemis on the same night Alexander the Great was born in order to immortalize his own name.}

95. *as its companion . . . patient.] Pd*: as its companion: because it really wants to help, it is absolutely convinced it knows the nature and cause of the disease and superintends the sick person with its harmful nonsense.

96. Cf. 30[63].

97. *Pd*: People who have a particularly moral consciousness cannot abide skepticism and analysis in this field. What they take as something high and serious should also bear the proudest name and not be open to investigation. It follows from this that without pride, there is also no morality.

98. *final]* Not underlined in *Pm, Fe.*

99. *are generally . . . itself.] Pd*: lack the energy to act because motives and the battles among them interest them more than whatever might result from this—

100. *we were convinced . . . been considered to be] Pd*: we believed we were loved, we have been devalued as

101. *If love . . . precondition.] Pd*: Love bridges opposites, but does not suspend them.—To love what in others is the same as or similar to ourselves is pure, naked egoism.

102. First added by N in *Pm.*

103. *Pd*: If we cannot see both sides of something at the same time, then perhaps one after another: from a double injustice we thus bring the truth to light for a stretch of time.

104. *uncertainty and shyness] Pd*: timidity

105. *rabid] Pd*: rabid and audacious

106. Cf. 28[53].

107. *dirty water] Pd*: dirt

108. *swarming insects of bad conscience]* {This image was one of the traditional representations of the Furies in Greek myth.}

109. *Pd*: Anyone who would only have the strength for good projects and designs—a very happy human being.

110. *Pd*: How does it happen that it is much harder to forgive the insincerity of having praised [—] someone too much than of having blamed someone too much?—Insincere praise causes many more pangs of conscience afterward than—probably because we have exposed our judgment much more by excessive praise.

111. *painless] Pm, Fe*: painful

112. *sacrificial beast*] *Pm, Le*: sacrificial sense; cf. N's letter to Schmeitzner of 5 March 1879 {*KGB* II:5, 392}.

113. *Pd*: Like all colossal world powers, science did not enter the world suddenly and with great effect; it came in slowly along secret paths, with its face disguised.

Cf. *CW* 12, 21[77].

114. *Christianeers]* N's coinage here, *Christenthümler*, plays off a standard German term for Christendom, probably better understood here as referring to those people whose Christian beliefs and behavior are aligned with the institutional structures of Christianity rather than to Christendom understood as the collectivity of Christians.

115. {The two murders referenced here by N are those of Socrates and Christ.}

116. Cf. *CW* 12, 5[166], 17[19].

117. *which gives . . . love.] Pd*: of Christianity was to speak of love, just as it was also Plato's {trick}.

118. *Thus . . . religions).] Pd*: (Just as it was already Plato's trick in the *Symposium*.)

119. Cf. 29[22].

120. *is perfect"]* Cf. Matthew 5:48.

121. *Pd*: The exceptional spread of Protestantism is explicable thus, that 1) it promised to accomplish the same things much more cheaply (without masses for the dead, pilgrimages) than the old church, 2) from the fact that the northern nations were not so deeply rooted in symbolism and the pleasure in forms as those of the south: here paganism lived on within Christianity, but not in the north, where it had signified an opposition to and a break with indigenous traditions. Even today, life in the south is more simple and classical; with Catholicism, the last piece of antiquity is lost. Conclusion concerning the end of Christianity.

122. *oremus nos, deus laboret!]* "Let us pray, let God work!"

laboret] Se: *laborabit* {May he work.}

123. Cf. 28[35].

124. *"truth" as the ultimate truth] Pm, Fe*: "truth"

125. *visible now] Pm, Fe*: now

126. *shining] Pm, Fe*: circling

127. Cf. 1 Corinthians 13:13: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these *is* charity."

128. *satisfied!— To which] Sd*: satisfied [and spare us the sullen faces!] — to which

129. *Your faces . . . reasons!] Sd*: So much more satisfied could we then be!

130. *If . . . faces,] Pd*: If the glad tidings from the Bible were written in your faces and your words were as good as the words of the Bible,

131. *words] Pp, Fe*: works

132. Cf. Stifter's *Nachsommer* <as noted by E. Bertram in *Ariadne, Jahrbuch der Nietzsche-Gesellschaft* (Munich{: Verlag der Nietzsche-Gesellschaft,} 1925), 8.>

133. First added by N in *Pm*.

134. *Penthesilea]* {A queen of the Amazons, slain near the end of the Trojan War by Achilles, who then mourned her death because of her beauty and courage.}

135. Cf. 32[18], 30[89].

Pd: Against contempt for the useful.

Pd: The useful a detour to the beautiful (= the delightful).

136. *guilt]* The etymological relation between the German terms for "excuse" and "guilt," *Entschuldigung* and *Schuld*, makes more immediately evident the psychological connection that N wants to draw between these two concepts in his German title, *Zur Entschuldigung mancher Schuld*.

137. Cf. Schiller's prologue to *Wallenstein's Camp*. "For anyone who has satisfied the best of his age, has lived for all ages."

138. *Pd*: Living without music—a portrayal.

139. Cf. 30[150].

140. *Pd*: The good taste of a dish does not depend only upon hunger: but instead upon how cultivated the discriminating taste is. Precisely for those who are most hungry, the finer dishes are as good as the coarsest. It is the same thing with art criticism.

141. *inviting hungry people to his meal] Pd*: satisfying hungry people

142. *Pd*: Anyone who always drinks only a small amount of art, as with a strong wine, and indeed, regularly only for not-too-lengthy periods of time———

Pd: It is with art as with wine: it is better if we do not need it and already have inspiration from water.

143. Cf. 33[4].

144. *The . . . robber-genius] PmN*: *The seeming-genius.*—The seeming-genius

145. *robber-genius . . . youth on] Sd*: genius of imitation emerges when someone deep inwardly

146. *not the . . . but rather] Up*: in one and the same sense,

147. *We should . . . melody*] *Pd*: Only in regard to a single author in the world can we even speak of an infinite melody <Added in red ink in the upper margin of *Pd*.>

148. *equivocation]* N's term in German, *Zweideutigkeit*, has both the general sense of "ambiguity" or "equivocation" and the more specific sense, particularly relevant to Sterne, of the sexual "*double entendre*."

149. *metahumor*] N's German term here is *Ueberhumor*.

150. *Greeks] Cp, Le*: Greeks and Romans

151. *and can moreover . . . as he did.*] *Pd*: measured against him, all other books appear to me rough-edged, straightforward, clumsy.—How Diderot's *Jacques* appears by contrast! Only in *one* point and, I fear, involuntarily does it have Sternean equivocation; is it an admiring imitation or a parody of Tristram? But the groping about of the reader is lamentably boring: if it is not meant to be a parody of the Sternean manner: which he has actually misunderstood. The rationalist spirit of the French does not allow for such free writing: they are *serious* about humor: as St<tendhal> first discovered. {*KGW* has St<erne> here, probably in error.}

152. First added by N in *Pm*.

Pd: Poets of the select reality

Pd: As the good prose writer selected, so the poet *selected reality*.

153. *represent*] N's term here for "represent" (alternatively, "portray" or "depict") is *darstellen*.

154. *Degenerate varieties]* N's term here, *Abarten*, has both a more straightforward natural historical sense of "variety," as distinct from "species," but also a connotation of deviation from type or degenerate that draws it toward the orbit of the term used by the Nazis for degenerate art, *entartete Kunst*.

155. *Pd*: the meaningful monstrosity that arouses the imagination is older than the beautiful, but outlives it as well.

156. *Pulchrum . . . hominum.*"] "Beauty is for the few." Horace, *Saturnalia* I:9, 44. {Cf. *AC* 57.}

157. *Pd*: In the art forms of savages: they take pleasure in 1) understanding what is *meant* (pleasure in riddles—self-satisfaction in acuteness) 2) *recalling* what has been *pleasant* for them (hunting victory marriage) pleasure in themselves and their own powers etc. 3) feeling themselves *stimulated* and enkindled (at the singing of revenge and war for example) pleasure in emotion, antidote to boredom 4) recalling something unpleasant, to the extent that it has been *overcome* (adventure sea-voyage) or to the extent that it makes *us* interesting to the audience 5) pleasure in what is regular symmetrical in lines and rhythms—as a feeling of likeness with everything else that is regular and orderly

(which really is the cause of our sense of *well-being*). 6) As a further development of 5) *also* pleasure in breaching the symmetrical and orderly, it incites us to look for reason in it.

158. *danger.] Up*: war.

159. Cf. *CW* 12, 22[4].

160. *feeling.] Pd*: feeling (for example, awaken compassion).

161. *Pd*: 30[62], 30[84].

162. *who has followed . . . around its end] Pd*: who has fully penetrated the essence of an art, a philosophy,

163. *sitting there . . . be closed.] Pd*: in a snail's shell.

164. Cf. *CW* 12, 22[25], 23[138], 23[190].

165. *would speak . . . to ghosts.] Up*: about older music, for example, is simply not possible.

166. *are doing,*] Cf. Goethe's poem, "Beherzigung," especially the line, "Everyone look to what he is doing."

167. *Schiller says.]* Cf. Schiller's poem, "An die Freunde" (1802).

168. *Pd*: In everything that is quickly said the reader sees a beginning and a seed, something embryonic even though it can be the fruit and harvest of long reflection: but for the reader, the thing was new.

169. *Pd*: Friends are the worst readers of *aphorisms*—guessing something specific from the general—thwarting the intent—a detestable watching of the pot that eventually makes the dishes that are served come to seem disgusting.

170. Cf. *CW* 12, 18[24].

171. *Pd*: Baroque art. It is as if we could no longer bear the uncommon *tension* of the presence of mind (freedom under law) displayed by classical writers—a sort of dizziness takes hold of the spectator. The bow breaks.

172. *in art.] PmN*: *of capability and knowledge.*

173. Cf. *CW* 12, 22[3], 10[16].

As heading over Pd: Asianic eloquence

174. *modern music] Pd*: Wagner

175. *the most essential of all] Pm, Fe*: the most essential of

176. *floating . . . music.] Pd*: floating: it is an extremely dangerous artistic technique because it has as its goal a movement without limit and measure. In particular, he strives to break, to mock

mathematical symmetry; to set a three-beat rhythm against the two-beat one, to immediately extend the same phrase so that it lasts three times as long. Everything should be *alive*: he is afraid of petrification, crystallization, the transition of music into something architectonic.

177. *all-too-frail-limbed] Pd*: all-too-refined

178. Cf. {32[5].} {*KSA* incorrectly cites 32[4].}

179. *Sd*: Young people do not know how to pick fruit, but would rather cut down the tree; their love is murderous.

180. Cf. 30[150].

181. *Pd*: to that extent a sunny gleam of joyfulness and the sweet scent of the high mountains lies upon the coldest of books.

182. Cf. 32[3].

Pd: We can now study the phenom<enon> of baroque art very nicely, if we are sufficiently masters of ourselves: for the last of the arts, music, has at present, through the influence of Richard Wagner, entered this stage, and indeed in exceptional splendor of appearance, altogether disconcerting for the soul and the senses, ——— (Cf. N to Mathilde Maier, 6 August, 1878 {*KGB* II:5, 344–45}.)

183. *Of the baroque style.] Cp*: *For the baroque style.*

184. *does not know . . . bred to] Up*: does not or only slightly understands

185. *where the feeling . . . formal impulse] Up*: where the lack of dialectic, the insufficient schooling in the art of expression

186. *precedes] Up*: announces

187. *Among these . . . an art form.] Se*: <Between 19 January and 1 February 1879, N sent Schmeitzner the following note:> "The middle of the section on baroque style should be deleted and replaced by what follows: / The choice of subject matter and themes of the highest dramatic tension, at which the heart already trembles even without any art because the heaven and hell of feeling are all too near: the eloquence of strong affects and gestures, of the hideous-sublime, of great masses, of quantity as such—as this already announces itself in Michel Angelo, the father or grandfather of Italian baroque artists—: the gleam of twilight, of transfiguration or of passion upon [the strong] such

strongly molded forms: the continually most extreme risks with [artistic] techniques and aims, [intentional<ly>] forcefully underscored by the artist for other artists, while laypeople must imagine they are seeing a continual, involuntary overflowing of all the cornucopias [of the elementary artistic power] of the primeval art of nature: all of this [together with the characteristics that already] and so on.

Please, my dear Herr Schmeitzner, put all of this in *order* in the manuscript, because I do not find the right place in my papers." <Schmeitzner preferred to set the changes in type separately and sent them to N and Köselitz along with the fourth set of proofsheets, where aphorism 144 had already been set in its earlier version. N worked out his changes on a still-extant separate sheet by crossing out "all of this" at the end and adding the following:> "all of the great qualities that show that this style displays in the hands of a master [*Pp*: in the hands of a highly gifted artist] are foreign to those—epochs, indeed not possible, not allowed in them: for which we owe great thanks to the autumnal form of an art, if it helps even such fruits still to become ripe." <N sent the final, further altered version of the whole passage to Schmeitzner on 1 February 1879, with the words:> "Instead of *nine* lines it has become 21–22. Think of lines 6–14 (on page 63) <that is, the variant at 74, 6–23]> as deleted and these 21 lines as *inserted*."

188. *and narration . . . tree] PmN*: that colorful play of the great effects of masses and emotions, those illuminations of passion, those glowing and fragrant enchantments, for all the bold terrors and risks of techniques and aims and the seemingly completely involuntary and elementary overflowing of all the cornucopia of art that distinguish this style, whereas the very same things are not possible and in any case not considered permissible in the earlier, preclassical and classical epochs of an art.

189. *with regard to human beings.] Pd*: in hate and love.

190. *Pd*: Individual beautiful passages and a ravishing, exciting, overall expression disposed to grandeur—this much of a work of art is grasped by many laypeople: and in the period of an art in which one wishes to draw the highest possible masses of laypeople on to the side of the artists, the creator will do well

to want nothing more than these two things. What then is lacking—organic creation.

191. *great] Pm, Fe*: greatest

192. *Pd*: Every later master brings about a selection from among the works and styles of the older ones: he directs taste away from many of them.

193. *counts . . . in their works] Sd*: counts from now on as what is truly significant; *Pp*: counts from now on as what is truly *significant* in them and in their works

194. *Pd*: How much an art or a philosophy is loved, which teaches humans to feel respect for their weaknesses, their spiritual poverty, their senseless delusions and passions—crime and insanity from their *sublime* side, the irresolute and blindly acquiescent in their touching quality.

195. Cf. 27[14], 30[93].

Pd: the exceptional joy that *criticism* provides to an entire age is not to be underestimated

196. *of his people . . . Klopstock] Pd*: of a people, he always does this at the price of his art, he cannot serve two masters

he eventually . . . Klopstock] Sd: then art, his strict mistress, will make him do harsh penance for this infidelity—by the withdrawal from or coldness of her spousal embraces

197. Cf. {34[10].} {*KSA* incorrectly cites 34[9].}

198. *should always . . . write only.] Pd*: should be—a victory. Dyspeptic authors write only

199. *takes time."]* This line plays off the German saying, "A good thing takes time."

200. *Pd*: Geniuses play their seven pieces upon the barrel organ—from far away, we do not see the barrel organ.

201. Cf. 34[12].

202. *and will . . . people.] Pd*: in order to communicate itself to him and is therefore for everyone else a bad book: because it is not able to communicate itself to them.

203. *nymph's grotto]* {A reference to Calypso's enchantment of Odysseus, which delayed him for several years in his return to Ithaca (*Odyssey*, bk. 5).}

204. *and to make . . . wife.] Se*: and, despite the billows and dangers of the sea, to turn toward the smoke of Ithaca and the embraces of a simpler and more human wife—in short, toward *home*.

205. *Pd*: Greatest paradox in the history of the poetic art: Shakespeare and the ancients.

206. *Pd*: Cf. *CW* 12, 23[95].

207. *our blood . . . pain] Pd*: to live from our blood

208. *Sibi scribere]* "To write for oneself." Quoted from Valentin Rose's 1863 edition of Aristotle's *Pseudepigraphus* (Leipzig{: B. G. Teubner,} 1863, 717), "*sibi quisque scribere*" {Everyone writes for himself.} which N quoted and commented upon many times in his notebooks of Fall 1867–Spring 1868. N also noted a similar phrase from Emerson's *Essays*, "He that writes to himself writes to an eternal public" ("Spiritual Laws") and in a letter of mid-July 1882 {*KGB* III:1, 226} to Erwin Rohde wrote, "*Mihi ipsi scripsi* {I wrote for my own self}—there it remains."

209. *all the passing millennia] PmN*: a single millennium <reading error by Marie Baumgartner>; *Sd*: four millennia

210. *Pd*: Too cultivated to find the oils and balms of the existing religions [savory] fragrant, too weak to make amends for the mistake of their lives |the harmful tendencies of their character| through heroic reversal and sacrifice of good reputation—thinking themselves too refined to sacrifice themselves in a rigorously dutiful way to a humble activity, too habituated to laziness from childhood on and given over to pleasures without any real pleasure—thus they desire an art that is supposed to replace religion for them, to banish desire and bad conscience, to interpret the mistake of their lives as a mistake in the world destiny and to kindle them among themselves as a faction into a sort of partisan enthusiasm.

211. *Second-rank need for art.] PmN*: *The need for art*.

212. *great] Pm, Fe*: serious (reading error by Marie Baumgartner)

213. Cf. *CW* 12, 19[47].

214. *middle-class society] Pd*: middle classes

215. *our being."]* {Cf. Acts 17:28.}

216. *overly cultivated, halfway or overly enjoyable]* N's German terms here are *Angebildetes, Halb- und Angeniessendes.*

217. *and yet self-satisfied . . . core] Up*: and moreover in themselves almost arrogant out of laziness

218. *Here there was . . . was he.]* not in *Pd*

219. *their pleasure . . . sayings]* not in *Pd*

220. *gained] Pd*: gained by force

221. *will never . . . "taste."] Pd*: has never belonged to them: he was followed by a small community of the most highly cultivated people, educated by life and travel, and he himself wanted it no other way. When the Romantics later imposed a Goethe-cult upon the Germans by force, there arose that deceitfulness and falsity of German cultivation, by virtue of which none of them knows any longer whether he even likes what he eats and whether he dares to say that he does not like it.

which is why . . . "taste."] Cf. 30[93].

222. *Sophia]* Cf. {*KGW* II:4, 217,} N's 1872 Basel lectures, "The Pre-Platonic Philosophers": "Nor does 'σοφός' simply mean 'wise' in the ordinary sense. Etymologically it belongs to *sapio*, to taste, *sapiens*, the taster, σαφής, tasty. We speak of 'taste' in art: for the Greeks the image of taste is much more extensive." Cf. also N's 1873 lectures, "Philosophy in the Tragic Age of the Greeks" in *CW* I, §3 {: "The Greek word that designates the 'wise one' belongs etymologically to *sapio* I taste, *sapiens* the one who tastes, *Sisyphos* the man of sharpest taste; so a sharp designation and recognition, a meaningful differentiation determines, according to the consciousness of the people, the specific art of the philosopher."}

223. Cf. *CW* 12, 22[17], 22[24].

Pd (first version): Music is the *dying sound* of a *culture*, a sum of these and those strong feelings; not a universal human language, as we would like to believe, but instead corresponding exactly to the inner conditions that a culture brings along with it, for example, Palestrina would be inaccessible for a Greek. Wagner allows the neo-romantic Catholicism of feeling that awoke along with a stronger national sensibility after the Napoleonic Wars to

resound; he joins both of the furthest extremes of those agitations, the pleasure in nativist mythology and the Christian spirit of salvation and pity and ecstasy; he is a reaction against the spirit of the Enlightenment and the supra-national ideas of the Revolution: a middle line between Schlegel, the Grimms, Brentano, Schopenhauer.—Thence the connection to Liszt.

Pd (final version): Music is the very final *dying sound* and reverberation of a *culture*, a sum of sensations that has grown up under specific social, political conditions, in a specific soil; not a universal, timeless human language, as we would like to believe, but instead corresponding exactly to the inner conditions that attend upon a given culture. Thus Palestrina would be wholly inaccessible for a Greek. Our modern music will perhaps soon cease to be understood: for it has sprung from what may only be a short-lived period of reaction<s> and restoration in which <along with> a "Catholicism of feeling," the pleasure in everything nativist and nationalist also prevailed: both of which tendencies, grasped in their greatest intensity and carried to their furthest ends, become audible in Wagnerian art. Wagner's inhabiting and following of his own inclinations with German mythology and his animation of it by means of the medieval Christ<ian> disposition toward salvation appears as a reaction against the spirit of the Enlightenment and the supranational ideas of the Revolution. But the circle of ideas repressed here may shortly regain the upper hand: *how profitable they will have to be* in order to console us for the losses that attend upon them. <In manuscript note>: *Music ringing out* Netherlands Händel Beethoven Rossini

224. *the reanimation . . . asceticism] Up*: the animation of these figures (or transanimation, if one can risk this term) by means of the medieval Christian disposition toward redemption—besides a not stingy addition of nineteenth-century nerves—

225. *French revolutionary . . . state] Up*: the French Revolution and the Anglo-American liberalism in politics

226. *his adherents] Up*: his relations

227. *tones?] Sd*: tones?—[One must have breathed in one atmosphere as in the other to be able to place these sentences so precisely.]

228. Cf. 30[151].

229. *he who . . . teacher] Se*: he who was no good teacher

230. *must . . . grow up] PmN*: do . . . grow up unclean and horrible

231. *Pd*: Art, as it *flows forth* from Goethe, from Sophocles, the surplus of a wise and harmonious mode of life—that is the right sort of art, not the barbaric bubbling over of heated and brightly colored things from a restless, wild soul. The *art that is overwrought*, averse to anything orderly, boring, simple, logical is naturally just as necessary at certain times; *youths* who *suffer from nothing more than boredom* and do not take pleasure in good employment of their own demand tragedy and the like.

232. *Pd*: Art should *embellish* life, therefore above all make *us* ourselves tolerable and, wherever possible, pleasing *to others*. The education of others and the restraint of ourselves are the *first* effects of art. Next, art should *conceal* or *reinterpret* everything ugly, the painful, frightening, disgusting—also the passions and attacks of pain and hesitation. Compared to this colossal task of art, the so-called real *art of the artwork* is only an appendage: any human who has surplus of art can produce it and so, too, a people.—But we begin with the end of art and eat its sweets without having consumed a good meal beforehand—is it any wonder that it finally ruins our stomachs!

233. *appendage]* Not underlined in *Sd, Le*.

234. *Pd*: Art persists because of the idle hours of many people. What would they do without music, without reading novels and poems? First, reflect; second, learn how to prepare themselves to enjoy this work, to examine their ties to others, to reflect upon the pleasures that can be created. Then there would be more art in human life, but fewer works of art.

235. *Pd (Winter 1875–76)*: To explain *the belief in the poet's* madness: the poet is a tool and mouthpiece, not of the gods, but instead of higher beliefs that he expresses *in such a way* that the public does not recognize how the poet has *borrowed* them from it. Concealing and masking, as if something completely new were happening—the primary effect of the poet's artistic devices (meter, etc., and the accompanying religious excitement). The poets

themselves deceive themselves *about themselves*: they do not know where it really comes from. — This error has made them so highly valued as inspired beings. Hesiod Tynnichos (in Plato's *Ion*).

236. *illumination] Sd*: madness

237. *vox populi . . . vox dei]* voice of the people . . . voice of the god

238. *last] Se*: highest

239. *but . . . thus far]* not in *Sd*

240. *Pd*: *Artwork and reaction*: Those movements backward in history, the so-called [reactions] *restorations*, which once again draw near to a spiritual and political condition that preceded the currently dominant one, have the charm of an agreeable recollection, of a yearning desire for what has almost been lost: they are scented by the magic of death, and the arts and poetry find in them, precisely because of this strange deepening of moods, a natural soil, just as the [most beautiful] most delicate and rarest plants grow upon steeply plunging mountain slopes. Aeschylus

241. *And so . . . dead.] Sd*: And so several of the greatest [poets] artists are restoration-[poets] artists: death sits near them and listens to their lyres.

242. Cf. *CW* 12, 5[121], 23[15].

Pd (first version): In two respects, our age is fortunate: with regard to the past, we find enjoyment in old cultures and in their productions, we still stand near enough to the magic of their basic conceptions and moods to allow ourselves to be drawn into them temporarily: earlier cultures could only find enjoyment in themselves and could not see beyond themselves. With regard to the future, we see for the first time the enormous perspective of ecumenical goals; at the same time, we feel conscious of having the strength within ourselves to take this new task into our own hand. No supernatural inhibitions hold back our hand or cripple our energy. We are responsible to nobody, humanity can do with itself whatever it wants.

243. *without needing supernatural assistance]* omitted from *Pm*, *Fe*

244. *the priest, the artist and doctor] Sd, Pm, Pp*: the priest and the artist

245. Cf. *CW* 12, 19[61], 23[43].

246. *Philosophers . . . the age.] PmN*: *In excuse of much guilt.*

247. *Pd*: I finally resolved to seek out excellence wherever it might be found, to avoid what is bad and ill-advised and already to use any *doubt* about the goodness of a thing (as quickly occurs for experienced taste) as an argument against it. To assault bad things is a waste and a slight pleasure if one can do something better. We should not accommodate ourselves to objects of hatred.

248. *for they . . . this] PmN, Pp*: it requires artists

249. *Pd*: If genius consists of the recollection of the course of one's own life, the genius of humanity would be history as a generation's highest consciousness of its own becoming.

250. <On p. 360 of *Aus Arthur Schopenhauer's handschriftlichem Nachlass* (1864)>{it reads: "Ob nicht alles *Genie* seine Wurzel hat in der Vollkommenheit und Lebhaftigkeit der Rückerinnerung des eigenen Lebenslaufs?" (Arthur Schopenhauer, *Manuscript Remains in Four Volumes*, ed. Arthur Hübscher, trans. E.F.J. Payne (Oxford: Berg Publishers, 1990), *Vol. 4*, p. 385: "Does not all *genius* have its root in the perfection and vividness of the recollection of our own course of life?"}

251. *misunderstandings] Pm, Fe*: crookednesses <reading error by Marie Baumgartner>

252. *The intimidatingly . . . extravagancies] Sd*: Their follies and injustices

253. *God]* Cf. Exodus 20:3.

besides God.] Se: than God alone.—What is meant here is expressed by a saying of Epictetus, when he was taking care of a shipwrecked pirate: "In doing this, I honor not the man, but *the humanity in him.*" Pirate or genius—*in this respect* it makes no difference. <This addition of N's was written on a slip of paper, with the remark: "To be added to *'Cult of culture'* after the words 'to have no other gods besides God alone.'" After the addition there are the words: "(And now the manuscript continues.)" The slip of paper was first attached to the *Pm* later (1894) by Eduard von der Hellen with the remark, "NB. Among the varia. Not picked up in press, so probably not sent off to Schmeitzner.">

254. *Hesiod]* Cf. *Theogony*, 22–28.

255. *Is there . . . Homer:] Pd*: The highest peak of an *aesthetic* perspective upon human fate was already attained by Homer.

256. *The gods . . . hereafter.]* Cf. *Odyssey* 8, 579–80; N's emphasis. Translation from Richmond Lattimore, *The Odyssey of Homer* (New York: Harper and Row, 1967), 136.

257. *Pd*: Many ideas about religion are errors, but they gradually *become* truths because humans *change themselves in accordance with them.* "It is" instead of "it should be."

258. *Pd*: 3 thinkers: 1 spider and sap [—] draw out and spin 3 watch for victims who get lost here and *live* off of the philosophy.

259. *Pd*: Every author has a horn. To grab him by the horn and to grab him by the nose—a bad way to deal with him.

260. *Pd*: not hit the target, with the consolation of having hit something else far *beyond*, far *away.*

261. *Pd*: To stand in a direction above and below a thing—two parties that conclude an unfortunate alliance.

262. *fantasists and] Pd*: fantasists: thus he knows how things happen in the torrid zone and that there are various amazing and stupendous things to be seen there, which he must henceforth renounce in his native climate and he can

263. *of the spirit] Pd*: human

264. *any longer."]* Cf. the line "Homo sum; humani nil a me alienum puto" from Terence's play *Heauton Timoroumenos* (*The Self-Tormentor*).

265. *simpler . . . they are.] Pd*: more sober, less ambitious, not so concerned for future fame (as individual souls), quieter, forgetting themselves in things. Admittedly the *fire* is therefore not kept as highly heated in them because their will is weaker. So they often *seem* less talented than the latter and in any case not so sparkling.

266. *Pd*: As gods acquire a countless number of attributes and myths after the fact, so does every thing that at first awakens piety. The great man receives all the virtues of his century as a gift.

267. Cf. *CW* 12, 21[48].

268. *Pd*: free spirits? The word was in disrepute, which is why I took it. Otherwise it would be too still. *Free-moving spirits* better: to draw free passage and enlightenment from where they will. <Cf. John 3:8.>

Pd: Free-spirits?

Pd: "Nomadism if we love disparaging words"

269. *art."]* Cf. *Odyssey* 8, {62–65}. {Lattimore translation, 122–23.}

270. Cf. *CW* 12, 21[16].

271. *Pd*: The accountability of scholars is maintained by everyone having competitors in his field who keep a close eye upon him: and only through general accountability is continuous progress possible, that is, if the individual does not have to be *too mistrustful* about verifying every calculation and assertion in areas that lie far afield for him.

272. *The manifold . . . upside down] Sd*: We are *all* so habituated to unhappiness and discontent {The same confusion of pronouns, "we" in the variant followed by third person pronouns, occurs in *KSA*.}

273. *translators]* N's German term, *Dolmetscher*, is often translated as "interpreters" in standard usage. But it also refers to actual verbal translation from one language to another, for instance the sort of simultaneous translation done at international conferences. "Translators" here better captures the sense that the Greeks translate us to ourselves, through the foreign medium of their way of thinking.

274. *Pd*: Cf. 30[66].

275. *expressed it.]* Cf. G. C. Lichtenberg, *Vermischte Schriften* I, 278; *Sudelbücher* G117, vol. 2, p. 155, in Promies's edition of the *Schriften und Briefe*.

276. *toil] PmN*: struggles

277. *to build . . . swamps.] PmN*: to cleanse the world of monsters.

278. *epigram of Simonides]* {Simonides composed a well-known epigram that was engraved upon a commemorative stone set at the top of the burial mound honoring the Spartans who

died at the Battle of Thermopylae. As the entire Spartan army was killed by the far more numerous Persians, Simonides's words stated: "Stranger, announce to the Spartans that here / We lie, having fulfilled their orders."}

279. *seven sages]* {The title given by ancient Greek tradition to a group of early sixth-century BCE philosophers (including Thales) and political figures (such as Solon).}

280. *when they hear . . . of poetry.] Sd*: at a laconic maxim, at the gnomic language of the elegy, at the sayings of the seven sages. Giving precepts in verse was felt to be an Apollonian victory of the Hellenic spirit over the dangers of meter, over the darkness that is otherwise characteristic of poetry.

281. Cf. *CW* 12, 5[146], 5[147]; 35[5].

282. *There may . . . cults;] Pd*: We must do as the Greeks did: they recognized much that is human, all too human, even unpleasant, as inevitable and granted rights to it by finding a place for it among the customs of society.

283. *indeed . . . heaven.] Pp*: as they did with the pleasure in slander, in envy, in intoxication, in sexual indecency, in hypocrisy and lies.

284. Cf. 27[15], 34[6].

285. *numen]* {a divine or presiding power or spirit}

286. *cella]* {The body of a temple, as distinct from the portico and other external structures.}

287. *but not completely]* Not underlined in *Pm, Fe.*

288. *Heraclitus]* {Cf. Fragment 49a; Kathleen Freeman, *Ancilla to the Pre-Socratic Philosophers* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1977).}

289. *nourishing] Pp, Fe*: true; Cf. N's letter of 14 March 1879 to Schmeitzner {*KGB* II:5, 395}.

290. *that are . . . understand]* Added by N in *PmN.*

291. *frequently trodden] Sd, Le*: well-known

292. *his] N*ot underlined in *Pm, Fe.*

293. *Io]* {Io was seduced by Zeus and changed into a heifer by him to protect her from the wrath of Hera. Hera, knowing of the transformation, placed Io under the guard of Argus. Hermes slew

Argus to free Io, but Hera pursued her from land to land, tormenting her with a gad-fly, until she finally settled in Egypt, where she gave birth to Zeus's son.}

294. *with regard . . . future humanity.] Sd*: and we ourselves resemble [an eye, that mirrors itself in a river] a mirror and a river, which mirror each other.

295. This aphorism was sent belatedly by N to Schmeitzner on 19 January 1879.

296. Cf. Matthew 24:31; 1 Corinthians 15:52.

297. {Cf. Juvenal, *Satires* I, 70; vi, 659.}

298. *an expectancy of] Up*: a desire for

299. This aphorism was sent belatedly by N to Schmeitzner on 19 January 1879. Cf. *CW* 12, 23[185].

300. *sacrificial lamb]* N's term here, *Sündlamm*, is a coinage that plays off the German term for scapegoat, *Sündenbock*.

301. {Cf. 1 Corinthians 13:13.}

302. *Regensburg]* {The conference of Regensburg, held from April to June 1541, was the final attempt to mediate the disagreements between Catholics and Protestants regarding key doctrinal matters such as original sin and justification. An apparent compromise, brokered by Cardinal Gasparo Contarini, representative of a distinguished Venetian family, and written up as the *Epistola de justificatione*, was undercut by Luther's refusal to agree to its representation of the terms of Christian redemption.}

303. *disposition] Pm, Fe*: opinions

304. *history] Pd*: times

305. *And now . . . contemporaries?] Pd*: It is striking for us that the phrases over which they united and divided themselves in Regensburg at that time do not contain even a [shadow] glimmer of truth, neither the one about original sin, nor the one about redemption by substitution, nor the one about justification by belief: all of this is fundamentally false and now considered to be indisputable. To continue to set the world ablaze over them seems unnecessary: but to do so with regard to such petty things as the meaning of the sacramental words of communion is truly terrible. Modern humans have had to suffer a great deal

from senseless differences of opinion over things to which no reality at all corresponds, and concerning which the truth can be said to be neither here nor there. — But there certainly arose sources of energy here by which perhaps all the mills of the modern world are still being driven.

306. *Pd*: How errors can be powerful and salutary in the life of the individual is shown by Goethe's life, which was ruled by two errors: he thought, earlier on, that he was a plastic artist and later that he was a scientific genius. He was cured of the first error after he had fully indulged it in Italy: the most painful conviction of having to say farewell to art is converted into the mood that dominates his *Tasso* [lies over his *Tasso*]: over which an unspoken thought hovers: "how can one live on after this farewell without going mad!" — this is more or less how Goethe felt, too, upon saying farewell to art. How proud he was of his *Farbenlehre* can be seen in almost every sentence of Eckermann: "one must produce a great inheritance; thus I inherited the Newtonian error."<Cf. Goethe's letter to Eckermann of 2 May 1824.> But in all of his poetry we note the nearby breath of the plastic arts and knowledge of nature; he believed that he was embracing both lovingly, but in truth always embraced poetry, whose children now bear the traits of the lover who hovered before his eyes. He lived constantly in a certain [disdain] temperate reserve toward poetry and did not make her into mere craft; he visited her, [when he desired to do so] like a goddess, without intimacy.

307. *"intensified Werther"]* Cf. Goethe's letter of 3 May 1827 to Eckermann, where he refers to this comment, from J. J. Ampère's review in *Le Globe* of 20 May 1826. "He quite aptly calls Tasso an intensified Werther."

308. *there lies . . . as if] Pp*: in which an awful echo, like a terror of the evening, resounds, as if

309. Cf. 28[19].

310. *evening]* Cf. Genesis 13:9 {where Abraham proposes to Lot that they divide the land of Canaan amicably}.

311. *Pd*: There is an infallible sign that someone has climbed forward and high up in spiritual liberation: his movement is

lighter, his judgments more prudent, his hand more careful, the air around him fresher, cooler, at times rawer, and the path is even dangerous here and there: but he strides joyfully on as never before and thinks with mildness of those whose live in the depths, in the smoke.

Pd: The feeling of greater lightness and mildness and the brighter air around me betrays to me that I have raised myself higher than before: a sign also for others.

312. *to be.] Pm*: to be. [Therefore be untroubled, save your pity, perhaps it could as]

313. *Pd*: As we all know, every one of us knows better what everyone else should do or leave undone—how does it happen that amid this abundance of wisdom every poor rogue does not know how to advise himself? We should *change heads*.

314. *Pd*: Friends are ghosts or else become them.

315. *harder, less mature] PmN*: less mature, still developing

316. *Pd*: "The genius remains a child for life" sounds quite pleasant— but in reality the way in which the genius behaves for life appears [?] unpleasant and boyish.

317. *for life"]* Cf. Schopenhauer, *World 2*, 395.

318. *Pd*: The wise man who *pretends* to be irritated, angry, simply in order not to distinguish himself presumptuously from the crowd.

319. Cf. 34[20].

320. *the best . . . them.] Pd*: almost as good as loving them: and the best path toward it—

321. *Pd*: 30[183].

322. *Silentium]* Silence

323. *feeling of friendship] Pd*: friendship

324. *that loses . . . rude.]* Phrase absent in *Pd*.

325. *hold on to them] Sd*: capture them

326. *Pd*: [Servants] Civil servants whom we leave standing for a long time either begin to ferment [and] or turn sour.

327. *Pd*: If we have unmistakably sunk lower in esteem, we should hold on fast with our teeth to *modesty*: otherwise it slips away from us and ———

328. *dog]* {The Greek word κυνικός comes from the root κύων, meaning "dog," hence "doglike" for "cynical." Thus the origin of the name for the Cynical School of Greek philosophy.}

329. *Pd*: Many people do not understand that *not* understanding some things is much more distinguished than understanding everything (with regard to esteem). We must *take advantage* of ignorance.

330. *Pd*: Friends, upon reunion, pretend to be interested in things in which they have lost all interest.

331. *makes himself . . . people.] Pd*: makes himself burdensome.

332. *present . . . such foes.] Pd*: present: in order to display their superiority.

333. *we . . . summer.] Sd*: we cannot in any way get rid of the requisite heating apparatus that we carry around inside.

334. *Pd*: We must not want to become pointed and sharp too early; breadth and mass are necessary.

Pd: Against subtle and acute spirits. Cf. N's letter to Fuchs, end of July 1878 {*KGB* II:5, 339–41}. "Your spirit loves to be *pointed*, it is the secret of the good writer *never* to write for the subtle and acute readers."

335. *Pd*: Wanting to raise oneself to the level of someone honorable through impudence—a ridiculous case.

336. *call it] Pm, Fe*: believe it to be

337. Cf. *CW* 12, 23[93].

338. *her own . . . within her] Pd*: and extinguishes her own, [and if, nonetheless she can do nothing other than proceed ingeniously in an adopted, acquired direction] and if, however, a new spirit grows up, as it were, in the new region, originally alien to her nature, toward which the man has forced her.

339. *and dwells . . . wanting.]* Absent in *Pd*.

340. *The latter . . . poignant] Pd*: Both appearances belong to the most stirring and most poignant

341. *Idea] Vorstellung*

342. Sent belatedly by N to Schmeitzner, with the remark, "To be placed among the aphorisms about *women*."

343. *ridete puellae]* "Laugh, girls." {N is doubtless quoting here from Schopenhauer, *Parerga 2*, "On the Metaphysics of the Beautiful," Sec. 208, 421. The passage appears after this line of Schopenhauer's: "Incidentally, it may be observed here that what, for a beautiful landscape is the sudden glimpse of the sun breaking through the clouds, is for a beautiful countenance the appearance of its laughter. Therefore, *ridete, puellae, ridete!*" No such passage exists in Horace, though *KSA* cites Horace's *Carmen Saeculare* I, pp. 21–22; a possible source, if any exists, might be Catullus's *Carmina*.}

344. *Pd*: Mistrusting feeling—eating what tastes good. On the contrary: we should hold our head up, so that the sweet tooth of the heart does not destroy us.

345. *This may . . . destroy you.] Sd*: From experience, however, we are converted to a different principle, that we should hold our head high, so that the sweet tooth of the heart (of feeling) does not destroy us.

346. *along with . . . thought] Pd*: forth the gruesome wish

347. *removed from . . . wanton game] Pd*: out of the game

348. *annihilation] Pd*: corporeal death

349. *Pd*: Superficial minds can only give respect in wholesale, only we give respect ———

350. *Goethean maxim]* Cf. {Johann Wolfgang von} Goethe, *Maxims and Reflections*{, trans. Elisabeth Stopp (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1998)}, 149 {(p. 17): "It is as certain as it is wonderful that truth and error spring from the same source; frequently, therefore, error must not be attacked because this would mean also attacking the truth."}

351. *Pd*: *Cleanliness* allows for a great intensification. On education.

352. *Pd*: We believe that "deep thinking" belongs to age; it belongs to youth. Old people happen upon it and behave as if they were youthful-fanciful, for example, artists.

353. *fruitful]* Not underlined in *Pm, Fe.*

354. *Pd*: An assertion is stronger than an argument: for which reason popular orators seek to support their arguments with assertions.

355. Cf. 28[20], 29[2].

356. Cf. 30[149].

357. *pia fraus]* "pious fraud"

358. *(and harder):] Pm, Fe*: and harder:

359. *is in . . . phrase] Pd*: who as an old man said the simple saying

360. *things."]* Cf. Solon, Fragment 22, 7 in Ernst Diehl, {*Anthologia Lyrica Graeca* (Leipzig: Teubner, 1925)}.

361. *Pd*: *Goethe*: "the German has freedom of opinion and therefore does not notice if he lacks freedom of taste and spirit," from which it follows that in order to be respected by other nations, or even simply put up with, <we> must be much more than Germans—according to Goethe's harsh [?] judgment. |It is the truly unbearable people ———— |

362. Cf. Goethe, *Maxims and Reflections* 978 {p. 126} (passage underlined by N in his copy of the text): "A German should learn all languages so that no foreigner could discomfort him at home and he himself could be at home everywhere when abroad."

363. *Pd*: to step under a doorway and to look out toward the rainy skies—simile.

364. *you rich . . . "liberal,"] Pp*: my good "liberals" or however you baptize yourselves,

365. *were something . . . there] Pd*: wanted something different from you

366. *would make . . . and them] Pm*: would lead you unavoidably into the socialist camp

367. *opponents . . . this plague?] Pd*: enemies of your well-being (ah, not really your well-being! for you are doing fairly badly). The spurious and therefore all-the-more outwardly turn<ed>, envy-arousing in the joys and needs of your life—your houses, vehicles, fancy stores, [requirements for dining, operas and arts] necessities for palate and table are what spread poison-mingled public sickness that has its first seat in *you* and communicates itself through those things [to the people] to the masses as socialist [—].

368. *stem this plague?] Pp*: stop this wheel?

369. *Pd*: Making enemies out of conditional supporters—the striving of a *party*. Cf. N's postcard of 6 August 1878 to Mathilde Maier {*KGB* II:5, 344}.

370. *Pd*: How the *tyrant* finally seeks to legitimate himself, tracing traditions that falsify history (with Wagner).

Pd: Anyone who wants to live on after his death must not only care for [heritage] posterity, but also for a *past*. Human beings respect what is historically established (even if it is only pretended).

371. *Pd*: 30[162].

372. *real wealth . . . result] Pm*: a peculiarity, "wealth," as the true result

373. *new givers . . . enjoyment] Pd*: new masters—that promotes itself through reciprocal production of happiness

374. Cf. John 12:14.

375. *Pd*: A party attempts to designate what has grown beyond it first as unimportant and to hold itself apart from it; but then, if it is not successful at this, it shows hate and bears the greatest enmity to precisely what is best.

376. First added by N in *Pm*.

377. *Pd*: 30[162].

378. *feel] (added in PmN to fill a gap in Pm) Sd, Le*: see

379. Cf. 30[39].

Pd: In Parliament the elimination of parties. Everyone holds his own vote, except the experts every time. *The inner morality* of *truth* is bringing this about.

380. *trustworthy] Pm, Fe*: more trustworthy

381. *to leave . . . alone] Pp*: to refrain from voting every time

382. *Pd*: *CW* 12, 21[14].

Pd: The irrational, hovering, ominous, intuitive, what we say to be German nature, would, if it really existed, be proof that their culture had remained behind, surrounded by the spell and atmosphere of the Middle Ages.—Admittedly, there are privileges in thus lagging behind, as in all things. It is really what is unscientific; where science rules over logic, much certainly gets lost. But there is no gain here without loss. We should not complain.<(first version)>

383. *"people of thinkers"] "Volke der Denker" "Volk der Dichter und Denker"* is usually translated "nation of poets and thinkers," but I have here used "people" to retain consistency with other translations of *Volk* in this volume.

384. *indistinct] Pd*: dark, irrational

385. *all . . . time] Pp*: all together

386. Cf. *CW* 12, 23[45].

387. *Athens]* {An ancient Greek proverb, owls being as little needed in Athens as coals are in Newcastle.}

388. *and ambitious . . . class] Pp*: souls at all of these developmental steps

389. *educated]* Not underlined in *Pm, Fe.*

390. Cf. 27[2].

391. *press]* Underlined in *PmN, Sd, Le.*

392. Cf. *CW* 12, 23[48], 23[100]; 30[70].

Pd: What we call national differences are generally the various *stages of culture* upon which one people stands earlier, another later. *Axiom.*

Pd: Revising the question, what is German, into the opposite question, what is German *now*? <Probably occasioned by Richard Wagner's article, "What Is German?" published in the *Bayreuther Blätter* of February 1878, 29–42.>

393. *immediately revise . . . —and] PmN*: no longer find the theoretical question worth answering: but

394. *had up until then given it its national appearance] Pp*: was until then its national character

395. First added by N in the *Pm.*

Pd <Written on the back side of a sheet of paper with the following question, probably directed to the Basel University library or a book dealer>: Is there a translation of *D'Alembert's Dream* by *Diderot* (perhaps from the previous century)? Prof. Nietzsche

396. *Foreignisms] Ausländereien* is N's coinage, analogous, for instance, to terms such as *Barbarei*, translated as "barbarism."

397. *seems] Pp*: is

398. *do not] Pp*: never

399. *he advised]* <missing in N's note>

400. *We should . . . old man?] Pm*: If France represents the amiability of old Europe, England its experience, Italy its innocence and lack of shame, then present-day Germany represents old age and greed. <This passage was subsequently revised by N in a note sent to Schmeitzner.>

401. *propensity for obeying] Pp*: sense for obedience

402. *propensity for making themselves comfortable] Pp*: sense for idleness

403. *unskillful . . . virtue.] Pp*: bad housewives: for they believe that they must always be speaking about themselves for people to believe in them, which is a bad sign and moreover not even entertaining.

404. *Faust]* Cf. Goethe, *Faust I*:3249ff.

405. *the devil] Pp*: he

406. *but now . . . ever.]* Cf. Matthew 8:32.

407. *and is now . . . adulterated.] Pd*:—as it once was for all cultivated people in large cities.

408. *The scapegoat of virtue.] Der Tugend-Bock.* The German for scapegoat is "*Sündenbock*," literally, the sin- or sin-bearing goat, in contrast to N's coinage of "*Tugend-Bock*," the virtue-bearing goat or goat of virtue.

409. *mark of . . . things] Pd*: sign of greatness

410. *Pd*: To distinguish in a human being, which one *is effective* (the phantom in the heads of others) and the one who he really *is*. Subtle torturing of his soul to discover this and to have to uphold the phantom *for the benefit of human beings*.

411. Cf. 32[20].

412. *renunciation] Pd*: abstemiousness

413. First added by N in *Pm*.

414. *public suffering is also our private advantage.] Up*: public suffering is also our private advantage. <All of this emphasized in *Le*. N is once again varying the subtitle of Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*; cf. *HAH* 482.>

415. *the poet]* Schiller, "The Ideal and Life": "Admit divinity into your will."

416. *Pd*: Anyone who no longer desires very much should watch out, lest instead of becoming true, he becomes bored. It

may be that he has built his life upon too meager a foundation of (wishes) desire.

417. *"Gaudeamus igitur"]* "Therefore let us rejoice." Title of a celebratory song often sung in academic settings.

418. *expression, your demeanor] Pm, Fe*: expression

419. *what . . . with you]* Cf. John 2:4.

420. Cf. 30[31].

First version of Sd: We attain nothing more exalted than that playful up and down movement of the soul where it is like the waves of a lake, which lap upon the shore on a peaceful summer day and then grow still—without end, without purpose, without being sated, without need, wholly nature-rhythm and inhumanity.

421. *At the freezing . . . fatigue] PmN*: *Wish of one without wishes.*—Now and then they come, the hours that envelop us in a golden cloud free from pain: where the soul taking pleasure in its fatigue

422. *flow] Cp*: flow of the human

423. *ebb . . . nature] Up*: the rhythm of nature and into in- and extra-humanity

424. *This is the feeling . . . recovery.]* First added by N in *Pm.*

425. Cf. 32[2].

426. Cf. 30[143].

427. *that there . . . love.]* Cf. Goethe, *Maxims and Reflections*, 45 (p. 7): "In the face of another's great excellence the only possible salvation is love."

428. Cf. 33[1].

429. *staircase]* {N is playing with the French phrase, *esprit de l'escalier*, which refers to those witty replies that occur to someone too late to make use of them.}

430. *do you]* In brackets in *Se.*

431. *Just sit] PmN*: Just be

432. First added by N in *Pm.* Cf. 28[30].

433. *much more certain] Fe, PmN*: very certain. Cf. N's letter of 14 March 1879 to Schmeitzner {*KGB* II:5, 395}: " . . . The infamous blunder 'very certain' (for more certain). . . ."

434. Cf. 28[33].

435. *Pd*: People remain childish in valuing sweets more highly than bread, fantasy more highly than reality, what is enchanting more than what is useful.

436. *all too burdensome admirers.] Pd:* the admirers who flutter all too much in our light.

437. *Pd*: If we want to live only from what is best, we can die of hunger: there is a boredom of the most subtle and most cultivated minds, for whom what the earth offers has become shallow: from among them, even the founder of a religion might go forth.

438. *we must . . . feeling and] Sd*: we dare not think to the end and should

439. *new] Pd*: individual

440. Cf. 28[59], 30[37], 30[40].

441. The text of this aphorism was included in a letter of N's to Schmeitzner on 12 January 1879 {*KGB* II:5, 380–81}: "Please, then, insert somewhere one of my 'maxims,' to which I am treating myself. — *What is genius?*"

Cf. *CW* 12, 5[141].

442. *Pd*: Someone who does not have or does not expect victory wants the fight to be admired (cf. my text on W<agner>).

443. *Pd*: As long as someone dreams about philosophy, we are quite ready to call him a philosopher. But if he begins to be one, we believe just the opposite: he must have ceased.

444. Sent belatedly by N to Schmeitzner on 5 January 1879.

445. Sent belatedly by N to Schmeitzner on 5 January 1879.

446. Sent belatedly by N to Schmeitzner on 5 January 1879. Cf. N's letter to Peter Gast, 31 May 1878 {*KGB* II:5, 329}: "Wagner has allowed a great opportunity for displaying greatness of character to go *unused*."

447. Sent belatedly by N to Schmeitzner on 5 January 1879.

448. *hateful"]* Pascal, *Gedanken, Fragmente und Briefe* {*Thoughts, Fragments and Letters*} German trans. C. F. Schwartz, (Leipzig{: Otto Wigand}, 1865), 1:190f. *NL*. Cf. *D* 79.

449. *as thyself"]* Leviticus 19:18.

450. Sent belatedly by N to Schmeitzner on 5 January 1879.

451. *Epictetus]* Cf. *Manual* 5.

452. Sent belatedly by N to Schmeitzner on 5 January 1879.

453. Sent separately by N to Schmeitzner on 24 February 1879 as a replacement for the aphorism, "Against pessimists"; cf. note to *MM* 408 and 38[1–2].

454. Cf. 28[29].

Pd: we must not confuse the small amount of force needed to push a boat into the stream

455. *Pd*: Nobility of soul can be lacking even where there are the highest flights and movements—but a natural hovering in pure ether is lacking.

456. *more filled] Pm, Fe*: filled

457. Cf. 30[94].

Pd: the magnifying and rounding-off gaze of the observer—even without [?] anything ingenious—is the best effect of genius.

458. *Pd*: 34[22].

459. First added by N in *Pm*.

460. *Pd*: Anyone who has seen the ideal has sharp, relentless eyes. Cf. N's postcard to Mathilde Maier, 6 August, 1878 {*KGB* II:5, 344}.

461. *our virtues*"] Cf. Matthew 6:12.

462. *Pd*: 29[19]. On a separate piece of paper, belatedly sent from N to Schmeitzner: "Continuation of the next-to-last aphorism: Let's mention once again in this place the name of Voltaire. Which will be his highest honor, to prove him to be among the freest spirits of future species? His 'final honor' ——— Now the manuscript is finished." This addition, however, had to be left out in order to make room for the "Hades trip" (*MM* 408). Cf. Schmeitzner's letter to N of 7 March 1879 {*KGB* II:6, 1044}.

463. Sent belatedly by N to Schmeitzner on 24 February 1879 {This correspondence does not appear in *KGB*} with the following note: "The aphorism 'Against pessimists' from the belatedly sent manuscript (the one which speaks of virgin honey) should be completely *cut*: as replacement 'Ignorance in weapons'; the following is in turn to be placed toward the end of the book (around the fourth- or fifth-from-last page of the book), framed by very serious maxims." Also attached to the page was a note with the present aphorism 388, which was supposed to

replace "Against pessimists"; cf. Schmeitzner's letters to N of 27 February {*KGB* II:6, 1040–41} and 7 March 1879 {*KGB* II:6, 1044–46}.

464. *The trip to Hades] Pd*: *Confession*

465. *the underworld] Pd*: the kingdom of the dead

466. *be able . . . of the dead] Pd*: speak with certain shadows

467. *who did not . . . the sacrificer] Pp*: on whose speech so much depended and will always depend for me

468. *These are the ones . . . in general matter.] Pd*:—what do the other shadows matter to me! But with these I have had to come to terms and will have to do so forever: what I now say, what I decide upon, what I think through for myself and for others, I do all this with my eyes fixed upon your regard. And so I live among the dead: what are the living to me! Scarcely the shadows of shadows.

The Wanderer and His Shadow

1. *Spirits.]* <Note to the first edition of 1880.>

2. *Introduction:* <N made the following notes for Gast in the *Sd*:> (This is meant to be the introduction and preface to the "St. Moritz lines of thought"!); Always *indent* as soon as a new person is speaking!; The *continuation* is in this notebook. Likewise what is to be printed as a sort of afterword at the end of the book; Cont<inuation> of The Wanderer.

Pd: By G<od> and the H<oly> S<pirit> and whatever other unbelievable things exist!

3. *that we are both . . . simpleton.] Sd*: if we know how to help ourselves out in a similar way: thus we will [not become annoyed with each other] perhaps <not> become mad at each other while conversing and will understand if one of us sometimes does not understand the other. If we do not know how to reply right away, it is enough to say something, so that the other does not become embarrassed. That is the reasonable condition under which I am willing to converse.

4. *seeing you.] Sd*: seeing you. [*The Shadow.* True or untrue, your words do me good: were they also sincerely spoken? it almost sounded to me as if your vanity were whispering them to

you. A speaking shadow, however, is a rarity, for which one is allowed to be vain; I therefore take your joy for sincere. *The Wanderer.* So you cannot read what is in the heart, but love to make suppositions about what is written there? That is something that I, too, love. *The Shadow.* Now you are the one who perceives a similarity between us.] Cf. 41[71].

5. *tree of knowledge]* Cf. Genesis 2:9.

6. *a minori . . . ad totum]* "From the lesser to the greater, from the part to the whole."

7. *In the beginning was]* Cf. John 1:1.

8. *origin]* "*Entstehung*," which elsewhere in *CW* is typically translated as "emergence."

9. *drive]* Underlined in *Le.*

10. *beginning]* Underlined in *Le.*

11. Cf. 40[23].

Sd: Marginal note without visible connection to this aphorism, crossed out and difficult to read. Byron *Don Juan "dinner bell"* afterward "killed"! [?]. *Don Juan* 5.49.

Pd: We do not eat in order to live. Human beings do not admit what they take to be most important.

12. *especially . . . whereas] PmN*: that is, the easygoing thoughtlessness of shallow epicureans over inexperienced youth: and

13. *all of] Sd*: civilized

14. *society.] PmN*: society. [Through general ignorance with regard to the nearest of things]

15. Cf. 40[22].

Pd: Pleasant odors in cold, clear air. Elongated eggs. Thunderstorm beneficial for the abdomen. Sense of taste different at different places in the mouth.

16. *mouth . . . that every] Sd*: mouth, [that collections of thoughts ought not to be read through, much less read aloud, if they are not to become tasteless, that every]

17. *pasture of troubles"]* Cf. Empedocles (Diels-Kranz), Fragments 121:3–4, 158; cf. also *D* 77.

18. *the sublime . . . power] Sd*: all cunning ambition

19. *Socrates . . . human beings]* Cf. Diogenes Laertius II:21.

20. *home."] Odyssey*, 4, 392.

21. *Pd*: The two soothing sayings that Epicurus employed against metaphysics, brought to [put into] the simplest form, go thus: 1) Supposing that it is so, it matters nothing to us. 2) It may be so, but it may also be otherwise.

22. *us"]* Cf. Diogenes Laertius X:123–24; cf. also Philodemus (*On Piety* / Περὶ εὐσεβείας), Gomperz, p. 128.

23. *devil] PmN*: vulture

24. *In . . . case.]* Cf. Diogenes Laertius X:85–87.

25. *origin]* "*Entstehung*"

26. *Pd (at end)*: To *prove* the contrary is, of course, hopeless: and he pressed everyone who was serious about these things in this direction, that is, he brought everyone into the most complete embarrassment: until they gave up.

27. Cf. 41[66], 42[3], 42[25], 47[1].

28. *ruling]* Not underlined in *Sd*.

29. Cf. 47[1].

30. Cf. 42[66].

Pd: In acting, we are *unfree as individuals*; in knowing we are also unfree, but not in the same way *as individuals are in their actions*. We look farther and overlook with our glance numerous individuals. We believe that we see *facts* and *empty* spaces in between: a false observation! Our acting and thinking is likewise infinitely divisible, just like matter, that is, it does not consist of parts, but *is* instead *a flow*. — Freedom of the will rests upon the *illusion of isolated facts*; — We see facts as imprecisely as characters. We therefore make an *equivalence* that *does not exist among facts*. We give praise and blame and attribute responsibility **only** under the presupposition of *similar facts*. — The concept and the word isolate things and simplify them, as *they are not*. Language the path to belief in freedom of the will.

31. *essence] Pm, Fe*: truth <Reading error by Gast.>

32. *Pd*: All *spiritual pleasure and displeasure* rests upon the *illusion* of *equivalence* (recollection) and freedom of the will ("that could have been different," etc.) — pleasure and displeasure of a kind that we would not have without specific *judgments* (spiritual pleasure and displeasure) and afterward the purely physical. —

All of humanity is tied to the existence of spiritual pleasure and displeasure, therefore grounded in *errors.*

Pd: The act of free will would be a miracle, a break in the chain of nature. Humans would be the miracle-workers.

33. *more-than-animal]* "*Ueberthier*"; {a term that anticipates N's *Übermensch*, translated in *CW* as "superhuman."}

34. *the creature . . . world history] Up*: he, the only non-natural thing

35. *Vanitas vanitatum homo]* "Man is the vanity of vanities." Cf. Ecclesiastes 1:2.

36. *Pd*: right and left foot of the sentence

37. Cf. 42[17]. <Note for Gast>: Continuation in the black notebook, p. 81; *the other* **notebook** God's ape

Pd: that countless celestial bodies have had this outbreak of life on their crust and been cured from this disease (: if life is *suffering*)

38. *vanity]* Underlined in *Pd.*

39. *do,] Pm*: do, [as if] involuntarily,

40. *final human]* {The "letzte Mensch" is a concept that recurs often in N's work, as in §5 of the Prologue to *Z* (*CW* 7).}

41. *human.] Pd, Le*: mortal.; *Pm*: deceased person <Reading error by Gast.>

42. *scarcely] Pd, Le*: not

43. *to find . . . beings!] Pd*: to live.

44. *Pd*: Do not *await* anything *definitive* about the *first* things from *science*! The drive for wanting to have certainties here is a religious drive. It is for humans, as for the ant, unnecessary. But we should recognize where the importance stems from that we attribute to these things: history of ethical sensations. History provides it: it is sufficient. We have spread ethical concepts (guilt and punishment) everywhere, into regions that are quite unknown to us (and especially so, as long as they *were* unknown). Therefore *not* [dogm] knowledge against belief! but indifference against belief! And supposed knowledge!

45. *"metaphysical need"]* Cf. Schopenhauer, "On Religion: A Dialogue," in *Essays and Aphorisms*, 95–114.

46. *knowledge]* {N switches terms in this section from *Erkenntnis* to *Wissen*, but without any sharply signaled distinction in making the shift.}

47. *it is more useful . . . if] Up*: it is more desirable for the most scientific person if

48. *deceptive . . . lies] Up*: ocean-belt without distant coasts were lying

49. *forcing us . . . indeterminable.] Pd*: forcing a dogmatism upon areas where neither belief nor knowledge is needed, indeed, where a definitive knowledge may not even be desirable—for a sea without coasts is needed for the drive for knowledge.

50. *kingdom of darkness] PmN*: dark sea [darkness of Hades]

51. *increases]* Underlined in *Cp, Le*.

52. *have learned] Pm, Le*: *learn*

53 *Anyone who . . . pride."] Sd*: A droll example of how the metaphysical drive, I mean the drive to metaphysical, inexplicable explanations can hit the philosopher from behind and make him into a bad observer, is given by Schopenhauer's thoughts about the pregnancy of women (passage from Schopenhauer to follow).

54. *pride."]* Schopenhauer, *Parerga 2*, chap. 14, no. 166.

55. *much]* Not underlined in *Pm, Le*.

56. *but while . . . "explanation."]* First added by N in *Pm. Pd*: our sublime muddle-head has too much intent here and has seen and wanted to see too little nature.

57. *he says . . . be explained] PmN*: Schopenhauer says, in general,

58. *younger] Pd, Le*: young

59. *cleverest and most spirited] PmN*: most pious and noblest

60. *an intellectual prodigy] PmN*: a moral prodigy

61. *can once again "renounce"] Pd, Le*: once again "renounces"

62. *stupid] PmN*: good-for-nothing

63. Cf. Diogenes Laertius, VI: 2, 6, 41.

Pd: (the modern Diogenes). Anyone who now goes looking for man must have found the lantern of the *cynic* in advance.

64. *cynic?]* Underlined in *Sd, Le*.

65. First added by N in *Pm*.

66. *self-sacrificing] PmN*: heroic

67. *heat-conducting] PmN*: fundamentally benevolent

68. *truly good] PmN*: individual "holy"

69. *Pd*: Measure and measuring, scales and weighing have driven the imagination of humans a long way, to what are really quite immeasurable and unweighable regions. Man the measurer. The *prejudice* in favor of what is large, numerous and difficult.

70. Cf. 41[56], 43[4].

Pd: The two kings in Sparta—balance.

Pd: Establishment of *balance*: as the basis for justice. The recompense of "a tooth for a tooth" is a wish for balance. Punishment in the community likewise. Even shame is a weight, set against the advantages of the encroaching, audacious individual.—Means for establishing balance. 1) Alliance of *small* powers against a large one. 2) Separation of a large power into small ones (where the weak then have the advantage). The *thief* and the one who promises to *protect against* the thief, orig<inally> very similar (like the merchant and pirates). But he promises to maintain *balance*: then come the weaker ones; ἄξιος counterbalancing; ἀγὼν—ἀγὼν νεῶν parade of ships. Parade ground. "value," "what a thing is equal to in weight."

Pd: If two equally balanced forces are doing *battle*, they permit *no neutrality*: now they want superiority to the other. (Hence the Melians) <Reference to the vain attempt by the Melians to remain neutral in the Peloponnesian War; cf. *CW* 12, 6[32] and Thucydides V: 84ff.> Then uncontested, absolute sovereignty seems the lesser evil: Rome was more lenient when it ruled.—*Those who are strong* do *not* want balance; but the many weak ones, the communities strive for it.—That *balance* exists is a great *step forward*.

Pd: When someone steals and murders, we punish him, that is, we treat him as someone unequal to us, as if *outside* the community, we *remind* him of what he has gained through the community.

Pd: Community arises for the sake of ending the *struggle for existence*. *Balance* its point of view.

71. *Indeed] Pd, Le*: Basically

72. *It is the very same . . . as possible.]* Cf. H. C. Carey, *Lehrbuch der Volkswirtschaft und Sozialwissenschaft*, trans. into German by

Karl Adler (Vienna{: Wilhelm Braumüller,} 2nd ed., 1870), 103ff. *NL*. {H. C. Carey, *Manual of Social Science* (Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird, 1869), chap. 8, #5, 215–18.}

73. *to bring . . . each other?] Pd*: to make a treaty with the powerful neighbor and to submit.

74. *justice]* Underlined in *Pd, Le.*

75. *an eye . . . tooth."]* Exodus 21:24.

76. *jus talionis]* "right of retaliation"

77. *heavier]* Underlined in *Pd, Le.*

78. *Pd*: 42[65]; cf. 42[54], 42[58], 42[60].

79. *ignorantia legis]* "ignorance of the law"

80. *acted like an animal] Up*: followed compulsion

81. *criminal] Pm, Fe*: crime

82. *is not supposed to] Up*: cannot in any case

83. *reasons] Up*: reason

84. *is supposed to . . . at a moment] Up*: determines a *perfect readiness to do as one pleases*; a moment occurs

85. *miracle]* Underlined in *Pd, Le.*

86. *supposed] Up*: mad

87. *we think, and] Pp*: it

88. *"because"] Pd, Le*: "why?"; *Pm, Up*: "why"

89. *origin]* "*Herkunft*," which elsewhere in *CW* is typically translated as "descent."

90. *Nor should . . . as if] Pd*: Just as little can the culpability lie in the fact that

91. *something had . . . of reason] Up*: he had *not* done something, neglected something, or had *not* made use of his reason

92. *for in any . . . unintentionally! And] Pd*: because he is supposed to have neglected this *unintentionally*: but

93. *worse] Pd, Le*: bad

94. *criminal who] Pm, Fe*: crime that

95. *the hen . . . all reality.] Pd*: to be sure, no poetic muse has sat upon these eggs in order to hatch them.

96. *Pd*: The criminal who knows the entire flow of circumstances finds everything quite natural and his deed not to be as much out of the ordinary and incomprehensible. But we *punish*

from a feeling of encountering something incomprehensible and monstrous.

97. *Pd*: What is immoral about exchange.

98. *Frankenthaler]* {German silver dollar. The term *Thaler* (translated later in this aphorism as "dollar") comes from *Joachimsthaler*, a coin first minted by the counts of Schlick at Joachimsthal, Bohemia, in 1519. Originally 32 grams of silver, it had diminished to about 18 grams in 1873, when it was discontinued.}

99. *Pd*: Law as **long** as an equivalence of power. The state of nature *does not cease.*

100. *Schadenfreude]* {Pleasure taken from somebody else's injury or misfortune.}

101. *it has arisen] Pd, PmN*: hasn't it arisen

102. *A previously] Pd, Le*: Conversely, an

103. *each] Pd, Le*: an

104. *a discovery . . . a past."] Pd*: a discovery, a punishment. *Habit* has *mitigated* culpability: it has allowed a tendency to arise. Instead of which, he is punished most harshly: his past in him. Habit is taken into account as a reason *against* mitigation. We punish as if we were punishing the first case and under more acute circumstances. But we do not understand that first case in psychological terms at all: it should not be considered at all. Where would we want to stop, if we *punished the past along with it*! In any case it would be arbitrary to stop short with the criminal. —An exemplary way of life previously should sharpen — but it softens! *Everything is measured according to its utility for society.*

105. <Note in *Pd* for Gast: "New aphorism!"; aphorisms 31 and 29 were written after each other by N on the same sheet of paper.>

106. *which Hesiod . . . Eris] Sd*: the bad and the good *Eris* (envy) of Hesiod. Cf. Hesiod, *Works and Days* 11–24.

107. *equality] Pd*: equality [the Nemesis-feeling (of Aristo<tle>), that is,]

108. *better]* Underlined in *Pd, Le.*

109. *volition]* N's term here, *Willkür*, also has connotations of arbitrary or capricious decision-making, willfulness as much as will or volition.

110. *natures . . . acknowledge also] Pd*: natures, because they judge not on the basis of the ego, but instead on the level of society. Justice is felt to be lacking, that is, demanded by human beings; if they acknowledge equality, it must now also

111. Cf. 41[10].

112. *Pd*: Vanity the outgrowth of a drive for superiority. Quite right, too, the insight that our weight is determined not according to what we are, but instead according to what we are *counted* as or determined to be (originally utility).

Pd: In a state of anarchy (Corcyra) balance comes to an *end*—Equality a condition *imposed* by force. The greater the security, the more inequality once again (classes, etc.).

113. *outgrowth]* {N's term here, a coinage of his, is *Nachtrieb*, literally meaning an after-drive or a belated drive.}

114. *equal to one another] Pd, Le*: *equal*

115. *Thucydides]* Cf. Thucydides III: 70–85.

116. *Pd*: *aequus* ἶσος "equity" is prescribed by the law. A refinement within those who do *not* offend the community's order "it is in accordance with our equality," that is, it is *equitable*.

117. *Aequum]* "Equity" or "equality"

118. *not]* Underlined in *Sd, Le*.

119. Cf. 42[7], 42[8], 42[9], 42[21], 42[26].

Pd: W<oman> and honor a *more noble* motive

Pd: For human beings who are convinced that their honor is worth more than anything else, the th<ought> of the dangerousness of revenge or of the possible risking of their lives in order to restore honor is an indispensable condition of revenge: although the courts offer them a hand in order to procure their satisfaction, they still take the path of a *duel*, because m<ore> dangerous.

Pd: as if every word were not a pocket in which now <this>, n<ow> <that> has been stowed away!

120. *more of a] Pd, Pm, Le*: quite

121. *if] Pd, Le*: where

122. *for] Sd, Le*: where

123. *In this way] Sd, Le*: So

124. *joined together]* Underlined in *Sd, Le.*

125. *know what]* Underlined in *Sd, Le.*

126. *wants]* Underlined in *Sd, Le.*

127. *Pd*: Casuistry of advantage, hence casuistry of morality.

128. *Pd*: Every beggar [is] becomes a hypocrite.

129. *Pd*: We all want to assist in bringing it about that all passions of humanity eventually result in nothing but *delights*.

Pd: Saints-delights

Pd: You speak of the terr<ible> passions! Big words! By neglecting the least of them, you have allowed them to grow into monsters. They do not need to become devastating torrents.

130. *blind-worms]* Cf. 47[12].

131. *As if everywhere . . . delights.] Sd*: But by neglecting on a *small scale*, by a lack of self-observation and observation of children, you have allowed these passions to grow into such monstrosities: it was up to you and is up to us to *take* their frightful character away from the p<assions> and to *make* of them not devastating torrents, but fructifying and mill-driving rivers.

delights] N's coinage here, *Freudenschaften*, for "delights" or "a state of delight," plays off the German word for passions, *Leidenschaften*, with its connotations of pain or suffering.

132. *Pd*: *Laws* go back to *custom* and *custom* to a *onetime agreement*, wh<ose> origin has gradually been forgotten once people were mutually satisfied with the *effects* of the agreement for the first, second and third times.

133. *in the first instance] Sd, Le*: most often

134. *agreement]* {N here uses two related words, *Herkommen* and *Abkommen*, translated here as "custom" and "agreement" respectively. Both have connotations of origin and descent, of usage passed down over time. *Abkommen* also has secondary meanings of falling into disuse or deviating, falling away from.}

135. *Pd*: the good, gentle, etc. in the field of morality—inherited kingdom must proffer and communicate in order to be felt—"squandering"

Pd: Without the most select understanding and the finest power of choice, the inherited kingdom of morality turns into squandering: the whole rest of the world is made more negligent, covetous and sentimental by it.

136. *Inherited wealth] Pd*: Inherited wealth; *Le*: *Inherited wealth*

137. *in majorem gloriam]* {"In the greater glory," a reference to the Jesuit motto, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*, "For the greater glory of God."}

138. *squanderers]* Underlined in *Pd, Le*.

139. *Pd*: *Duties*: coercive feelings that impel us to act, which we call good, which we take to be indisputable.—But the thinker takes everything for disputable, he therefore knows of no duties as long as he is thinking.

140. *initially . . . the community] Sd*: a means for *maintaining* the race (above all, the community); next, for keeping it

141. *For this . . . executioners.]* Missing in *Pm, Le* <overlooked by Gast>.

142. *must do . . . wide steps,] Sd*: (and among them, again, the invention of a Beyond with a Hell) must do service here. Executioners and torturers of the soul must exist, as long as nothing else works strongly enough upon the soul. Also the absolute *concept of duty*, the "thou shalt," the commands of a god are the steps of those moral supports, still fairly roughly hewn,

143. *for a long . . . other ones] Sd*: needed it because human beings were in general still too stupid and coarse

144. *unintentionally become . . . only one.] Pd*: *glorify* the good, compassionate, benevolent *impulses*, the instinctive morality, and give it preference over the rational one: thus all Christians, who do not even believe in the *possibility* of a morality based upon reason.

145. *Pd*: A prohibition whose reason I do not understand or acknowledge is practically a command.

146. *Decalogue]* {"Decalogue" refers to the five Mosaic books of the Old Testament.}

147. *"thou shalt . . . adultery,"]* Cf. Exodus 20:13–14.

148. *Pd*: Compassion—because the other has ceased to be an object of fear and precaution, is a sign of *contempt*.

149. *whereas] Sd, Le*: and

150. *the altruistic person is now praised] Sd*: *the altruistic person* is now praised; *Le*: the altruistic person is now *praised*

151. *Pd*: Content of our *conscience* consists of everything that from childhood on was demanded of us by persons whom we *respected* or *feared* (or [?] the state ———

152. *which does not ask] PmN*: without my asking, but also without my being able to say

153. *Pd*: A human who has overcome his passions has discovered the *most fertile* kingdom on earth.

154. *Pd*: Today is the festival of small animals: how they swarm and clamber! And we—without intending to do so, crush them however we move, now this one, now that one. If the gods should———We can recognize the emergence of morality in our behavior toward animals.—In a military state, a horse is worth more than a man because the man is baptized, the horse is purchased—

155. *also]* Not underlined in *Sd, Le*.

156. *the suspicion] Cp*: disdain

157. *ignoble] Cp*: low

158. *Thus arises] Cp*: But the fate of animals was improved most due to superstition. Thus there grew up

159. *a beginning . . . sensations:] Cp*: morality in our relations with animals:

160. *superstition now] Cp*: superstition, however,

161. *The looks . . . fade.] Cp*: The more that people imaginatively project themselves into [an animal] animals, the more they suffer and rejoice with [it] them; they relate most humanely to the ones that have the most humanlike looks and tones |and are cold toward all the ones that are dissimilar to them|. All religions that saw in animals, under certain circumstances, the home of human and divine souls have recommended a nobler discretion, indeed, a respectful awe in associating with them and thereby humanized humans to a remarkable extent.

162. *Moreover . . . on this point.] Up*: Animals have no *rights* with regard to us, because they do not understand how to organize themselves into *equally balanced* powers and cannot enter into any *contracts*. The animals that people have gathered around them for breeding purposes have become more *beautiful* and more gentle, also more *clever*: the first and oldest domestic animal, which has also been brought by this threefold process the furthest, is *woman*.—The more people imaginatively project themselves into animals, the more they suffer and rejoice with them; they interact/associate most humanely with the ones that have humanlike tones. <On 2 November 1879 {*KGB* II:6, 2, 1210}, Peter Gast wrote to N: "The 57th aphorism that begins on the current page ends with the passage that I had something against upon first reading it. . . . However brilliant a conclusion this may provide, I am still not in favor of it, first, because it is not correct and, in the second place, because the disposition toward the female sex present in the designation 'domestic animal' seems to me unfair, therefore also unphilosophical." On 5 November 1879 {*KGB* II:5, 461}, N replied: "Many thanks, dear friend, for the suggestion; I do not wish to give the *appearance* of having contempt for women and have completely *excised* the passage. It is *true*, however, that it was originally only men who took themselves to be *humans*, even *languages* still prove it; woman really has been considered to be an animal, the acknowledgment of her humanity is one of the greatest moral advances. The term 'domestic animal' is not meant to refer to *my* or *our* contemporary view of 'woman.'—I am judging here in accordance with Huntley's, <"doubtless Huxley's," notes Gast, that is, the Darwinist Thomas Henry Huxley> description of the condition of women among primitive peoples."—after excising this passage, N wrote a new conclusion to his aphorism in *Cp* that still exhibits some divergences from the final, printed version.

163. Cf. N's letter of 21 December 1877 {*KGB* II:5, 295} to Carl Gersdorff: "Dear friend, the greatest triviality in the world is death, the second-greatest being born; but marriage, then, comes third. . . ."

164. *New actors] Pd*: *Not being afraid of banality*

165. *continually . . . spectators] Pd*: equipped so well with new traits and strokes that they always arouse renewed interest in some spectators

166. *boredom] Pd*: despair or boredom

167. *new actors . . . play] Sd*: a careful production

168. *means] Up*: would mean

169. *old habit] Pp*: etymology

170. Cf. 42[6].

Pd: Turkish fatalism — that we are not a part of fate, but instead something other than f<ate>. We can struggle against it, but it will compel us.

171. *human, it says,] Cp*: human believes that he; *Pd, Le*: human, they say,

172. *most reasonable] Pd, Le*: reasonable

173. *moira]* {The Greek goddess of fate.}

174. *Pd*: Phil<osophy> of compassion. It is through harm experienced by us that we first become shrewd, but through harm experienced by others that we become good and wise.

175. *Pd*: In ages when the difference among classes is considered to be absolute, moralists also represent character masks [as] absolute (Molière La Bruyère). How was it in Athens? People stamped their τίς {whatness, quiddity} more emphatically. (Now a character-mask appears like something *diseased* ("a fixed idea")). Cf. *WS* 230.

176. *of transitions . . . pedant.] Pp*: he would be inexplicable and hardly worthy of wonder.

177. *we now . . . you live] Sd, Le*: *we* now . . . *you* live

178. *lays out] Sd, Le*: lays out and cultivates

179. *What is truth?]* {Pilate's question to Jesus when the latter was brought to him after having been arrested; John 18:38.}

180. *Melanchthon]* {Philipp Melanchthon, who changed his original family name of Schwarzert, or "black earth," into the Latin equivalent of Melanchthon, was a Protestant theologian who was a close associate (and frequent disputant) of Luther's during the Reformation period.}

181. *Pd*: Imperfect observation has introduced all sorts of *oppositions* ("cold and warm") into the physical world. And from

there, also gone astray in the *moral world* (good and evil). From this arises the great painfulness, the *contradictoriness* of culture.

182. *are doing!]* Cf. Luke 23:34.

183. *wrongdoers] PmN*: humans

184. *But does . . . do not have.] Pd*: If we take the concept of knowledge [?] strictly, we never have anything to punish and consequently also never anything to forgive. *Granting mercy* is an impossible virtue.

185. *Pd*: How does *shame* emerge because something is *not* ours by rights or because we *have not earned* it? We are penetrating into a region from which we are excluded. *Mercy*, too, arouses shame. This would be the habitual condition of the sage, whether good or ill occurs, as if he belonged to the higher caste of the free who really have earned something and who have free will.

186. *Why do we feel shame] Pp*: How does that form of shame emerge

187. *Pd*: There are people, all of whose virtues are derived from the *spirit of contradiction.*

188. First added by N in *Pm.*

189. *populi]* "people"

190. *Pd*: Even Socrates feels himself to be a missionary, but *without pomposity.* He puts the veracity of his god to the test! Like the wasp

Pd: (Socrates as missionary) the subtlest compromise between piety and [indepen<dence>] freedom of spirit that has yet been conceived [sealed]

191. *his images . . . horse]* Cf. Plato, *Apology* 30e; cf. *HAH* 433.

192. *whether]* Not underlined in *Sd, Le.*

193. First added by N in *Pm.*

194. *If older people] Pd*: Is such a vision worth admiring? If older people

195. *If older people . . . gaze] Pd (crossed out)*: S. Katharina seems with her friendly [ga<ze>] to say to the picture's viewers

196. *This face . . . faces] Pd*: She rejoices in the joy of the viewers

197. *a child] Up*: the Christ-child

198. *boredom]* Underlined in *Sd, Le.*

199. *ora et labora]* "Pray and work." {Motto of the Benedictine order of monks.}

200. *Pd*: Thrasea has earned the right to be placed among the angels because of her last three words, the divine lie, *Paete non dolet* {Paetus, it does not hurt}.

Pd: it would almost sound like the [?] most gracious words of a sufferer that have ever been spoken.

201. *Arria] Sd*: Thrasea <N confused the name of the wife with that of the husband in *Pd*; the husband of Arria, who is in question here, was Caecina Paetus, not Thrasea Paetus.>

202. *Paete, non dolet]* Martial I:13, 3–4 "Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci no dolet, inquit, / set tu quod facies, hoc mihi, Paete, dolet." {If you believe me, the wound I have inflicted has no pain; the wound you shall inflict—this for me, Paetus, has the pain.}; Pliny *Letters*, III:16.

203. *there must . . . upon him.] Pd*: there is always one who is as hard as a stone. Upon him will the new church be built. Cf. Matthew 16:18.

204. *Pd*: Christianity illness belief

205. *if his style . . . less religious] Sd*: if he has irony, arrogance, malice, the whirling and shifting of moods like the least religious human, as his style tells us. (Paul de la Garde)

206. *forsaken me!"]* Cf. Matthew 27:46.

207. *The founder . . . who] Pd*: Jesus

208. *this was . . . Moreover, he] Pd*: the nonguiltiness of the worldly judge is only supposed, is pharisaical: he regards

209. *Pd*: People who want to separate themselves from something, for example, from Christianity, believe that it is necessary to *refute* it. That is arrogant. It is enough to break the clamps that kept us attached to it—hence, first of all, to perceive these clamps.

210. *pluck it out."]* Cf. Matthew 18:9.

211. *Pd*: *The vanity of God*—Paul Calvin

Pd: Countless people damned from all eternity—this plan for the world is arranged in this way so that G<od> would manifest himself gloriously. We see that Paul did nonetheless remain Saul.

212. *in such a way . . . therein]* Cf. Romans 9:11–12, 22–23.

213. Cf. *CW* 12, 18[47]; 28[11], 41[2].

Pd: The memorabilia of Socrates are finally once again attaining superiority over the Bible: and the [John] forerunners and preparers of the way are Montaigne and Horace.

214. *All the roads . . . understanding.]* Added in *Pm*.

215. *Pd*: The sole means for making the Germans *nationalistic* once again is to forcibly preach to them not to write *well*, "it is not your affair"

216. *not]* Not underlined in *Sd, Le*.

217. *most desirable]* Underlined in *Sd, Le*.

218. *good . . . because] Sd, Le*: good, because

219. *Goethe]* Cf. Goethe's letter of 18 January 1825 to Eckermann. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Conversations with Eckermann: 1823–32*, trans. John Oxenford (San Francisco: North Point Press, 1984), 68.

220. *as far as . . . hideous!"]* Cf. N's letter to Overbeck of {22} October 1879 {*KGB* II:5, 457}: "When did Bishop Ulfilas live? Around the middle of the third century?" To which Overbeck responded on 1 November 1879 {*KGB* II:6.2, 1208}: "What are you doing with Ulfilas, who was born in 310 or 11 and died soon after 380?" {Ulfilas was an Anatolian, born under the Goths, who spent time in the Roman Empire during the period of the Arian controversy about the relation between God the Father and God the Son. Ordained a bishop, he served as a missionary to the Goths, eventually emigrating with his converts to Moesia, where he translated the Bible from Greek into Gothic, inventing a Gothic alphabet for this purpose. Also a minor character in the eighteen-year-old N's planned drama *Ermanarich* (cf. the unfinished *Historisch-kritische Gesamtausgabe* [Munich: Beck, 1933–], Bd. 2: 150).}

221. *Never read . . . precisely where] Sd*: P. de Lagarde is an arrogant know-it-all and muddle-head who has the most disgusting bad habit of using paradoxes—especially of employing *logical* forms where

222. *why do you bother writing, then?)] PmN, Le*: why did you bother writing, then?)

223. *display]* Underlined in *Sd, Le*.

224. *dédain]* "disdain"

225. *away from]* Not underlined in *Sd, Le*.

226. *Pd*: The curse of German prose is that we are familiar with no other than improvised prose. How deeply does one value improvised poetry!

227. *Pd*: The grand style arises in the triumph of the beautiful over the colossal (excessively large).

228. Cf. 41[30].

229. *of tears] Pd*: of tears and sorrows

230. *really] Sd, Le*: moreover

231. *the author . . . readers] Sd*: I am tormented by my readers

232. *and took . . . thought] Pd*: but he is past and gone for us

233. *was]* Not underlined in *Pd, Le*.

234. *either . . . Look] Sd*: either [(, except as a decoration for national vanity)]. Look

235. *could]* Underlined in *Pd, Le*.

236. *A gritty terseness] Sd*: Brevity

237. *where you . . . to come.] Sd*: where I find these qualities, I stop and celebrate a feast: these are my sort of fruit-trees.

238. Cf. 42[45].

239. *Stifter's Nachsommer]* <N probably read *Nachsommer* in summer 1878; Paul Rée brought it to his attention.>

240. *Pd*: Style is the substitute for gestures and tones, in writing.

241. Cf. 39[10].

242. *can destroy . . . attention] Pd*: can destroy pages, indeed, can seem like a brand burned into the whole book, in order to tell us: "

243. *We can] Sd*: I will

244. *Greek morality . . . an end] Sd*: morality. Compulsion, first harsh, then milder, finally pleasure in something, from that an inclination toward solitary possession, competition, satiety, new territories, the spectacle repeats itself, the spectators grow tired, the course is run through, attempts recommence from the beginning, and so on.

245. *Pd*: This setting offers many of the important *features* for painting—but does *not* allow *any formula to be drawn* from it.

Yet this is necessary. The absence of a *mathematical substratum* indicates something unaesthetic. (Also in humans.) Comprehensible and simple relations of size are what constitute people of real character.

246. *appeal to] Sd, Le*: please

247. *setting will] Sd*: setting [(nor any human)] will

248. *we have to . . . latter.] Pd*: and then, to employ only pale colors, in exact *proportion* to the original painting of the presentation.

249. Cf. 39[3].

250. *Pd*: Herder was the great insatiable; he had an understanding for all of the drinks of the spirit. But he does not belong in the first place at the table of connoisseurs, nor at the table of the creators. This gives him his charm and eventually made him melancholy.

Pd: Herder—he blows so vigorously into his little fire that it does indeed crackle—but he wishes for *a grand flame* and cannot bring it forth. He suffers from this; envy seats itself upon his invalid's bed and hypocrisy comes to visit, too.—He has something wounded and unfree, he bore the inner martyrdom of priestliness and dignity and enthusiasm are cloaks for him! He is lacking in simple, val<iant> manliness. The French masters of writing———

251. *who would . . . his age!] Pd*: and pope for the intellects—which he remained, to be sure, until his final exit.

252. *kingdoms] Pd, Le*: kingdoms of the spirit

253. *He did not . . . for a time] Pd*: He became sick at this: envy seated itself

254. *classic] Pd, Le*: "classic"

255. Cf. 39[10].

256. *convention] Pd*: fashion

257. *their public.] Sd*: their public. [(Admittedly, this was nothing ridiculous.)]

258. *understandably] Pd, Le*: excusably

259. *The temptation . . . artists] Pd*: The vain desire from which many artists suffer

260. Cf. 29[1], 29[15]. Cf. also Stendhal's letter to G. C. of 20 January 1838. "Goethe a donné le diable pour un ami au docteur

Faust, et avec un si puissant auxiliaire, Faust fait tout ce que nous avons tous fait à vingt ans: il séduit un modiste." {Goethe gave Doctor Faust the devil as a friend, and with such a powerful assistant, Faust did what we have all done at the age of twenty: he seduces a seamstress.}

261. *gentle] PmN*: good

262. *only] Pp, Fe*: now

263. *the good soul . . . forgot itself,"] Faust II*:12065f.

264. the good man . . . impulse"] *Faust I*:328.

265. *with the "dark . . . heaven] PmN*: "who always exerted himself in striving," *Faust II*:11936.

266. *For Goethe . . . again.] Pd*: But even so the i<dea> was too horrible for Goethe. He could not keep from placing Gretchen among the saints and bringing her together again with Faust in heaven! to what excesses did she exert herself, with success, for the sake of Faust's soul: so that the devil is cheated.

267. *Goethe . . . truly tragic.]* Cf. Goethe's letter to Zelter, 31 October 1831. {"I was not born to be a tragic poet, for my nature is too conciliatory." *Briefwechsel zwischen Goethe und Zelter*, 3:1828–32, ed. Max Hecker (Frankfurt a. M.: Insel, 1987), 573.}

268. *Pd*: Klopstock was [?] in his own lifetime a venerable antiquity

Pd: Herder's writings have always been either new or antiquated [grown old]—for Lichtenberg the *Ideas on the History of Humanity* was already antiquated upon publication—but [it was] made alive [that is] gave life only to individuals who had all been dead for a long time.—We speak of it, but do not read it; once upon a time when people did read it, it had no reputation yet.

269. *Sainte-Beuve]* Cf. *Les Cahiers de Sainte-Beuve* (Paris: {A. Lemerre,} 1876), 108–9. "Il y a des langues and des littératures ouvertes de touts parts and non circonscrites auxquelles je ne me figure pas qu'on puisse appliquer le mot classique: je ne me figure pas qu'on dise les classiques allemands." {There are languages and literatures that are open in every direction and not circumscribed, to which I do not imagine that one could apply the word classic: I do not imagine that one could say, German classics.} *NL*.

270. *Lichtenberg]* Concerning Herder's *Ideas on the History of Humanity*, cf. Lichtenberg's *Vermischte Schriften* I, 280. Cf. also Lichtenberg, *Gedankenbücher*, ed. F. H. Mautner {(Heidelberg: Stiehm}, 1967), 159.

271. *ages] Pd, Le*: stages of life

272. *respect.] Pd*: respect. They have made themselves superfluous.

273. *Pd*: This locale conceals a meaning; wherever I look, everything is speaking a word, but I do not know where to begin in order to understand the meaning of the whole series of words.

274. *from there.] Sd*: from there. [(The "magical egg" of C<olumbus>.)] {Girolamo Benzoni, in his *Story of the New World* (Venice, 1565), tells the story: "Columbus was dining with many Spanish nobles when one of them said: 'Sir Christopher, even if your lordship had not discovered the Indies, there would have been, here in Spain which is a country abundant with great men knowledgeable in cosmography and literature, one who would have started a similar adventure with the same result.' Columbus did not respond to these words but asked for a whole egg to be brought to him. He placed it on the table and said: 'My lords, I will lay a wager with any of you that you are unable to make this egg stand on its end like I will do without any kind of help or aid.' They all tried without success and when the egg returned to Columbus, he tapped it gently on the table breaking it slightly and, with this, the egg stood on its end. All those present were confounded and understood what he meant: that once the feat has been done, anyone knows how to do it." From Wikipedia.}

275. *immature] Pd*: uncultivated

276. *At the end of Pd*: So-called scholars are admittedly often so crude as to count this noble poverty as a reproach against a Racine or to give Shakespeare credit for his verbosity [?] as a *source* of linguistic knowledge [?].

277. *Anyone who . . . suffering]* Cf. Goethe, *Tasso* V:5, 3431f. {Trans. Robert David Macdonald (London: Oberon, 1994): "Nature has given us the gift of tears,/the cry of pain, when suffering becomes/unbearable. She gives that to us all,/but in addition, maybe to make up/for the greater degree of pain some people suf-

fer,/she gives them power to express that pain,/in song or speech, and by expressing it, dull it."} Cf. also *CW* 12, 12[27].

278. *melancholy]* Underlined in *Sd, Le.*

279. *Pd*: A good author has such a tender feeling and conscience for every one of his ideas that he can never improve his style without improving his ideas.

280. *style]* Underlined in *Sd, Le.*

281. *tendency . . . a feeling] Sd*: tendency, especially, like every morally significant human, to restrain feeling and not to allow it to become *wholly* visible. This modesty can be felt in Sophocles, for example: it clarifies the features of a feeling

282. *Pd*: What is lightly said is rarely heavily heard [heavily read].

Sd: What is lightly said rarely falls heavily enough upon the ear—but that is the fault of the ear.

PmG: What is lightly said rarely falls heavily upon the ear—but that is the fault of the ear. <N himself corrected the *Pm* and expanded it into the version in *Fe.* The change in *Le* at 249, 19–20—*(with as much . . . possesses]* heavily enough upon the ear)—is not justified.>

283. Cf. both here and in Aphorism 159, Voltaire, *Lettres choisies . . . par Louis Moland* (Paris: {Garnier frères,} 1876), 1, 426. *NL.* ". . . vous dansez en liberté et nous dansons avec nos chaînes." {you dance in liberty and we dance with our chains.}. <This passage—from a letter by Voltaire to the Italian Deodati de Tovazzi of 24 January 1761—was marked twice by N in the volume in his library, and the word "chaînes" underlined.> {This particular passage appears only in the second printed version of the letter, hence not in all editions of Voltaire's correspondence, a textual history recounted in vol. 22 of Voltaire's *Correspondence and Related Documents*, ed. Theodore Besterman, *Les Oeuvres complètes de Voltaire* (Banbury, Oxfordshire: Voltaire Foundation, 1972), vol. 106, 496.}

284. *every Greek artist] Pd, Le*: every individual Greek; *PmG*: every artistic Greek <Reading error by Gast, corrected by N, as in *Fe.*>

285. *are most . . . lightly] Pd*: pant the most

286. *with which] Sd, Le*: when

287. *said] Pd*: said to me

288. *pickling . . . them down] Sd, Le*: boiling them down, the other by pickling them

289. *anything . . . why.] Pd*: anything.—[Because the one who has been persuaded, however, always believes that the matter has been proven. That is why]

290. *good]* Underlined in *Sd, Le*.

291. *Pd*: Writing grandly is easier than easy: it requires a smaller amount of practice time.

292. *Goethe]* {The letter in question is actually one of Karl Friedrich Zelter's to Goethe, dated 8 June 1827. In its lengthy description of Bach's music, it says near the end, "Even considering all that could testify *against* him, this Leipzig cantor is a manifestation of God: clear, but inexplicable." *Briefwechsel zwischen Goethe und Zelter*, 2, ed. Max Hecker (Frankfurt a. M.: Insel, 1967), 578–81.}

293. *world . . . music.] Pd*: world, that is, if we "want to leave our Lord God aside," that music itself *is coming* into being here, but does not yet *exist*—our modern music, of course.

294. *or on carnival . . . discovered] Pd*: —this is for Beethoven a re-arisen childhood. Here he discovers

discovered] Sd, Le: discovers

295. *snatching . . . ideas] Pd*: *snatching* a sound from that time: it is basically how Plato thought about [our] ideas, *recollections* from a better world, in which he had not lived

296. *Pd*: dry recitative

297. Cf. 40[13].

298. *If we . . . minstrel] Pd*: [If] Schubert [is] the ideal minstrel, [then] Beethoven [is]—the ideal listener for a minstrel

299. *despair . . . into music!"] Pd*: despair, hence not the goodness of the good human, but instead the *sinner* just as Christianity imagines him. Only under the presupposition that all humans are sinners and do nothing other than sin, would one be allowed to employ the trag<ic> and dramatic mode of <perform>ance to every sort of m<usic>—all of this is not applicable to Mozart, or even to Beethoven—how could there be a universal recipe for all music here [——]

300. *ultimate] Pp, Sd, Pm*: first

301. Cf. *WS* 140.

302. *Freedom . . . freedom] Up*: *Playing with chains—a princely game*

303. *born to] Pd*: born like a prince to

304. *playing] Pd*: writing

305. *not with regard . . . spirit] Pd*: except that Chopin knew how to dance within the old forms of melody and rhythmical conventions, as no musician ever succeeded in dancing outside of them

306. *—and of course . . . them]* Missing in *Pd*.

307. *barcarole]* {A piece of music written in the style of songs sung by Venetian gondoliers.}

308. *life at the seashore]* Underlined in *Sd, Le*.

309. *way . . . boat.] Pd*: way, [Chopin had the blessedness of a young sea-god, who, disguised as a sailor on a summer evening] whose blessed moment has been brought into music by Chopin.

310. *Pd*: The youth, as the Romantic song-poets (for example, Eichendorff) dreamed of him, has passed completely into song and sound and been immortalized—by Schumann. But where Schumann's music is not the music of this youth, it is the music of the old maid, as the Romantics did not dream of her.

311. *felt] Sd, Le*: feels

312. *in his music that recall] Sd, Le*: where his music recalls

313. *Pd*: wailing because they cannot sing

314. *Pd*: For someone who does not see what is taking place upon the stage, Wagner's music is nonsense. "He who has *eyes*, let him *hear*." Cf. Matthew 11:15.

Pd: artistic nonsense: just as surely as the running commentary upon a lost [however poetic] text is [an incomprehensible] nonsense

315. *ears where] Cp, Le*: ears precisely where

316. *Pd*: In all the aesthetic [questions] wars provoked by artists, too, it is in the end [ordinarily] power and not reason that decides (which here means: subtlety of taste)

317. *stone guest"]* {A reference to the slain father who returns from the dead to avenge himself in Mozart's opera, *Don Juan*.}

318. *allowed] Pd*: willing

319. *unending music);] PmN*: eternal music [like the Italian of the previous]);

320. *for semi-obscure . . . inexpressible:] Cp*: for unclear [moods] half-thoughts and a gentle bigotry of feeling:

321. Cf. 40[13].

322. *melismas]* {A term used in music to distinguish any song or melody from recitative performance.}

323. *interested in] Pd, Le*: interested only in

324. *the first time;] Sd*: the first time; and, whether it was a result of our taste or of being a novice,

325. *arrogantly] Up*: dismissively

326. *first scene]* Cf. Goethe, *Faust I*:24–25.

327. *Pd*: All great art triumphs *by force*, because those who are hardworking cannot otherwise make use of it—they want an amusing distraction.

328. *opera] Up*: painting

329. *uncultivated . . . regions] Sd*: defective places and gaps

330. *They lack . . . philosophers.] Pd*: They are persons through and through: all of their knowledge in turn is likewise person and nothing but person, something multiple where all of the individual parts are living, intermeshed, moving and animated in themselves, without awaiting commands and prohibitions from without, with their own atmosphere, their own scent, either wholly pleasant or repulsive. People of this nature create the illusion that a science (or all philosophy) has been finished and is at its goal: they have set forth something *living* and call it by the name of a science or of philosophy in general.

331. *S] Pd*: Schmitten <A village near Wiesen, Switzerland. N resided in Wiesen for three weeks in May–June 1879.>

332. *loudly; by contrast] Sd*: loudly: [he finds ever fewer quite unexpected and absurd things in the world], and on the other hand

333. *spiritual] Sd, Le*: more spiritual

334. *Pd*: One devil drives the other out.

Pd: The *benevolent* invalid—a good amusement.

335. *the superior spirit] Sd*: we

336. *he takes . . . benevolence.] Sd*: we take it up precisely for their sake—in order to deceive and reassure them.

337. Cf. 32[19].

338. *Pd*: The danger for scholars—the more thorough—their goal ever low<er> = the miser

Pd: the goal of life lower—more annoyance and scruples

339. *Pd*: 40[19].

340. *him]* Not underlined in *Sd, Le.*

341. *spirit]* Underlined in *Sd, Le.*

342. *they have Moses and the prophets]* Cf. Luke 16:29. {*KSA* incorrectly refers to Luke 16:9.} {N's term here, "*Aufklärung*," can refer both to a clearing of the skies and, especially as a noun, to the period of European Enlightenment.}

343. *Pd*: Getting angry and punishing is a *bestial* habit.

344. *thought of] Pd*: hope for

345. *stand still!] PmN*: stand still [and for its part, go its way with necessity]!

346. *Lineage]* {N's word here, *Abkunft*, could also be translated by "blood lineage," or more literally, "where we come or descend from," which would emphasize its relation to the connection to "blood," used later in this same aphorism (N's German term is *Blut* in *KSA*, but *Geblüt* in *Sd* and *Le*).—It is etymologically related to *Herkunft* as well, N's common word for "descent," which is translated as "stock" later in this aphorism.}

347. *Pd*: Natural death is the suicide of nature

348. *often sick and] Pd, Le*: sick,

349. *a rational . . . tied.] Pd, Le*: the most rational being by the most irrational component tied to it.

350. *gives its command] Pd*: determines the moment

351. *gives its command . . . accommodate itself] Pd*: determines the moment at which the lesser reason has to forsake the body

352. *Outside of . . . thinking] Pd, Le*: Apart from religion

353. Cf. 42[20].

Pd: The criminal requires us to go *back*, in self-defense, toward earlier stages of culture, the thief makes us into jailers, the murderer makes us into man-slaughterers, etc. Penal law leads downward in the sequence of cultural stages.

354. *recommended] PmN*: necessary

355. *Pd*: The different cultures are different spiritual climates, harmful or healthy for this or that organism. *History is instruction in medicines.* The true doctor must send everyone into his climate, temporarily or forever. Life alone does not do this *at present*. Too many races thereby die out. — Likewise *physical*: the entire earth as a collection of *health resorts.* Peoples, families and individuals must choose their dwelling places *in accordance with this.* — *Eradication* of all physical *failings.*

356. *cultures]* Underlined in *Sd, Le.*

357. *Pd*: Humanity at some point a tree with many billions of blossoms, all of which should become fruits. That this colossal tree contains sap and energy and overflows into countless canals is the *measure* of whether a present-day human is *useful* or useless. The task of this colossal nut-tree is immeasurably great and audacious: we are all working to make it possible, so that the tree does not decay. — The *experiments* of entire peoples and centuries to see what benefits the great fruit-tree: they seem to care for themselves, and it is right that they do so. Becoming intelligent through damage.

358. *itself]* Missing in *Pd, Le.*

359. *unspeakably] Pd, Le*: limitlessly

360. *decaying before . . . entire ages.] PmN*: decaying. If we had the view of a completely superhuman spirit, human nature would reveal itself on the whole to be like the nature of ants with their artificially piled-up anthills: seen superficially, we might speak of the "instinct" of all of humanity. Examined more closely, the attempts of entire peoples, entire centuries can be perceived as laboring to discover and *to test* new means with which they could benefit a great human totality: from which it results that by *damaging* individuals, individual peoples and ages, some individuals have become *intelligent*, and this intelligence flows across the practices of entire peoples and entire ages.

361. *there is no . . . directly at:] PmN*: but the task is clear,

362. *reason!] PmN*: reason, not a blind, inner, instinctive pushing and striving.

363. Cf. 41[56], 41[52], 41[58].

Pd: A 3rd figure, equal in power to the others, who fears that one of them might eventually triumph and grow into a dangerous neighbor for him, *mediates*, seemingly without advantage. They swore peace before him: he promises that in case of a violation, to be on the side, etc. ——— The priests assign this role to God, lay claim to *gifts*. ———

Pd: the race of humans in both regions had grown more beautiful, for their eyes had become brighter, their brows less wrinkled

Pd: Virtues first recognized, when they have grown most *visible* publicly. Long periods of time when they are practiced, without being an *object* of reflection and of esteem. Then ages of disregard.

364. *possess . . . Thus] Pd*: possess: the old man, by praising cleverness in it, the youth, by presuming it possesses a rich hope and future, the poet, in lending word and name to it. —And thus

365. *superhumanity]* {N's word here is *Uebermenschlichkeit*; this is the only place that this particular form of *Uebermensch* appears in the *Kritische Gesamtausgabe*.}

366. *divinized humanly abstractions]* {N's adjectival coinage here is *vergottmenschlichten*.}

367. *Pd*: My *dreams* imagistic-symbolic.

368. *Our] Pd*: My

369. *Our dreams . . . they] PmN*: Our dreams are imagistic-symbolic and

370. *our] Pd*: my

371. *we are . . . We] Pd*: I am always astonished in the morning. I

372. *are] Pd*: am

373. Cf. 40[21].

Pd: The bad, infertile regions of a science are the first to be well cultivated—precisely because its scholars have means enough to do so. For example, the textual criticism of the philologists. The most fertile tracts presuppose an immense energy of methods and machines and experiences and combinations—they are the last to be cultivated.

374. *all of this] Sd, Le*: it

375. *then]* Missing in *Sd, Le*.

376. *Pd*: The simple life is hard to arrange: because reflection and invention are necessary for it.

377. *reclusive] Sd, Le*: clever

378. *may say] Up*: always say

379. *too noble . . . discovered it.] Pp*: too costly a luxury for us moderns!

380. *Pd*: The low fertility and the celibacy of the *highest cultural spirits*: and their class is essential in the economy of humanity and should be supported by reason: so that a nervous species does not get the upper hand.

381. Cf. *CW* 12, 19[62], 15[14].

382. *from himself . . . fountain] Pd*: against that

383. *Pd*: Mont Blanc near Geneva falsely filling the office of the brain's pleasure

384. Cf. 42[12].

385. *crimen laesae majestatis humanae]* {*Crimen laesae majestatis* is used in Latin to refer to a crime of treason, or more literally, a crime against the state and its magistrates, against the sovereign power (as Hobbes uses the term). N alters this legal phrase to mean a crime against human majesty or dignity.}

386. *Pd*: As soon as someone <says> in spiritual matters, "Anyone who is not for me is against me," he has reached the day before the great defeat.

387. *Anyone who . . . against me."]* Cf. Matthew 12:30.

388. *Pd*: Indignation |as toward a repulsively disfiguring illness| and profound contempt, with which we {encounter} a human being who earns a lot of money and wants nothing further and higher—we must[—] be human (swollen obese and dropsical people)

389. *to be able to associate] Pd, Le*: to associate

390. *condition] Pd*: prison

391. *we know] Up*: don't you feel

392. *cupping glasses]* {In Europe, cupping glasses were used from the late medieval period through the nineteenth century in the medical technique of bloodletting. Vessels of glass from which

the air had been or could be exhausted were applied to the body to draw blood to the surface.}

393. *there mingles . . . disgrace you."] Pd*: contempt gets mingled into his own feelings: human irrationality, which makes a display of disfigurement, overburdening, hundredfold enchainment in the gait of someone very ill—makes a display of unfreedom rather than with concern, with pride.

394. *Pd*: If we want—it does not suffice to refute it, to pull from it the illogical worm: we must kill it and then drag it through the mud as well, so that it becomes unattractive and causes people to be disgusted: in short, we must know how to prevent the popular "resurrection on the third day."

395. *mire]* Underlined in *Sd, Le.*

396. *refutation at all."]* {N is playing off the German saying, "Ein Mal ist kein Mal," "to do something just once is not to do it at all."}

397. Note to P. Gast: "Do *not* indent when a new person speaks! But identify the person each time in advance: "The old man." "Pyrrho."

398. *The fanatic . . . his security.] Pd*: *The sage of the future.*

399. *stupidities] Pm, Fe*: stupidity

400. *dreamers] Pd*: authors

401. *Germans nor] Pd*: Germans [nor for French] nor

402. *all the books . . . clearly] Pd*: all German books put together—And my highest praise

403. *things themselves).]* Cf. Goethe, *Wahlverwandtschaften (Elective Affinities)* 2, 7, trans. David Constantine (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1994), 169: "Nobody wanders unpunished beneath the palm-trees"; cf. 42[18].

404. <In his comments upon fashion, N may have been thinking with polemical intent of Wagner; compare, for example, Richard Wagner, *Beethoven*, trans. Edward Dannreuther (London: William Reeves, 1903), 93–94: "We recognize at once a 'German fashion' set against French fashion would be something completely absurd, and yet, because our feelings nonetheless rise up against that mastery, we must finally perceive that we have fallen victim to

a true plague, from which only an infinitely deeply grounded new birth could redeem us." {translation altered}>

Pd: *Fashion.* America must be satisfied with being counted *as* Europe in this regard—it is, in all spiritual matters, our colony, our young Europe. Asian ideas no longer exist on the globe—but also not yet any American idea [No American ideas exist yet; thought is European except for this]. *Europeanism* [is not all that great and] does not rule in all of Europe, but does spread its wings over ten times more land than all of Europe contains.

405. *and]* Underlined in *PmN, Le.*

406. *the ones]* Not underlined in *Pd, Le.*

407. *more highly] Pd, Le*: highly

408. *they are . . . prejudiced] Pd*: they want [to surpass all lower women] all the more to impress and to be understood

409. *for a time . . . exposure] Pd*: —*all* young women are meant here—

410. *the Spaniards] Pd*: China

411. *for the purpose . . . flesh] Pd*: for new effects of materials and colors

412. *honesty . . . direction] Pd*: honesty—and thus different clothes are suitable. The wheel of vanity turns

413. *the rejection of national, class and individual vanity]* Underlined in *Pd, Le.*

414. *outwardly]* Underlined in *Pd, Le.*

415. *Pd*: ——— if virtue became eloquent, it would not be ashamed of attitude and would love to have emotion on its tongue or to bring it into rhyme. The whole world therefore believes in a moral awakening ——— if we very much [—] wish that virtue also be thought of along with the word "German"

416. *so that they . . . has] Pd*: and may rightfully be proud to have

417. *the French]* Cf. Richard Wagner, *German Art and German Politics*, trans. William Ashton Ellis, (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1995), 43: "Hail to you, Schiller, who gave to our reborn spirit the shape of the 'German youth,' who opposes himself contemptuously to the pride of Great Britain and the sensual allurements of Paris."

418. *Moreover] Pd*: Moreover (but not incidentally)

419. *Helvétius . . . right path] Up*: Helvétius and the laboriously acquired truths (or indications of the right path)

420. *humans.] Pd*: humans: *vivat sequens*!" {Long live those who follow him.}

421. *Pd*: Romantics are stimulated by the weakness of their age to their vision of the future: classical natures by the strength of their age. Cf. Goethe, *Maxims and Reflections*, 1031 {"Klassich ist das Gesunde, romantisch das Kranke"}.

422. Cf. 40[20].

Pd: We are glad to live in or near a small town, go deep into nature in order to recover from our society and activities, and arrive in the end at the large city—in order to recover from nature.

423. Cf. 40[4].

424. *first version of Pd*: Were all of the half-crazed, histrionic, bestially gruesome, and lascivious elements, was the genuine *revolutionary substance*, as it became flesh and spirit in Rousseau, necessary in order for the *Enlightenment* itself, imprisoned within this coarse substance, to come to power: that Enlightenment, which actually passes through the clouds as quietly as a gleam of light and, transforming *individuals*, only *very gradually* transforms the customs and institutions of peoples as well? And hasn't the Enlightenment become a danger as a result of this abruptness and violence?

425. *later]* Underlined in *Pd*.

426. *Pd*: The people of the *Middle Ages* are the most impassioned: the world of feeling was so *expanded* by heaven and hell that the *plunge* had to be more profound, the streaming rapids of the soul more powerful. Its *expanse* in spiritual matters was greater, its scale greater and more superhuman {*übermenschlicher*} than is now the case.

Cf. N's letter to Rohde of 18 September 1875 {*KGB* II:5, 110}: "I thought of you and me yesterday as I was reading that the rawest Middle Ages were the *age of manhood*, something completely barbaric, where one hovered, as it were, *between fool and sage*. Into precisely *this* Middle Ages and, indeed, into their very midpoint is where Tristan led you . . ."

427. *corporeality] Sd*: energy

428. *eyes] Sd*: pupils

429. *the overly spiritual . . . mysteries]* Cf. 41[4].

430. *would have . . . him] Pd*: would not be enraged here, but instead a childish laughter at the foolishness of clever people———

431. *Pd*: Wanting to *triumph* ἀριστεύειν {to be the best} regulated by political pathways ἀγών {an assembly, especially one meeting to view athletic contests; struggle or conflict}.

432. *danger . . . dissolution] Pm*: danger: as otherwise happens everywhere

433. *ages . . . and call] Pd*: ages, unknown to those who called

434. *He himself . . . cast off.] Pd*: He still lives on today, too, with the same motto.

435. *Student-German] Sd*: Student-German [(or, as we now say, "Bismarck-German")]

436. *has its origin . . . to the left,] Pd*: is, strictly speaking, that of those who do not study, but who inhabit the universities and betray their bad conscience by imitating and accompanying with a grimace everything in the discourse of their more serious comrades that recalls education, modesty, scholarship, order and moderation.—German politicians and journalists speak in this language and are therefore considered to be witty: it consists of continual ironic citation,

437. *from any . . . were] PmN*: with the personal explanation of discontent, that the political and social relations of the present day are

438. Cf. *WS* 63.

439. *of him as having a] Pp*: of them as having a; *Sd, Le*: of a

440. *idea."] Sd*: idea" [(as a splendid fool)].

441. *write . . . more and more] Cp*: produce good books. But they thus work toward making their |spiritually abandoned| fatherland more and more

442. *and to write . . . Europe.] Up*: good books, and thinks back upon the homeland as the seat of stupidity and violence.

443. *Pd*: The god-βασιλεύς {king} became a goddess-πόλις {polis; city-state} among the Greeks. And the feeling grew stronger, because a concept can put up with more love than a person.

444. *almost religious love for] Pp*: godlike view of

445. *know themselves to be loved] Pp*: are loved

446. *no longer worthy of love] Pp*: unworthy of love

447. *reverence] Pp*: worship

448. *Pd*: Diminution of eyesight among the educated classes of England, every 10 years, due to reading the Times. {*Times* is in English in N's text.}

449. *Pd*: [This] That fellow had the great works; [and that one] his comrade, however, had the great faith in [his] these works. This makes them inseparable. Each in himself is always lacking in precisely what is best.

Pd: Both were inseparable: but clearly because the first depended entirely upon the second.

450. *explain his penchant] Pd*: excuse his strong penchant

451. *revenge, for] Sd, Le*: revenge:

452. *five lines . . . Ferney.] Pd*: with an afterword (viz. Saint-Beuve's preface to Piron) [Cf. *Oeuvres choisies de Piron . . . précedées d'une notice par Saint-Beuve*, Paris, 1866], thus he took his revenge upon Friedrich the Great in a letter to him from Ferney (viz. lettr{es} choisies). [N is referring to a letter of Voltaire's of 21 April 1760 to Friedrich II; cf. *Correspondance* V, ed. Theodore Besterman (Paris: Gallimard, 1980), 870–72, where N underlined the "truths" of Voltaire concerning the Prussian king; the letter, however, is dated from Tourney, not Ferney.]

453. *Pd*: Without eavesdropping, I have heard a great deal. To be average in responding and answering, but having reserved memory of all that the other said, as well as the gestures with which he accompanied it.

454. *us, he must do it very well: otherwise we readily imagine ourselves to be the guilty party and have an] Sd*: me, he must do it very well: otherwise I readily imagine myself to be the guilty party. Very

455. *guess] Pd*: conceive

456. Cf. Aesop's fable of the fox and the grapes.

457. *within their . . . notice this] Pd*: all 4 points of the compass nonetheless for their shared horizon: and there come hours when they notice this

458. Cf. *WS* 320; 28[12].

459. *hearers . . . their error] Sd*: readers notice nothing! believe us to be just as we used to be! This causes me disgust. I have respected the intellectuality of humans too highly

460. *Pd*: In the human eye there are also those sudden uncertainties, which we do not know whether to take as a shudder or a smile: as similarly ambiguous, scale-like, hesitat<ing> [?] movements often fly across a lake.

461. *Pd*: I need nobody to contradict me: I suffice for myself.

462. *Positive and negative.] Pp*: *A thinker without bile.*

463. *thinker] Pp*: human being

464. *himself in this.] Up*: himself. Cf. Gast's letter to N of 24 November 1879 {*KGB* II:6.2, 1224}: "The heading for number 249 might be: *Positive and negative united*—or something similar. The final sentence: 'he suffices for himself' could elicit in harshly disposed readers the impression that 'he is satisfied with himself;' therefore, perhaps: 'he completes himself' or something else."

465. *Most charitable.] Pd*: *A hint for beggars.*

466. *grass . . . intolerable] Pd*: grass, and thereby becomes a [spiritual] starveling, grumbler and miser

467. *Hesiod]* Cf. Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 349–51.

468. *Pd*: A clever person does not say, "I have also had this idea, etc." in order to praise.

Pd: Guard against agreement.

Cf. Peter Gast's letter to N of 15 February 1879 {*KGB* II:6.2, 1030} (as he was correcting the proofs of *MM*): "Some things surprised me, because earlier I had myself written things down in a similar way, as for example the idea in number 64 . . ." Similar expressions can be found in the letters of other correspondents of N from around this time.

469. *afterward take a bath.] Pd*: then cleanse our mind. The different forms of excitement attenuate one another.

470. *Someone says: I] Sd*: I

471. *Pd*: Just as the Greeks {placed} happiness at the ends of the earth, so do we {place it}, at the far<thest> times that we can recall (childhood).

472. *hyperboreans]* {According to Greek mythology, the hyperboreans were a race who dwelt in a land of perpetual sunshine and abundance beyond where the north wind blew.}

473. *of heaven."]* Cf. Mark 10:14.

474. *Pd*: "our natural enemies"—as soon as parents and teachers begin to leave us on our own

Pd: one of the great honest men Stendhal father [?]

475. *whatever]* Underlined in *Pd, Le.*

476. *most boldly honest of men] Pp*: great, honest men

477. *nos ennemis naturels]* "our natural enemies" Cf. Stendhal, *Correspondance inédite précédée d'une introduction par Prosper Mérimée* (Paris: {Michel Lévy Frères,} 1855). Prosper Mérimée writes in his "Notes et souvenirs" {Mérimée's introduction to the 1855 edition of Stendhal's *Correspondance*} p. vi: " 'Nos parents et nos maîtres, disait-il, sont nos ennemis naturels quand nous entrons dans le monde.' *C'était un de ses aphorismes.*" {Our parents and our teachers, he said, are our natural enemies when we enter the world. *This was one of his aphorisms.*} *NL.*

478. Cf. 46[3].

479. *hard . . . unhopeful] Sd, Le*: hard cold solitary unhopeful

480. *hot . . . fatiguing] Sd, Le*: hot troublesome stormy exuberant fatiguing

481. *the sap . . . everywhere] Sd, Le*: the sap is flowing the foliage is filling out the scent of blossoms is everywhere

482. *an observer] Sd*: me

483. *we] Sd*: I

484. *intelletto del sacrifizio] Sd*: "intelletto del sacrifizio" This phrase, meaning "a sense for or understanding of sacrifice" is N's coinage, taken from the often-cited Italian phrase "sacrifizio dell'intelletto," i.e., "a sacrifice of the intellect." Cf. G. Büchmann, *Geflügelte Worte*, 32nd ed. (Berlin{: Haude & Spener,} 1972), 97.

485. *Sacrifizio . . . priest.] Pd*: sacrificio. Beware, if her spouse does not want to sacrifice her—she will no longer be pleased with her life.

486. Cf. 41[9].

487. *by making these . . . arouse.] Sd*: even the fear of anarchists and of those most fundamentally opposed to democracy seem to

be there only in order to drive the various parties ever more quickly forward on the democratic path.

488. *destroyed . . . waters!] Pd*: put into question overnight by wild and senseless brutalities!

489. *Pd*: If in some vote within a state that has a representative government, as in the vote for members of parliament, fewer than half of those entitled to vote participate in the vote: *then the representative constitution itself is rejected.*

490. *does not . . . expectations] Sd, Le*: no longer pleases them

491. *Pd*: How badly we *draw* inferences in areas where we are not completely at home! (Even the man of science!) But everything public, everything sudden, everything important is settled by just these sorts of *bad inferences*! The politics of the more subtle statesmen involve knowing in advance the bad inferences of the powerful parties and masses, indeed, even putting them in their mouths—and attaining through them their plans, for the *good of all.*

492. *Premises . . . to draw] Pd*: Premises: what is the millennial conclusion?

493. *The brakes upon culture.] Pp*: *The modern military being.*

494. *human life] Sd, Le*: life

495. *a living anachronism] Sd*: a monstrous anomaly of history

496. *a posthumous . . . present] Sd*: something backward, which is very useful for explaining the past, but can have only the value of a brake for the future

497. *appearance and . . . taste) has] Pd*: *fashion* and *the cheapness* have

498. *person]* Underlined in *Pd, Le.*

499. *Pd*: Democracy has the ability to weaken monarchical and imperial rule without making use of force (by constitut<ion> parliam<ent>), until a zero remains, but which, if it steps to the right side magnifies the effect ten times, but by itself means nothing. It is a magnificent ornamentation upon the simple garb of the democratic constitution—"ancestral furnishings" remainder of all historical respect, indeed, symbol of history.

500. *steadily . . . pressure] Sd*: legal pressure and "squeezing out"

501. *ancestral ornamentation]* N's German term, *Urväterzierrathes*, plays off of a term used by Goethe at *Faust I*:408. {"Urväter-Hausrath" (ancestral furnishings)}

502. *Pd*: We gladly pay someone who is known to us as hi<ghly> as we can, someone unknown to us as little as possible. Competition.—There is something priceless therein, which we know how to express only by self-sacrifice. The heaviest indirect tax is the tax upon respect.

503. Cf. 42[38], 42[50], 42[37].

Pd: that the tree of martial glories falls with a single blow [?]

504. *explanation of] Pd, Le*: motivation for

505. *supposedly maintains] Pd, Le*: maintains

506. *attributes]* Underlined in *Pd, Le*.

507. *from the clouds . . . heights.]* In *Sd, Le*; *Fe*: from the clouds and from the heights.; *Se, Le²*: from the heights.

508. *Pd*: If there is no property, then the root of self-interest is lacking—false! against Plato

509. *of property] Pd, Le*: of all property

510. *steal.]*. Exodus 20:15.

511. *possess property.]* Cf. 42[19].

512. *their equality] Pd, Le*: them

513. *If possession . . . to society.] Pp, PmN*: I mean that every effort to make the possession of property more moral should extend to its use, but not to its division: with every new division, it is *necessary* to proceed unjustly, just as every preceding seizure of property has proceeded.

514. *Do not judge!]* Matthew 7:1; "Do not judge, lest you be judged."

515. *society. At present] Sd*: society, therefore of those who want others to be working for them forever. At present

516. *Pd*: It is difficult to learn politics or economics correctly, if society is in a state of emergency.

517. *therefore . . . necessary for this.] Sd*: first look beyond what actually exists and direct our gaze toward North America, for instance: in any case, as long as we are studying, we do not want

also to intervene in domestic conditions, to give advice about and to vote upon them.

518. *Pd*: 47[10].

519. *Quousque tandem]* Cf. Cicero, *Catalinarian Orations* I:1. "How much longer, then . . ." {The full quotation is: "How much longer, then, are you going to abuse our patience?"}.

520. *of the preexisting peoples] Pd*: and their powers of piety

521. *Pd*: Tax on circumspection.

522. Cf. 43[3], which included the beginning of this aphorism, crossed out by N.

Pd: silent worship of the moment

Pd: (Poussin) involuntarily and as if nothing were more natural, people imagined Gr<eek> heroes—Some individuals have also *lived* in this way, have felt themselves to be in the world and the world in them in this way; Epicurus is one of them, the inventor of a heroic-idyllic way of living and of thinking.

523. *Et . . . ego.]* "I, too, live in Arcadia"; see note 528 below.

524. *—everything . . . bright.] Sd*: . Grandeur, peace, sunlight. Cf. *WS* 332.

525. *yearning, expectancy] Sd, Le*: yearning, dissatisfaction, expectancy

526. *of yearning . . . about it] Sd*: romantic about it

527. *I must have been feeling] Sd*: I felt

528. *Poussin]* <Two paintings by Poussin made the phrase "*Et in Arcadia ego*" {I, too, live in Arcadia} widely known; cf. also Goethe's motto to his *Italian Travels*, "I, too, am in Arcadia.">

529. *therefore . . . calculation.] Pd*: in cases where the conclusion contains the *motive* for *action*.

530. *Pd*: Our indifference and coldness toward people is weariness of spirit.

531. *One thing is needful."]* Luke 10:42. {This expression—"One thing is needful"—which appears here in the published works for the first time, appears five other times in N's published works: in *D* 132, *JS* 290 (also as the section title), *GM* III 16, and *AC* 20 and 43.}

532. *Someone said:]* Missing in *Pd*.

533. *after]* Underlined in *Sd, Le*.

534. *Pd*: As a child, I never took fruit from strangers' gardens; as a man, I have never walked across fields; I respect property to a ridiculous extent.

Pd: Never fruit as a child, never tread upon a field as a man.

535. *the vanity that . . . human"!] Pd:* his pride as "human"!

536. *Pd*: If we lack self-control over small things, that over large things crumbles.

537. *in which] Sd, Le*: where

538. *denied]* Underlined in *Sd, Le.*

539. Cf. *JS* 33, "Jokes, Cunning and Revenge."

540. *At midday.] Pd*: *Midday [of living].*

541. *It grows . . . happiness.] Pd*: The sun seems to shine steeply down upon him; Pan sleeps upon a forest meadow and all the things in nature have fallen asleep with him, an expression of eternity upon their faces. The human being sees many things that he never saw before: it is death with eyes wide open. He wants nothing, he worries about nothing, his heart stands still. But he sees—and for as far as he sees, everything is entangled in a net of light. He [has happiness] is happy amid this—but the happiness is heavy.

542. *but not unpleasant]* First added in *Pp.*

543. *has exposed . . . real life] Pd*: has made a portrait will afterward see in the real person almost only a *distortion.*

544. *indolent]* Underlined in *Sd, Le.*

545. *Pd*: Destroying illusion is a costlier pleasure than the illusion itself.

546. *nil admirai"]* "To be amazed by nothing." Horace, *Epodes* I:6, 1.

547. *Pd*: [We should beware] Beware of being sick too long: for the audience [proceeds, once the usual compassion———] becomes impatient with the usual obligation of compassion and finally proceeds quite openly [to suspicion of your character] from observing to *ratio* [?], that is, they suspect your character and take revenge on you.

548. *Pd*: Anyone who enjoys feeling himself to be carried away and upward must take care that he does not become too *heavy.*

549. *carried away]* Underlined in *Sd, Le.*

550. *see] Sd*: know

551. *bear]* Not underlined in *Sd, Le*.

552. Cf. 40[3].

553. *Pd*: Anyone who spares himself elicits no belief.

554. *in regard to spiritual needs]* Missing in *Pm, Fe*.

555. *giving is . . . having]* Cf. *Acts of the Apostles* 20:35. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

556. *There was . . . of a desert!"] First version of Sd*: But no! There is a bitterness of the bitterest kind mixed in with this: for because he assesses himself and other people more accurately in regard to spiritual needs, his mind seems to him nothing useful, he can accomplish nothing good with it, because the minds of others do not understand how to accept it. And so he is tormented by the necessity of *enjoying* his mind—*by himself*: but that causes a *bad conscience* and little joy.

557. *this way: we] Sd*: this way: [we *suffer*, even though guiltless—we are always guiltless—and] we

558. *wrongdoer] Sd*: criminal

559. *humanity's benefactor.] Sd*: a martyr.

560. Cf. 41[46].

561. Cf. *CW* 12, 23[68].

Pd: If we do not know how to hit the nail on the head, it is better not to hit it at all.—Do not stir up the swamp, said the ancients.

562. *quand même]* "nonetheless"

563. *certain of victory] Up*: fruitful; *Cp*: victorious

564. *know.] Sd*: know. [Earlier fidelity was sworn]

565. *First version of Sd*: I begin slowly and come to feel at home with a thing only with difficulty: but afterward, a *steady acceleration* is characteristic of me—so that I have no idea where the current can be taking me.

Pd: *Slowly*, with steady acceleration.

566. Cf. *CW* 12, 17[25]; 40[16].

Pd: An *elevating* thought—*soothing* thought—*illuminating* thought—grandeur peace sunlight.

567. *a thinker wishes] Sd*: I wish

568. *demands of himself] Sd*: demand of myself

569. *a] Pm, Fe*: their

570. *noble prerogative] Sd*: secret

571. *Doppelgängerei]* {A *doppelgänger* is a double, often in German in the sense of an uncanny double. *Doppelgängerei* would then mean doubling or doubleness.}

572. *here]* Underlined in *Le*.

573. *How happy anyone . . . by blood."] Sd*: Thus it was for me at St. Moritz—so am I! I felt it continually, this sunny October air, this constant breeze, this temperate brightness and coolness, the character of this forest-lake-mountain-snow-plateau.

There is . . . by blood."] Cf. N's letter to Overbeck of late June 1879 {*KGB* II:5, 420}: "But now I have taken possession of Engadin and am as if in **my** element, quite wonderful! I am *related to this* nature."

574. *Pd*: The wise man is *affable* toward common people, but never national and popular.

575. *Disturbances of the thinker.] Pm*: *The disturbed thinker.*

576. *spirit]* Underlined in *Sd, Le.*

577. *lived much and having had] Sd, Le*: *lived* much and having *had*

578. *Pd*: The sup<erior> s<pirit> has to free himself from the delusion that he arouses envy and is felt to be an exception. Mediocre people think instead that he is *beneath* them and something they could do without and would not miss.

579. *Pd*: Cleanliness demands that we change our clothes and our opinions.

580. *Sd, at the end, for Gast*: Hurrah! Friend Köselitz, this is what one calls "Recapitulating!"

Pd: "Peace on earth and for humans good will to one another" **The End**

Pd: and then we might dare to promise, without a God high above: Peace on earth and for humans g<ood will> to one another.

Pd: The ever greater alleviation, whether in the way of moral thought or in the way of life, or in work (for example, through the machine), will be a failure if humans do not continually ennoble themselves: so that they have less and less need of spiritual

constraint and bodily compulsion and all the chains of animal nature. But the sign of ennoblement is one's own joyfulness: and the increasing joy in all joys that the English saying, which Christianity did not manage to fulfill, is still coming true: Peace on earth and for humans, good will to one another.

Pd: that touching and great saying, at which the heaven lights up for everyone and a feeling arrives as if he were becoming a shepherd and were tending the flocks by night

Pd: that old [angel's]-saying—a great touching but *premature* saying, upon which Christianity perished, upon which everyone shall perish who takes it in his mouth *too soon*

<*perhaps in connection with these, a fragmentary and hard to read note*:> so that all good things become common goods, everything free to those who are free, the task of good Europeans, to take [earthly culture] in h<and>

581. *clean air and free] Pd*: free air and one's own

582. *was intended . . . too soon] Pd*: is intended for *everyone*: even now this is an enigma, [and Christianity perished upon it because it promised the solution and could not give it:] upon which everyone perishes who wants to solve it and cannot solve it

a motto . . . too soon] PmN: an enigma, upon which everyone shall perish who wants to solve it and cannot

583. *Even now . . . phrase] Pd*: Is it not time for all humans to become shepherds, [that for all humans heaven grows bright |night becomes day| and that all humans hear the phrase] that they see heaven suddenly light up above them and hear the phrase

appears . . . phrase] PmN: appears, all humans may become shepherds, who see heaven light up above them and hear that phrase

584. *"Peace . . . human beings."]* Cf. N's letter to Adolf Baumgartner of {23} December, 1878 {*KGB* II:5, 374}: "In the meantime, to you and to your respected wife the English greeting: 'Peace on earth and for human beings good will to one another!'" The citation is from Luke 2:14.

585. *Epilogue: Pd*: 41[31].

In Sd, there is the following note from N: (*As Afterword to the entire book, to be set off by the printing).*

In Sd, the following opening was crossed out: To conclude. The Wanderer. You have gone silent? The Shadow. It grieves me that I so often cannot be with you during the hours when you have great joy. The Wanderer. Be content that you are not bound to me: slavery would embitter the taste of this joy for you. My joy, too, would be less if someone *had to* share it: the sight of anyone who is not free distresses me. The Shadow. Have I, too, already followed you for too long today?

Pd: against the dogs. W. I believe you are blushing. Sh. I have something in common with the dog, I lie at your feet.

Pd: W. You are silent? Sh. I was grieving: you love nature the most when I am not at hand. W. But, you old camel, not *because* you are not at hand: as spouses are supposed to feel sometimes when they are living apart at health resorts. Sh. Every lengthy association produces boredom. W. We reach a point of having said and thought all we have to say to and think with one another. But we? We stand at the beginning. Sh. And at the end. You see, I am growing longer, the grass is damp, I am growing chilly. It is only a short while until we part. W. Part? And couldn't I still do something quickly for you? Don't you have any request?

Pd: The *Shadow*. I take particular joy in your point that humans should once again become good neighbors of the things nearest at hand. Perhaps they will then also become good friends of shadows and not speak so disparagingly of them. The Wanderer. I was not thinking of shadows at that point: but now I will. I no longer want any sunshine, where the shadow does not ——— The Shadow. It causes me pain that I cannot always be with you.

Pd: They call us intrusive, but do we not at least understand how to keep silence and how to wait, despite the most unobtrusive Englander? You find us gladly trailing along behind humans, but not in subjection to them. When a human avoids the light, we avoid him.—At this price I would like to be his [?] slave.

This fragment, crossed out by N, may also belong to the "Epilogue.": If it pleases you as it pleases me, we need not say even one serious word today.

586. *as if] Pd, Le*: that

587. *no Englander understands it better] Sd*: like the most unobtrusive Englander

588. *Alexander]* {When Alexander the Great met Diogenes the Cynic ("cynic" from the Greek word for "dog") and offered to grant him any wish, Diogenes gave the response that follows.}

Unpublished Fragments from the Period of *Human All Too Human II* (Spring 1878–Fall 1879)

[27 = N II 5]

1. Note for the lecture series on Hesiod's *Works and Days* (summer semester 1878)?

2. Similar note in the lecture series on *The Pre-Platonic Philosophers* (summer semester 1876).

3. Possibly compare Burckhardt *GK* 3, 120?; see also note to 27[15].

4. Compare *MM* 321; on 11 May 1878, the first assassination attempt upon Kaiser Wilhelm I was made.

5. Cf. 30[135].

6. Compare Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 126f?; see note to 27[15].

7. *8]* [?].

8. *as best they can."]* Cf. Romans 8:28.

9. Crossed out by N at the time of the final reworking of *HAH*.

10. *conviction.]* Cf. *HAH* 629–37.

11. *By oneself alone.]* Cf. chap. 9 of *HAH*.

12. *Beginning . . . wisdom.]* Cf. *HAH* 292; this aphorism, however, became the conclusion of Chapter 5.

13. *Genoa.]* Cf. *HAH* 628 and the note to it.

14. Crossed-out schema for a division of the aphorisms in *HAH*.

15. *phase)]* Cf. N's letter of {6} August 1878 to Mathilde Maier {*KGB* II:5, 344}; 27[65]; 27[34].

16. *Goethe p. 9]* N is referring to R. W. Emerson, *Über Goethe und Shakespeare*, trans. H. Grimm (Hanover{: C. Rümpler}, 1857), *NL*. {This text was a translation of two essays from Emerson's *Representative Men*, along with an essay on Emerson by Grimm.}

17. Cf. 30[146].

18. Cf. *MM* 149.

19. Punctuation filled in; notes from Burckhardt's lectures? In summer semester 1878, Burckhardt lectured on "Greek Cultural History" and on "The Art of Antiquity," and according to N II 7, 142, N was a guest listener. Other fragments in N II 5, 4 and 7 seem to be of the same kind; their content is predominantly art-historical; therefore notes will make reference as appropriate to parallel passages in Burckhardt's lectures on Greek art. This and a number of subsequent fragments probably derive from N's reading of Jacob Burckhardt's *Vorlesungen über griechische Kulturgeschichte* (*History of Greek Culture*). Specific references are to J. Burckhardt, *Griechische Kulturgeschichte*, vols. V–VIII of the *Gesammelte Werke* (Basel: {Schwabe,} 1955ff.), henceforth cited as *GK*; and also to those in *Jacob-Burckhardt-Gesamtausgabe*, vol. 13 (Berlin and Leipzig{: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt}, 1934), pp. 7–166, *Antike Kunst* {"Ancient Art",} ed. Felix Stähelin (abbreviated as *AK*); cf. *MM* 222.

20. Cf. Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 6; *AK* 142.

21. Cf. Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 44; *AK* 132–34.

22. {The "throne of Apollo" was a designation for a Doric-Ionic temple complex at Amyclae, a site southeast of Sparta. Its preeminent feature was an enormous statue of Apollo, surrounded by decorative bas-reliefs illustrating tales from Greek mythology.}

23. Cf. Burckhardt, *AK* 137.

24. Cf. Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 23.

25. Cf. Burckhardt, *AK* 133.

26. {"Cyclopian" is a term used to characterize walls built of large masses of unhewn stone, which can be found in Mycenae and Italy.} Cf. Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 5.

27. Cf. Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 40f.

28. *prius]* {That which takes precedence or is prior to something else.} Cf. Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 37f.

29. <Connection unclear>

30. Cf. 39[7].

31. Cf. 31[8].

32. {Cf. *BGE* 230.}

33. Cf. *WB* 2 {*CW* 2, 265, lines 32–34}; cf. 28[23].

34. Cf. 27[52].

35. {Punctuation added by Montinari.}

36. *worm]* {The worm is the dragon that Fafner becomes, guarding the ring he has stolen, in Wagner's *Siegfried*.}

37. Cf. *MM* 296; 28[20], 29[2]; *CW* 12, 11[9].

38. {Punctuation added by Montinari.}

39. *when I . . . humans:]* Cf. *SE* 4, *CW* 2.

40. Cf. *DS*, *CW* 2.

41. Cf. *HL*, *CW* 2.

42. Cf. *SE*, *CW* 2.

43. Cf. *WB*, *CW* 2.

44. Cf. Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 128.

45. Cf. 30[9] {penultimate paragraph}.

46. *book]* I.e., *The World as Will and Representation.*

47. Cf. 30[167].

48. *allegro con fuoco]* "quickly, and with animation (fire)"

49. Cf. F. M. Klinger, *Betrachtungen und Gedanken über verschiedene Gegenstände der Welt und der Literatur*, *Werke*, vol. 12 ({Königsberg: Nicolovius,} 1809), no. 125.

50. Cf. 27[85].

51. *opened up.]* Cf. Goethe, *Harzreise im Winter*: "Öffne den umwölkten Blick /Über die tausend Quellen /Neben dem Durstenden /In der Wüste!" (Open to his clouded gaze/to the thousand springs/beside the one who thirsts/in the desert!) {Goethe's poem was set to music by Brahms as his Alto Rhapsody, Op. 53.}

52. I.e., 27[13]; cf. also 27[27], 30[146].

53. Cf. 30[170].

54. *Tannhäuser and Lohengrin*] {Operas of Wagner's middle, pre-*Ring* phase as a composer, first performed in 1845 and 1850 respectively.}

55. Cf. 27[88].

56. *Bohemian Forest]* A reference to N's sojourn in Klingenbrunn near Regen in Lower Bavaria, 5–12 August 1876, the time when N had fled the inaugural Bayreuth Festival. Cf. Translator's afterword to *HAH*, *CW* 3, 365.

57. *phase]* Cf. note to 27[10].

58. ***Schopenhauer]*** {N is referring to his *SE*.}

59. *euphuism]* {affected or high-flown style}

60. Cf. 30[147]; *CW* 12, 11[10].

61. Cf. 30[35]. {Punctuation added by Montinari.}

62. Cf. note to 27[15].

63. Cf. note to 27[15].

64. *καλὸς Σωκράτης]* Cf. Plato, *Letters* 2, 314c; Athenaeus, *Sophists at Dinner*, 5, 219d.

65. Cf. 28[28].

66. Cf. note to the postscript to *WA*, *CW* 9, and 30[153].

67. Cf. 27[34].

68. Cf. 27[48].

69. Cf. 30[167].

70. Cf. 27[63]; *MM* 242.

71. *for nothing."]* Cf. Eckermann's letter to Goethe of 29 November 1826 (on Byron). {Johann Peter Eckermann, *Gespräche mit Goethe in den letzten Jahren seines Lebens.* III, 1 (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1868), 178.}

72. Cf. 28[10].

[28 = N II 6]

73. Cf. 30[166]; 40[24]. *Pd*: Louvre fire. {For details about N's distressed reaction to false reports of the Paris Communards having set the Louvre on fire, see, e.g., Ronald Hayman, *Nietzsche: A Critical Life* (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1980), 141, and N's letter to Wilhelm Vischer-Bilfinger of 27 May 1871, *KGB* II:1 195.}

74. *Never . . . pain.]* Cf. N's letter of 21 June 1871 to Carl von Gersdorff {*KGB* II:1, 203–5}; 40[8].

75. *Splügen]* N was in Splügen in southeastern Switzerland during the first half of October 1872.

76. Cf. *CW* 12, 11[11].

77. *Windlücke]* Mountain peak on the road between Pforta and Bad Kösen.

78. *antiquity.]* Cf. *MM* 149.

79. *Krumme Hufe]* Site on the outskirts of Naumburg, with two ponds where N went skating as a child.

80. *First . . . opposite).]* Cf. *GM* P3; this text of N's youth has been lost.

81. Cf. *CW* 12, 11[11].

82. *loss . . . felt.]* Cf. *WS* 168, 260, 23; *EH*, "Why I Am So Clever," 10.

83. *Lippe]* More likely, Wied; cf. *CW* 12, 11[11], with its note that N was not remembering the correct name of the river.

84. Cf. *CW* 12, 11[11].

85. Cf. 27[97]. Malwida von Meysenbug wrote to Olga Monod from Sorrento in February 1877: ". . . we have just returned from a long donkey-ride (that is, Rée and N on horseback), because it was the first morning when it was once again divine; we were up on the mountains over the Gulf of Salerno, where one sees both gulfs on both sides of the land, behind, the Calabrian Mountains still covered with snow, which appeared charming in front of the blue heavens; the Gulf of Salerno much farther south and bluer than that of Naples; everything strewn with flowers; before us the small Siren Islands, which lie there charmingly, around us, as we sat on high, an entire band of nearly African children with brown skin, black eyes, white teeth, who laughed at us, brought flowers and finally sang, terribly comically, a so-called religious song, the refrain to which was: *Viva, viva il cuor di Maria, Eviva [sic] Dio che tanto l'amà [sic].* {Long live, long live the heart of Mary, long live the God who so loves her.} Is that not exquisitely, heathenly sensuous?" Cf. *Briefe von und an Malwida von Meysenbug*, ed. Berta Schleicher (Berlin{: Schuster & Loeffler,} 1920), 127f.

86. *que]* Error in quotation; the correct term is *che*.

87. Cf. 41[2], 42[48]; *CW* 12, 18[47]; *WS* 86.

88. Cf. *WS* 246, 320.

89. Cf. *CW* 12, 11[11]; also the note to 28[8].

90. *Einsiedel parsonage]* Parsonage in the neighborhood of Plauen.

91. *Christ . . . scribes.]* Cf. Luke 2:4–52.

92. Cf. N's essay, "A Glance Back at My Two Years in Leipzig"; the precise date of the walk is 24 February 1866; cf. the incomplete historical-critical edition of N's letters (Munich: Beck, 1938–42), II: 382 (from the notebooks of Wilhelm Wisser).

93. Cf. 28[27].

94. *Mitromania]* Cf. 28[34]; note to 28[24].

95. *Pd*: *MM* 228; cf. *HAH* 627, 365, 27–28.

96. Cf. *MM* 296; 29[2].

97. Cf. *WS* 323.

98. {Mithras was one of the main gods of the ancient Persians, identified sometimes with the sun.}

99. Cf. Richard Wagner, *Siegfried*. Further, in January 1884, according to a report from Josef Paneth, N said: "His relationship to Wagner lay in the words, the melody to which Wagner played at his first encounter with him: 'Woe, he has wounded me, the one who awakened me!'" Cf. Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche, *Das Leben Friedrich Nietzsche's*, II 2 (Leipzig: {C. G. Naumann,} 1904), 484 (the epistolary reports of Paneth to his fiancée are, of course, published in an incomplete way there). In a notebook from the earliest Basel period, one finds under the title "Richard Wagner 1869" a short narrative of N's about his first visit to Wagner in Tribschen, which reads in part: "I stood still for a long time in front of the house and heard an ever-repeated, painful chord."

100. *Grotta di Matrimonio]* grotta di *matrimonio* in the Ms.; a site in Capri, visited by N during his stay in Sorrento; the Grotto was actually called Mitromania or Matromania. Malwida von Meysenbug's friend, F{erdinand} Gregorovius, wrote this about it: "Everything suggests having the cell of a temple before us. The name Matromania, which the Grotto bears, and which the people have, with unconscious irony, contorted into Matrimonio, as though Tiberius had consummated his marriage in this cave, is explained as coming from '*Magnae Matris Antrum*' or from '*Magnum Mithrae Antrum.*' They say that the temple was dedicated to Mithras, not so much because the Persian sun-god was worshipped in caves, as because they found in this grotto one of those relief sculptures that depict the sacrificial victim of Mithras. . . . They represent Mithras in Persian costume, kneeling down upon the bull into whose neck he is plunging the sacrificial knife, while a snake, a scorpion and a dog are wounding the bull. . . ." *Figuren: Geschichte, Leben und Scenerie aus Italien* (Leipzig{: Brockhaus}, 1856), 360f. Cf. 28[39]. The figure of the Roman Emperor

Tiberius, who was frequently of interest to N (cf. his notes on Democritus and Thrasyllus from his Basel notebooks of 1868; *D* 460; *JS* 36; and especially in this connection *BGE* 55: "the sacrifice of Emperor Tiberius in the Mithras grotto on the isle of Capri, that most gruesome of all Roman anachronisms"), appears immediately afterward in 28[25]; a connection of all these with Mitromania in 28[17] and 28[34] seems possible.

101. Cf. note to 28[24].

102. Cf. 28[15].

103. Cf. 27[76].

104. *fruitful]* [?]

105. Cf. *MM* 394.

106. *Byron . . . critique]* Cf. *Byron's Letters and Journals, Vol. 3. Alas! The Love of Women: 1813–1814,* ed. Leslie A. Marchand (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1974), 213: "I remember the effect of the *first* Edinburgh Review on me. I heard of it six weeks before,—read it the day of its denunciation,—dined and drank three bottles of claret . . . —neither ate nor slept the less, but, nevertheless, was not easy till I had vented my wrath and my rhyme, in the same pages, against every thing and every body . . . I did wonder, to be sure, at my own success —"; the critical review (of his "Hours of Idleness") appeared early in 1808 {written by Henry Brougham and published in the January issue of the Edinburgh Review}.

107. Cf. *MM* 356.

108. *δεὐτερος πλοῦς]* "second {mode of} navigation," that is, rowing with oars during a lull in the winds, used as a proverbial metaphor; cf., e.g., Plato, *Phaedo* 99{c–}d, *Philebus* 19c, *Republic* 300c, *Letter VII* 337e; Aristotle's *Politics* 1284b19, *Nicomachean Ethics* 1109a25. N is playing off the following passage of Schopenhauer: ". . . suffering in general, as it is meted out by fate, offers a second way (δεύτερος πλοῦς) of achieving this {negation of the will}. Indeed we can assume that most people can only come to it in this way . . ."; *World 1,* 419. {*KSA* 8 incorrectly has δεὐτερος, and *KSA* 14 incorrectly identifies this passage as appearing in *WWR,* vol. 2.}

109. Cf. N to Erwin Rohde, 3 November 1867 {*KGB* I:2, 232–33}.

110. Cf. *MM* 360 and the letters to Cosima Wagner of 19 December 1876 {*KGB* II:5, 209} and to Rohde of 28 August 1877 {*KGB* II:5, 278}.

111. Cf. 28[17]; note to 28[24].

112. Cf. *MM* 98.

113. Cf. *HAH* 617.

114. Cf. *CW* 12, 23[155].

115. Cf. note to 28[24].

116. Cf. 28[43].

117. Cf. *CW* 12, 21[21] and its note.

118. Cf. 28[40]; 30[53].

119. Cf. *MM* 68.

120. Cf. perhaps *MM* 394.

121. Cf. *WB* 4 {*CW* 2, 274, line 31}.

122. *If someone . . . as well.]* Added later, then reworked into *MM* 81.

123. *one could . . . writings."]* Cf. *WB* 10 {*CW* 2, 323, lines 19–22}.

124. Cf. *MM* 377; 30[37].

125. Cf. *MM* 49.

[29 = N II 4]

126. Cf. 29[15]; *MM* 23; *WS* 124.

127. *Goethe . . . Kleist]* Cf. Goethe, *Ludwig Tieck's Dramaturgical Papers*: "His [Tieck's] piety toward Kleist displays itself most amiably. The merest suggestion of sincere sympathy with this poet would always excite in me shuddering and revulsion, like a body intended by nature to be beautiful, which has been attacked by an incurable disease." (*Werke* 35, 427).

128. *He was . . . curable.]* Cf. Goethe's letter to Zelter of 31 October 1831. "As for tragedy, it is a tricky point. I was not born to be a tragic poet, because my nature is conciliatory; hence the purely tragic case, which really must be fundamentally irreconcilable, cannot interest me, and in this world, as extremely flat as it otherwise is, the irreconcilable appears completely absurd to me."

129. Cf. *MM* 296; 28[20].

130. Reading of text uncertain, but cf. N's letter to Carl Fuchs from the end of June 1878 {*KGB* II:5, 335}: "I was in the end so

contorted metaphysically that I felt a pressure around my neck, as if I were going to suffocate."

131. *Contour]* [?]

132. Cf. *WS* 124.

133. Cf. note to 27[15].

134. *panta]* [?]

135. *Pd* of *MM* 407.

136. Cf. *MM* 96.

137. Cf. *MM* 49.

138. Reference to a German translation of Montaigne's essays, *Versuche* (Leipzig: {Lankisch,} 1753–54), *NL*. The passage in Montaigne reads: "I'ay {prins}, comme i'ay dict ailleurs, bien simplement et cruement, pour mon regard, ce precepte ancien: 'Que nous ne sçaurions faillir à suyvre nature; que le souverain precepte, c'est de se conformer à elle. . . .'" {As I have said elsewhere, I have very simply and crudely adopted for my own sake this ancient precept: "that we cannot go wrong by following Nature, that the sovereign precept is to conform to her. . . ." Michel de Montaigne, *The Complete Essays of Montaigne*, trans. Donald M. Frame (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1958), 809.}

139. Cf. *MM* 96; J. H. Jung-Stilling, *Lebensgeschichte* (Stuttgart: {Rieger'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung,} 1857) 746ff. *NL*.

140. <A quote?>

141. Cf. *MM* 49.

142. Cf. *MM* 144.

143. Cf. *HAH* 372.

144. Cf. note to 27[15]; Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 20, 27.

145. Cf. note to 27[15]; Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 20.

146. Cf. note to 27[15]; Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 24; *Antiquity* 56, 113.

147. Cf. 29[49].

148. Cf. 29[45].

149. <Reference to the Schiller poem of this title?>

150. Cf. G. C. Lichtenberg, *Vermischte Schriften* (Göttingen: {Dieterichschen Buchhandlung,} 1867) I, 58. *NL*.

151. *Pd* of *MM* 1.

[30 = N II 7]

152. Cf. N's letter to Mathilde Maier of {6} August 1878 {*KGB* II:5, 344}.

153. *advantage."]* Cf. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Goethe, Volume 5: From My Life: Campaign in France 1792* {*Siege of Mainz*, trans. Thomas P. Saine (New York: Suhrkamp, 1987), 712.}

154. *satisfaction."]* Cf. Goethe, *Campaign in France,* 706.

155. *activity."]* Cf. Goethe, *Campaign in France,* 730. {translation altered slightly to better follow N's citation.}

156. *wise."]* Cf. Montaigne; N is quoting from the previously given German translation.

157. Cf. Hippolyte Taine, *History of English Literature*; N is quoting from the German translation of L. Katscher and G. Gerth, 3 vols. (Leipzig: {Ernst Julius Günther,} 1878–80), {656}. *NL.* The passage marked by N reads: "Wenn eine Wahrheit zur Welt kommt, gleicht sie einem Bastard, denn sie setzt ihren Entdecker der Schande aus . . ." {When a truth comes into the world, it resembles a bastard, for it exposes its discoverer to shame . . . }.{Cf. Hippolyte Taine, *Histoire de la littérature anglaise,* vol. 2, 10th ed. (Paris: Hachette, 1897–99), 445–46: "lorsqu'une vérité arrive au monde, c'est toujours à titre de bâtard, à la honte de celui qui l'engendre. . . ."}

158. On the previous {notebook} page: count up the *aftereffects* of Schopenh<auer> (ph<ilosophy> of the unconscious) "to convert everything conceived into something inconceivable"

159. Cf. 27[43].

160. Cf. Friedrich Blass, *Die attische Beredsamkeit*, vol. 3, pt. 1: "Demosthenes" (Leipzig: {B. G. Teubner,} 1877); this book was borrowed by N from the Basel University library on 26 August 1878 and 11 April 1879.

161. *sculpta]* Cf. Quintilian, XII 9, 16.

162. *"chiseled."]* Cf. Blass, 72.

163. Cf. Blass, 18–19, 79.

164. Quotation from Lord Brougham, *Works* VII, 129 ff., in Blass, 92. {N's emphasis.}

165. Cf. Blass, 100.

166. Cf. Blass 191, 118f.

167. Perhaps from Blass, 189? Cf. 30[18], 30[20].

168. Cf. *WB* 9 {*CW* 2, 317, line 36, 318, line 8}.
169. Cf. Blass, 64 and also III:2, 238 (1880).
170. Cf. Blass, 64.
171. Cf. *MM* 177; 30[14], 30[20].
172. Cf. 30[150] and note to it.
173. *au delà . . . force]* "beyond its power"
174. Cf. 30[14], 30[18].
175. Cf. note to 27[15].
176. Cf. *MM* 349.
177. Cf. Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 190–211.
178. Cf. *MM* 285; Goethe, *Maximen und Reflexionen*, 149.
179. *to do."]* Cf. Goethe, *Maximen und Reflexionen*, 829.
180. Cf. 27[70].
181. *kola]* {Kola (or cola) was the term used by Alexandrian scholars, after the disappearance of classical Greek music itself, for dividing texts of dramatic and lyric poetry into lines.}
182. *Blandimentis."]* "[Otho] was still alive when he left him, but his only thoughts were for posterity, and he had torn himself from all the fascinations of life."
183. Cf. *MM* 377, 28[59].
184. Cf. *MM* 318.
185. Cf. Homer, *Iliad* 18, 478–608.
186. Cf. *MM* 329.
187. Cf. 30[110].
188. *moriendi perdere causas]* "To lose one's reasons for dying." Cf. Juvenal 8, 84: "*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*" {to lose one's reasons for living because [of what you have had to do] to stay alive.}
189. Cf. 30[53].
190. *(miniature),]* Cf. *WA* 7: we have every right on our side <to proclaim> him to be . . . our greatest *miniaturist* of music . . .
191. Cf. 30[68].
192. *that the world . . . phenomenon.]* Cf. *BT* 5.
193. Cf. 28[43].
194. Cf. 30[48].
195. *the effect . . . humanists.] Le*: Erasmus and the humanists later

196. Cf. Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 68.

197. *want . . . atonement]* want with this book to make up <Notebook variant>

198. *since . . . Opera"]* I.e., since 1871.

199. Cf. *MM* 124.

200. Cf. *MM* 70.

201. Cf. note to 27[15].

202. Cf. 30[51], 30[77].

203. Cf. *MM* 323.

204. Cf. note to 27[15].

205. Cf. note to 27[15]; Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 4.28, *AK* 134.

206. Cf. 30[68].

207. Cf. note to 27[15]; Burckhardt, *AK* 138.

208. Cf. 41[51].

209. Cf. Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 224f [?].

210. Cf. *MM* 124, note to 27[15].

211. *aegineten]* {Latin plural of aegis, shields}

212. *Herodotus,]* V 4; also cited by Schopenhauer, *World 2*, 585.

213. Cf. note to 27[15].

214. Cf. *MM* 101.

215. *very good."]* Genesis 1:31.

216. Cf. *MM* 149, 170.

217. Cf. *MM* 398; this passage in Emerson {*The Collected Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Volume III: Essays: Second Series* (Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press of Harvard University, 1983), 44} was underlined and marked by N.

218. N is quoting here from the edition edited by J. Frauenstädt (Leipzig{: F. A. Brockhaus}, 1873–74). *NL*. {*Parerga 2,* 560.}

219. *"The tone . . . having is another."]* N is quoting from Emerson's *Essays* {*The Collected Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Volume III: Essays: First Series* (Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press of Harvard University, 1979)}, 170, where he underlined and marked this passage.

220. Quoted from Frauenstädt's edition. {Schopenhauer, *Parerga 2*: translation altered to follow N's citation.}

221. Cf. 30[136].

222. Cf. note to 27[15].

223. *slave, etc."]* "slave of tears, contritions, and perturbations." Emerson, *Essays: Second Series,* 46. This passage in Emerson was marked by N.

224. Quotation from Emerson, *Essays: First Series,* 34.

225. Cf. note to 27[15].

226. Cf. *MM* 144.

227. Cf. 30[142].

228. Cf. 30[44]; *WA* 3.

229. Cf. 30[1].

230. Cf. *MM* 407; 29[19], 29[48].

231. Cf. 30[111].

232. Cf. *MM* 17.

233. Cf. 27[5].

234. Cf. 30[101].

235. *over]* [?]

236. Cf. Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 10–11.

237. Cf. 30[108].

238. Cf. *MM* 351.

239. *is excellent"]* The phrase, which N does not quote exactly, comes from Goethe, *Maximen und Reflexionen* 45 (3, 203).

240. Cf. 27[13].

241. Cf. 27[69].

242. Cf. 29[51].

243. Cf. *MM* 298; 30[167].

244. *shabbily]* [?]

245. Cf. *MM* 141, 30[19].

246. *Doudan]* Cf. *Mélanges et lettres* (Paris: {Calmann-Lévy,} 1878), I, 408. *NL: "C'est la rage de ce temps-ci et des dernières cinquante années de vouloir penser et sentir au delà de sa force."* {It is the rage of this era and of the last fifty years to want to think and to feel beyond its ability.}

247. Cf. *MM* 172; cf. Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 11.

248. *good book."]* Cf. H. Taine, I, 662. {Taine, *Histoire de la littérature anglaise,* vol. 2, 457, where he quotes and translates from Milton's *Areopagitica*: "D'autre part encore, il vaut presque autant tuer un homme qu'un bon livre."}

249. Cf. 27[78].

250. Cf. *MM* 182.

251. *aware of it."]* Cf. Goethe's letter to Eckermann of 16 December 1828.

252. *of light."]* Cf. Goethe's letter to Eckermann of 16 December 1828.

253. *Pd* to *MM* 317, 310.

254. {N is referring here and in 30[164] to the Franco-Prussian war of 1870–71, in which he served as a medical orderly.}

255. *like Wagner . . . Greeks.]* [?] <Phrase written on a nearby page with an insertion mark.>

256. Cf. Burckhardt, *GK* 3, 8, 10, 12f., 28, 57.

257. Cf. 28[1], 40[8], 40[24].

258. *DS.*

259. *HL.*

260. *SE.*

261. *WB.*

262. Cf. 30[149], 27[45].

263. Cf. 27[86].

264. Cf. 30[99].

265. *Berlioz]* Cf. 27[57].

266. Cf. note to 27[15]; Burckhardt, *AK* 128–32, 147, note on 336.

267. Cf. note to 27[15].

268. Cf. note to 27[15]; Burckhardt, *AK* 128.

269. *only theater-compassion]* [?]

270. Cf. *MM* 250.

271. *Schopenhauer . . . to himself]* Cf. 27[43], 30[9].

272. Cf. *WS* 216.

273. Cf. 30[68].

[31 = N I 5]

274. Fragments 31[1] through 31[5] relate to Greek literature; 31[1] and 31[4] might have a closer connection with N's Thucydides seminar of winter semester 1878–79; N's notebooks contain in a lecture manuscript on the *History of Greek Literature* a paragraph which was used along with some general observations about the Greek historians (including Theopompus) as the introduction to his Thucydides seminar. The other fragments, as also perhaps the

approximately contemporaneous 39[1] and 39[3–6], seem to point toward a planned work on Greek literature.

275. *Litterator]* "teacher" or "schoolmaster"

276. Cf. *D* 168.

277. Cf. *MM* 320; *CW* 12, 18[60].

278. Cf. 27[20].

279. Cf. N's letter of 10 September 1878 to Marie Baumgartner {*KGB* II:5, 351–52}.

[32 = N III 2]

280. Cf. *MM* 350.

281. Cf. *MM* 144.

282. Cf. *MM* 27.

283. Cf. *MM* 136.

284. Covered by *Pd* of *MM* 142, hard to read.

285. Cf. N's letter to Paul Rée of the end of July 1878 {*KGB* II:5, 342}.

286. *"Over-Soul"]* <N uses *Überseele* to translate the "Over-Soul" of Emerson, which {G.} Fabricius {in Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Versuche (Essays)* (Hannover: Carl Meyer, 1858). NL} had translated with "*höhere Seele*." N refers in this fragment to all of p. 201 of the *Versuche* {*Essays: First Series*, 162–63}, but especially, perhaps, to this passage in Frabricius's translation, part of which he had marked: "The landscape, the figures, Boston, London, are facts as fugitive as any institution past, or any whiff of mist or smoke, and so is society, and so is the world. The soul looketh steadily forwards, creating a world before her, leaving worlds behind her."> {*Essays: First Series*, 163.}

287. N is quoting himself from the end of *HAH*.

288. *Emerson . . . me."]* Cf. Emerson, *Essays: Second Series*, 32, a passage marked by N.

289. *the fear . . . individual.]* The passage marked by N and supplied with question and exclamation marks reads in Emerson: "I see not, if one be once caught in this trap of so-called sciences, any escape for the man from the links of the chain of physical necessity. Given such an embryo, such a history must follow. On this platform, one lives in a sty of sensualism, and would soon

come to suicide. But it is impossible that the creative power should exclude itself. Into every intelligence there is a door which is never closed, through which the creator passes." {*Essays: Second Series*, 32.}

290. *"In . . . beautiful."]* {Cf. Emerson, *Essays: First Series*, 218.}

291. Cf. *WS* 176.

292. *Pd*: *MM* 332.

293. Cf. Emerson, *Versuche*, 173. {N appears to have written this quote ("Man muß zu Fuß zu Markt tragen, was man mit Mühe erarbeitet hat") inaccurately from memory. The passage on p. 173 that most closely approximates what appears in N's notebook is ". . . was man durch Mühe und Arbeit errungen hat, nachher zu Fußе zu Markt zu tragen"; Emerson's English, on the other hand, reads quite differently: ". . . of buying by the acre, to sell by the foot" (cf. Emerson, *Essays: First Series*,138).}

[33 = N III 4]

294. Cf. *MM* 352; 28[6]; *CW* 12, 11[11].

295. *an]* an [?], like an [?]

296. *Vague]* [?]

297. *οὐ βιωτός]* "not worth living" Cf. Plato, *Apology* 38a, "The life without this sort of examination is not worth living." N glossed this passage in his copy of the German translation of this text as: "Happiness of Socrates." Cf. also 28[11].

298. *workers]* [?]

[34 = N III 1]

299. Cf. 30[74].

300. Cf. *MM* 222, 117.

301. Cf. *MM* 151.

302. Cf. *MM* 156.

303. Cf. 39[1].

304. Cf. *WS* 125.

305. *Pd*: *MM* 123.

306. *Also . . . polite.] Pd*: *MM* 247.

307. *Pd*: *MM* 400.

[35 = N III 5]

308. Cf. *MM* 220, also a passage added later (later summer 1878) to the third part of N's colloquium on *History of Greek Literature* (winter semester 1875–76), at a time when he was dealing with questions concerning Greek literature: "To give his passions a holiday."

309. [referring to Epicurus?]

[36 = Mp XIV 2a]

310. *"ego sum . . . consuetudo!"]* "I am the truth and the light, God said; *he did not say*: I am custom." {Cf. John 14:6.}

311. N is quoting from B. Pascal, *Gedanken Fragmente und Briefe*, trans. C. F. Schwartz (Leipzig: {Otto Wigand,} 1865), I, 113, *NL*; beside that passage he later wrote, "to be used for St. M<oritz> L<ine> of T<hought>"; but he did this neither in *MM* nor in *WS*. Cf. note 1 to *WS*, with N's note to Peter Gast where he uses this phrase.

312. In the edition cited by N (Leipzig: {G. J. Göschen,} 1839–40), Wieland writes in "On German Patriotism" (1795): "In my childhood, of course, all sorts of duties were recited to me; but the talk then was so little about the duty of being a German patriot that I cannot recall ever having heard the word German (Germanness was still a completely unknown word) used for honor's sake."

[37 = N III 3]

313. *Joy in fasting]* N may be referring to the *Fasnacht* {carnival} in Basel [?].

[38 = D 12]

314. Originally *MM* 388; there are the beginnings of a revision in *Pp*.

315. *The] Cp*: Many

316. *digestion.] Cp*: following: "Their honey is revenge and pride"; cf. 38[2].

317. Written on a separate sheet of paper, not part of the *Pm*; reworking of 38[1].

318. *to think . . . suffering]* Cf. Goethe, *Tasso* V 5, 3432 [?].

[39 = N I 3c]

319. Perhaps, like 39[3–6], note for a work on Greek literature; cf. 31[1].

320. Cf. *WS* 140.

321. {Punctuation added by Montinari.}

322. Hippolyte Taine, *Die Entstehung des modernen Frankreichs*, trans. L. Katscher, vol. 1, *Das vorrevolutionäre Frankreich* (Leipzig: {Ernst Julius Günther,} 1877), *NL*.

323. François Lenormant, *Die Anfänge der Cultur* (Jena: {Hermann Costenoble,} 1875).

324. Alfred von Gutschmid, *Neue Beiträge zur Geschichte des alten Orients: Die Assyriologie in Deutschland* (Leipzig: {B. G. Teubner,} 1876).

325. Maximilian Duncker, *Geschichte des Alterthums*, 7 vols., 5th ed. (Leipzig: {Duncker und Humblot,} 1878–83).

326. Cf. N's letter to Franziska and Elisabeth Nietzsche of 7 December 1878 {*KGB* II:5, 369}: "Do you want to hear another wish for books: 'Doehler, *History of the Roman Caesars after Domitian . . .* ' (it begins with Hadrian) Halle, Waisenhaus-Buchhandlung (from the French)." Elisabeth could not find the book, so N wrote to her on 10 December 1878 {*KGB* II:5, 369}: ". . . cease all steps. I do not even know how to give the title exactly. But I already *own* 4 volumes on the Roman Caesars by Beulé (translated by Doehler), hence from Augustus to *Titus and his Dynasty*. Now *another* Frenchman has made a translation of *Hadrian's Age* etc., but I do not know who translated it and where it appeared." N's sister did finally succeed in giving him the book: Champagny, *Die Antonine*, 2 vols., trans. Eduard Doehler (Halle: {Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses,} 1876–77), *NL*.

327. Alfred von Reumont, *Geschichte Toscanas* (Gotha: {F. A. Perthes,} 1875f.) and on Cosimo probably: *Lorenzo de' Medici il Magnifico* (Leipzig: {Duncker und Humblot,} 1874).

328. Alfred Stern, *Milton und seine Zeit,* 2 vols. (Leipzig: {Duncker und Humblot,} 1874).

329. Pasquale Villari, the translation of his work on Machiavelli into German appeared in Rudolstadt (1877–82).

330. Ludwig Geiger, *Petrarka* (Leipzig: {Duncker und Humblot,} 1874).

331. Wolf Wilhelm Friedrich Baudissin, *Studien zur semitischen Religionsgeschichte* (Leipzig: {Fr. Wilh. Grunow,} 1876–78).

332. Adolf Friedrich Schack, *Spanisches Theater,* 2 vols. ({Frankfurt am Main: Johann David Sauerländer,} 1845).

333. Edmond Schérer, *Etudes sur la littérature contemporaine,* 10 vols. (Paris: {Calmann Lévy} 1866–95), vol. 8 (1885) in *NL.*

334. August Wilhelm Ambros, *Geschichte der Musik* ({Breslau: F. E. C. Leuckart,} 1862–78).

335. Oskar Peschel, *Völkerkunde* (Leipzig: {Duncker und Humblot,} 1874).

336. Cf. *WS* 248.

337. *δὶς τὸ καλόν]* "twice the beauty"

338. Cf. *WS* 111, 119.

[40 = N IV 2]

339. Cf. 40[24].

340. Cf. *CW* 12, 22[135] [?].

341. Cf. *WS* 318.

342. Cf. *WS* 220.

343. Cf. 41[50].

344. Cf. 28[1], 30[166], 40[24].

345. Cf. 41[63].

346. *them]* the Wagnerians

347. {Punctuation added by Montinari.}

348. Cf. *WS* 154, 168.

349. Cf. *WS* 5, 332; 40[23]. {Punctuation added by Montinari.}

350. Cf. *WS* 4.

351. Cf. *WS* 282.

352. Cf. *WS* 180.

353. Cf. *WS* 219.

354. *the modern cloister]* Cf. *CW* 12, 16[45], 17[50].

355. *Pd*: *WS* 195.

356. *Pd*: *WS* 5, 6.

357. Cf. *WS* 5, 6; 40[16].

358. Cf. 28[1], 30[166], 40[8]. {A reference to the Paris Commune, 1871.}

359. In summer 1877, N wrote *CW* 12, 22[93] and *CW* 12, 22[94] in Rosenlaui; cf. also the other poetic fragments in the same notebook (*N* II 2) and *CW* 12, 23[194]

360. Cf. 40[1].

361. Perhaps the toad dream of *CW* 12, 21[21] and 28[42] or else the dream related by R. v. Seydlitz; cf. note to *CW* 12, 23[197]

362. On 15 October 1877; cf. chronicle of N's life {*CW* 19, October–November 1877}.

363. Cf. *WS* 229.

[41 = N IV 1]

364. *in the aforementioned way]* <Connection unknown.>

365. *"Eheu . . . amplexus sim?"]* "Alas, perhaps I should embrace the goddess Trivia." {Trivia is the Roman equivalent of Hecate; one of the chthonic Titan-gods, she is associated with witchcraft, the world of the dead, and crossroads.}

366. Cf. *WS* 86; *CW* 12, 18[47]; 28[11], 42[48].

367. Reference to the longest and most famous of Xenophon's Socratic writings.

368. *(freedom)]* <Written above "independence.">

369. Cf. *WS* 222.

370. *salto mortale]* "leap of death"

371. <Connection unclear.>

372. Cf. *WS* 5.

373. *evening meal]* {The German term here, *Abendmahl*, is, like "supper" in English, also used to refer to Communion, i.e., the Lord's Supper.}

374. Cf. *WS* 275, 292.

375. <That is, according to the meaning of νεμεσσᾶν, "to feel (justified) resentment over an improper equivalence"; cf. *WS* 30, *CW* 12, 17[58].>

376. <Quote?>

377. Cf. 42[69]; <the letters printed in cursive were underlined by N; cf. N's letter to Hillebrand of the middle of April 1878 {*KGB* II:5, 319}>. {N is likely grumbling here (as in 42[69]) about common solecisms in German transliterations of words of classical derivation; hence the odd spelling of individual words.}

378. *Carey 512]* Cf. H. C. Carey, *Lehrbuch der Volkswirtschaft und Sozialwissenschaft*, see p. 489ff, note 72 above.

379. Cf. *WS* 168.

380. *effect]* <Connection unknown, perhaps to 41[25]?>

381. <Continuation, see *Pd* of *WS* 99.>

382. *Pd*: *WS* epilogue and *WS* 16.

383. *laments]* cries

384. <In the range of ideas of *WS* 215.>

385. *prix fait]* "fixed price"

386. Cf. *WS* 22.

387. φθονερόν] "jealous"

388. Cf. 41[62].

389. Cf. *WS* 324.

390. *of habits]* of drives and habits

391. Cf. 40[7]?

392. Cf. *WS* 190.

393. Cf. *WS* 190, 22.

394. Cf. *WS* 190.

395. <Perhaps in connection with 41[45].> Cf. Matthew 25:29.

396. Cf. 40[10].

397. Cf. Goethe, *Tasso* V.2, 3083–84: "Forbid the silkworm to spin;/ when he is spinning himself closer to death"; *WS* 9.

398. *appearance, etc."]* Cf. Goethe, epilogue to Schiller's "Bell."

399. <Completed according to the variant in Notebook M I 3, 88–89 for the "Introduction" of *WS*.>

400. *Fontenelle]* Bernhard v. Fontenelle, *Gespräche von mehr als einer Welt zwischen einem Frauenzimmer und einem Gelehrten*, trans. and illus. by Joh. Chr. Gottsched (Leipzig: {Bey Bernhard Christoph Breitkopf,} 1730); Bernard de Fontenelle, *Dialogues des morts* (Paris: {Librairie de la Bibliothèque Nationale,} 1876), and *Histoire des oracles* (Paris: {Librairie de la Bibliothèque Nationale,} 1876), *NL*.

401. *Beyle's Letters.]* Stendhal, *Correspondance inédite précédée d'une introduction par Prosper Mérimée* (Paris: {Michel Lévy Frères,} 1855), *NL*; some of N's insertions erased by the bookbinder of the Nietzsche Archive at that time.

402. *Mérimée completely.]* N had read Prosper Mérimée, *Lettres à une inconnue*; in *NL* were *Dernières nouvelles*, 7th ed. (Paris: {Michel Lévy Frères,} 1874) and *Lettres à une autre inconnue*, 2nd ed. (Paris: {Michel Lévy Frères,} 1875).

403. Cf. *WS* 281? {A common German saying is "Ein Mal ist kein Mal," i.e., "To do something just once is not to do it at all."}

[42 = N IV 3]

404. {N here engages in some speculative etymology. The translations of the 'k' to 'ge' transitions that follow are:

kink	(curled)
herb	(cured)?
to adhere	(to have lived)?}

405. *paradox]* Perhaps to be completed as "paradoxs" according to the form seemingly rebuked by N in 41[22].

406. <For the doctrine of the "things nearest at hand"? cf. *WS* 6.>

407. Cf. *WS* 12.

408. *Plato . . . being)]* Cf. Plato, *Protagoras* 327c–d.

409. Cf. *WS* 61.

410. Cf. *WS* 33. {Punctuation added by Montinari.}

411. *punished]* Cf. *WS* 28.

412. Cf. *WS* 33.

413. Cf. *WS* 33.

414. Cf. *WS* 30.

415. Cf. *WS* 204.

416. Cf. Carey, 536ff, where various passages about the relationship between the sex drive and the occupations of humans are marked by N.

417. Cf. *WS* 14; 42[67].

418. Cf. *WS* 214.

419. Cf. *WS* 285.

420. Cf. *WS* 186.

421. Cf. *WS* 33. {Punctuation added by Montinari.}
422. Cf. *WS* 9; 47[1]. {Punctuation added by Montinari.}
423. Cf. *WS* 33.
424. Cf. *WS* 9.
425. *pudenda]* {Genital organs, especially of a woman.}
426. *reasons (reason)]* {*Gründe* and *Vernunft,* respectively, in the German.}
427. Cf. *WS* 284.
428. *Pd*: *WS* 284.
429. Cf. 42[56].
430. <For the doctrine of the "things nearest at hand"?>
431. Cf. Matthew 6:34: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."
432. *At the hours of the day] Le*: In the situation during the day
433. Cf. *WS* 109.
434. Cf. Homer, *Iliad* 20, 58.
435. *ἀπειρεσίη]* "boundless, endless"
436. Cf. Euripides, *Hippolytus* 607?
437. Cf. *WS* 86; 28[11]; *CW* 12, 18[47]; 41[2].
438. *Pd*: *WS* 284.
439. Cf. *WS* 23.
440. *action?] Ms*: action!
441. Cf. 42[38], 42[61].
442. On Paul, cf. *D* 68.
443. Cf. *WS* 23, 28. {Punctuation added by Montinari.}
444. Cf. *WS* 23, 28.
445. Cf. *WS* 23, 28.
446. Cf. 42[38], 42[56].
447. Cf. *WS* 28.
448. *ne iterum peccet]* "lest he sin again"
449. Cf. *WS* 23, 28.
450. Cf. Aristotle, *Fragments* (v. Rose), 565.
451. *δὶς ἡβήσας]* "second youthfulness"
452. *ἥβη]* "youth"
453. *δὶς παῖδες]* "second childhood"
454. *Pd*: *WS* 23; cf. 44[3].
455. *isolated fact]* Cf. *WS* 11.

456. Cf. *WS* 23.
457. Cf. 42[17].
458. *the teachers.]* Cf. N's letter to Franziska and Elisabeth Nietzsche: "I am weekly inspector this week" (13 March 1864 {*KGB* I:1, 274}); cf. also his letter to them of {28} May 1864 {*KGB* I:1, 280}.
459. Cf. 41[22].

[43 = M I 2]

460. Cf. 41[73].
461. Cf. *WS* 295.
Pd: Milk-green sea-light with the palate not with the eye.
462. Originally the beginning of *WS* 295.
463. Cf. *WS* 22; the *Sd* of this is on the adjoining page.
464. *jus talionis]* "Retaliatory law"; "an eye for an eye."
465. Perhaps connected to *WS* 23, 28; added later in ink.

[44 = N IV 4]

466. Cf. *WS* 155.
467. *to sentimental.]* Following Schiller {"On Naive and Sentimental Poetry"}.
468. Cf. 42[65].
469. *perversity]* <Uncertain reading.>
470. Cf. *WS* 60.
471. Cf. the variants to *HAH* 107.
472. Cf. *WS* 109.
473. <Written very unclearly, uncertain reading.>
474. <Unfinished note, perhaps related to *WS* 103 or *WS* 125.>
475. <Uncertain reading.>

[45 = M I 3]

476. *our moderate] Pd*: the moderate
477. *summery]* <Lacking in *Pd*.>
478. *speaks more audibly] Pd*: beats more loudly
479. *when it . . . away."] Pd*: as if the snow has melted away and the recovery from winter were beginning."
480. *"everything . . . still:] Pd*: "it is so bright, so quiet

481. *it will be . . . once again] Pd*: it rests

482. Cf. Giacomo Leopardi, "Der Sonnabend auf dem Dorfe," in *Giacomo Leopardi*, German trans. by Paul Heyse (Berlin: {Wilhelm Hertz,} 1878), I, 165f. *NL*. {N received the Leopardi translation as a Christmas present from one of his students at Basel, Adolf Baumgartner, and his mother, Marie Baumgartner; see the chronicle of N's life in *CW* 19, December 1878.}.

Pd: to walk through a village on Saturday afternoon, where Sunday already gleams in anticipation upon the faces and the feeling of having the entire, unbroken day of rest in front of themselves, in zealous cleaning and cleansing

Pd: where, despite all zealous cleaning and organizing more tranquility lies upon the faces than on Sunday itself: the quiet happiness at having the entire day of rest still unbroken in front of them

483. *The solitary . . . Previously] Pd*: The clock is now living for the moment: previously

[46 = D 13]

484. Cf. N's letter of Schmeitzner of 27 October 1879 {*KGB* II:5, 459}: "I request that two Latin aphorisms also be crossed out."

485. *Gaudii . . . meditatur.]* "The biggest part of joy is forgetting; suffering dwells upon itself."

486. *Sd*: Aegrotantium est, sanitatem cogitare: medicorum autem aegritudinem. Qui sani sunt nihil cogitant. {Those who are sick tend to think about health: doctors, by contrast, tend to think about sickness. Those who are healthy think about nothing at all.}

487. *Aegrotantium . . . cogitat.]* "Those who are sick tend to think about health, and doctors tend to think about sickness itself; but he who wishes to cure others and himself thinks about both."

488. Replaced in *Pm* by *WS* 308.

Pd: With natures who have a late spring and a long autumn, summer is a moment—something *unspeakably touching.*

489. *Sd*: <Final sentence is absent.>

[47 = N IV 5]

490. Cf. *WS* 9, 10; 42[25].

491. <Unordered sketch for a never completed dialogue, "On Reading.">

492. *sit . . . an author.] Pd*: read your book. But what then are you reading?

493. <A not unambiguous revision of N's from: "The moral is that we should not write for our readers. The second moral: [what use is it] we should learn to read well, we should teach to read well." After N had inserted the incomplete sentence, "They think we should *not* write. Where possible for oneself," he crossed out the words, "The second" and indicated with a loop the substitution of both sentences.>

Cf. *MM* 167.

494. *cothurnus]* {A thick-soled boot worn by the actors in Athenian tragedy.}

495. Cf. 41[3].

496. *Pd*: *WS* 289.

497. Probably connected to *WS* 37.

498. Cf. Schiller, *Wallensteins Tod* V, 5.

499. <These keywords, the connection among which is not clear, were written down by N on the first page of the inside cover of N IV 5.>

500. Cf. perhaps *WS* 17.

501. *half-Asiatic barbarians]* <The same keywords at N IV 5, 11.>

502. *retort]* <The same keyword at N IV 5, 11.>

Translator's Afterword

Gary Handwerk

> Life itself *rewards* us for our stubborn will to life, for a long war such as I waged at that time against the pessimism of weariness with life, indeed, for every attentive glance of our gratitude in not allowing the smallest, gentlest, most fleeting gift of life to escape. We eventually receive in return for this its *great* gift, perhaps even the greatest one that it is capable of giving—we receive *our task* back once again. ——
>
> —*Human, All Too Human II*, Preface §5

> The manusc<ript> that you received from St. M<oritz> has been purchased at such expense and with such difficulty, that perhaps nobody who could have avoided it would have written it at this price. It often terrifies me now to read it, especially the longer sections, because of the hideous memory.
>
> —Nietzsche's letter of 5 October 1879 to Heinrich Köselitz (*KGB* II:5, 450)

Mixed Opinions and Maxims (1878) and *The Wanderer and His Shadow* (1879), two texts later combined by Friedrich Nietzsche into *Human, All Too Human II* for the 1886 collected edition of his works, were books born of scarcely imaginable suffering. Indeed, the entire period during which both volumes of *Human, All Too Human* were composed, 1877–79, was a time during which Nietzsche suffered almost without remission from wrackingly debilitating physical pain. Headaches, eye pain, wretched digestion, nausea, vomiting, intolerance of

light—all of these were symptoms that persisted day after day, often making it impossible for Nietzsche to work even despite the considerable assistance he received from close friends in preparing the manuscripts. December 1879, as he completed final revisions on the manuscript of *HAH II*, was one of the lowest points of all. As he told his editor, Ernst Schmeitzner, "I suffer extraordinarily and constantly, attack after attack" (18 December 1879, *KGB* II:5, 471). He described these months to various friends as "frightful and uncanny," noting in a letter to his sister on December 29, "In the last year I had 118 *severe* days of attack. Lovely statistic!" (*KGB* II:5, 475).[1]

After a year of medically approved professional leave in 1876–77, the time during which he composed *HAH*, Nietzsche made several attempts over the next few years to resume his regular teaching duties at the University of Basel. In 1877–78, he taught courses on Greek religion and Aeschylus (winter semester), on Hesiod, Plato, and Aeschylus (summer semester); in 1878–79, on the Greek lyric poets, Plato and Thucydides (winter semester). The toll taken by his work for these courses became increasingly visible; by February 1879 he was unable to continue teaching, and he withdrew from his announced spring semester classes without having even begun to teach them.[2] Nietzsche soon came to realize that it was essential for him to resign his professorship, and he submitted on 2 May 1879 a formal resignation letter, which was approved by the university authorities on 14 June. Two days later, they also granted him a disability-related stipend for the remainder of his life. Accepting the necessity of this resignation was, for Nietzsche, the first step toward a total reorganization of his life. From this time forth, he adopted the solitary existence in

1. Military metaphors (though obviously typical to medicine in both German and English) are characteristic of Nietzsche's mode of describing his medical condition throughout this time.

2. Cf. *Chronik zu Nietzsches Leben*, *KSA* 15, 82–106, and Curt Paul Janz, *Friedrich Nietzsche: Biographie*, 2 vols. (Munich: Carl Hanser Verlag, 1978), 1:846–49.

which he lived for most of his remaining years, meeting even his best friends only infrequently and for short periods of time. He undertook as well a nomadic search for a setting and a climate that his constitution might find tolerable, convinced that his ill health stemmed as much from climatic conditions as from anything else. Nietzsche calls the texts produced during these years his *Wanderbücher*, his wander- or wanderer's books; "wandering," with its attendant feelings of displacement, alienation, and searching, served him as a recurrent metaphor throughout this time for all of his intellectual activities. As he reminds himself in *MM* 237 ("*The wanderer in the mountains to himself*."), "your path shall now be more lonely and in any case more dangerous than your earlier one."

Given these background facts, it can be tempting to read *HAH* as a whole as autobiographical philosophy.[3] Nor would that approach be wholly incorrect. But it would risk partiality, downplaying as it does Nietzsche's emphatic insistence in the Preface to *HAH II* that "a sufferer and a renouncer speaks here *as if he were not a sufferer and renouncer*" (§5, translator's italics except 'not')—speaking, we might say, from behind a mask, and finding benefit somehow in the assimilation and dissimulation of these extreme experiences. In a letter of January 1880 to Otto Eiser, a Frankfurt doctor whom he had consulted previously, Nietzsche said, "My existence is a *frightful burden*: I would have long since thrown it off if I had not made the most instructive investigations and experiments in spiritual-moral regions in precisely this condition of suffering and of almost absolute renunciation . . . the last [attack] forced me to vomit for three entire days and nights, I thirsted for death" (*KGB* III:1, 3). As Nietzsche's own testimony thus indicates,

3. Thus, Janz traces even stylistic developments such as Nietzsche's shift to the aphorism form back to the conditions of his health. "Only against his will did Nietzsche bend himself by compulsion to the short form of the aphorism, and the often so confusing, restless fluttering from object to object shows itself to be a consequence of the only possible way in which he could work" (2:32). All translations from Janz are mine.

Human, All Too Human is above all an act of resistance, resistance not only to the intellectual influences that Nietzsche now felt called upon to repudiate and to critique, but to the basic physical facts of his daily life. This resistance marks a crucial point of emergence for Nietzsche's mature philosophy and style.

It was from these experiences, rooted in pain, that Nietzsche began forging a new style and a new identity, an identity based in part on the realization that for him style and identity would henceforth be one and the same thing. His self-transformation was, more than anything else, a matter of altered mood and tone, and a realization that the practice of philosophy depends crucially upon such matters.[4] *Ecce Homo*, Nietzsche's intellectual autobiography, looks back upon this period as the time when Nietzsche escaped his Schopenhauer-influenced pessimism and crafted instead a determinedly optimistic philosophy, based upon embracing life, not in a facile or one-sided way, but by incorporating an un-Schopenhauerian, tragic pessimism within it. For, surprisingly, "Never have I been so happy with myself as in the sickest and most painful times of my life" (*EH* "Why I Write Such Good Books" HAH4). Or as the letter of December 1879 to Schmeitzner (cited above) goes on to say, "The entire *'humanness'* with its two appendices comes from a time of the most bitter and continuous pain — and yet seems to me a thing full of health. This is my *triumph*." Richard Gray has noted that Nietzsche had long seen philosophy (and art as well) as an antidote to the terror of gazing at life as it truly is, a kind of intellectual insulation against an excess of suffering — yet *if and only if* philosophy and art were pursued in the right ways. "'Art,' 'illusion,' 'untruth' are the names of those controlling forces that rein in the drive to truth and knowledge. Only when philoso-

4. See Richard Gray's discussion of style in the translator's afterword to *Unpublished Writings from the Period of Unfashionable Observations*, *CW* II, 491.

phy makes use of these controlling powers does it serve a higher purpose than the drive for knowledge. Only then does it serve the will to existence, to *life*."[5] There is, the Preface to *HAH II* asserts, "a will to the tragic and to pessimism that is as much the sign of severity as of strength of intellect (of taste, feeling, conscience)" (§7). That will, at once pessimistic *and* optimistic, constitutes the core of Nietzsche's reshapen identity, and it manifests itself in a tone, a stylistic tenor, that is cheerful, even humorous and playful. Not by accident do these books devoted to the cultivation of an all-too-human free spirit contain an aphorism that characterizes Laurence Sterne in his *Tristram Shandy* as the "freest of writers."[6] There Nietzsche praises Sterne's style for its digressions, its irony, its lightness (not to be confused with levity), its ambiguity, all combined with the utmost seriousness of intellectual purpose.

HAH and *HAH II* were thus a perplexing mix of positives and negatives, of weakness and strength, even to Nietzsche himself. Curt Paul Janz, among all of Nietzsche's biographers perhaps the one most intimately familiar with Nietzsche through his letters, has designated this period as one of simultaneous breakdown and breakthrough, and he argues for a strong causal connection between these two events. For him, that is, the physical breakdown is the essential cause of the intellectual breakthrough, which manifests itself first and fore-

5. Ibid., 481.

6. *MM* 113, which says this of Sterne: "The reader who wants to know at all times exactly what Sterne really thinks about something, whether he is making a serious or a smiling face, has to be given up for lost: for he knows how to convey both with a *single* crease of his face; he likewise knows how to and even wants to be right and wrong at the same time, to entangle profundity and farce. His digressions are at the same time continuations and developments of the story; his aphorisms contain at the same time an irony toward all sententiousness, his aversion to seriousness is joined to a disposition that can take nothing in a merely shallow or superficial way. . . . Perhaps no other human has ever possessed the same corporeal and spiritual equivocation, the same free-spiritedness extending into every fiber and muscle of the body that he possessed."

most in a pair of stylistic transformations.[7] The first of these, the use of the aphorism as Nietzsche's primary literary form, was already evident in *HAH*. Emerging alongside that form, most obviously in the prelude and coda to *The Wanderer and His Shadow*, is the dialogue—a literary structure designed to capture the back-and-forth movement of thought and to produce in its readers effects such as the one mentioned in *MM* 175: "here, as so often in this book, the objection is precisely what matters to the author." Long before *Zarathustra*, Nietzsche shuns the thought of creating disciples, of having readers who fail to resist in significant ways what they are reading.[8]

Nietzsche himself, to be sure, saw things differently from Janz, at least in retrospect, for which perspective the key documents are his new Preface to the second edition of *HAH* (1886) and his comments on *HAH* in *Ecce Homo* (1888). In those essays, the years from 1876 to 1879 are indeed recognized by Nietzsche as a time of fundamental self-transformation, but he speaks in these later texts more of a psychological than a physiological causality. "I was sick, more than sick, that is, weary from the ceaseless disillusionment about everything that remained for the inspiration of us modern human beings, at the energy, labor, hope, youthfulness, love everywhere being *wasted*; . . . Sickness, every time, is the answer when we wish to doubt our right to *our* task—when we begin to make things easier for ourselves in any way whatsoever. Strange and frightening at the same time! Our *alleviations* are what we must pay for most harshly!" (*HAH II* P3–4).[9] This later Nietz-

7. Janz, *Friedrich Nietzsche*, 2:17. On this topic, see also Gray, afterword, *CW* II, 489, and 491.

8. Of considerable value as an account of Nietzsche's literary philosophizing is Alexander Nehamas, *Nietzsche: Life as Literature* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1985). For an excellent account of Nietzsche's use of multiple voices—or, as Staten prefers (5–6) the singular "voice"—see Henry Staten, *Nietzsche's Voice* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1990).

9. As Robert Pippen has rightly noted in *Nietzsche, Psychology, & First Philosophy* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2010), this psychological

sche, looking back, saw both *Mixed Opinions and Maxims* and *The Wanderer and His Shadow* as of a piece with volume I of *Human, All Too Human*, "a continuation and doubling of a spiritual cure" (*HAH II* P2). Hence he agreed in 1886 to the suggestion of his new publisher, E. W. Fritzsch, that he combine these two succeeding works and re-title them as *Human, All Too Human II*, thus realigning them explicitly as a shadowy counterpart to *HAH*. Indeed, most readers would probably agree that *HAH II* is not in any strong sense a step forward philosophically for Nietzsche, but rather a further distillation and re-rendering of the insights he achieved subsequently to his traumatic separation from Wagner, nourished by his ever-deeper immersion in illness and isolation.[10]

What, then, did Nietzsche ultimately wring from his pain? That may be the question *HAH II* is best suited to help us answer, considering it as a way of taking stock, as it were, before the creative effervescence of the next several years of his life. Looking back, he says, "It was at that time that I first learned the hermit's way of speaking, which only the most silent and most suffering people understand: I spoke without witnesses, or rather, indifferent toward witnesses, in order not to suffer from silence; I spoke only of things that meant nothing to me, but as if they did mean something to me. It was at that time that I learned the art of *presenting* myself as if cheerful, objective, inquisitive, above all, healthy and malicious—and for a sick person, isn't this, as it seems to me, his 'good taste'?" (*HAH II* P5). In a sense, what Nietzsche accomplishes by this rewriting of *HAH* is a deeper carving into himself of the same

state should not be understood primarily as a personal one, but as a widespread cultural-historical problem, a result of a condition that Nietzsche saw in these terms: "The depth of the most important shared commitments in the Christian-humanist form of life is 'thinning out rapidly,' and the urgent question of 'what is possible now' must take some account of historical constraints that cannot be willed away but must somehow be acknowledged" (29).

10. On the impact of Nietzsche's break with Wagner on *HAH*, see the translator's afterword to *HAH*, 323–26.

lesson (*pensum*, he says in one place, invoking the Latin word), not something new, but an intensification for himself of his new starting point and his different frame of mind. Acceptance would be one word for the core of this lesson, provided one were to attend carefully to precisely what it was that Nietzsche saw himself needing to accept—the possibility that his incessant suffering had no higher purpose . . . and yet, that it had to be given one—and attend as well to the roots of this ethical stance in Greek tragic sensibility, Roman stoicism, and even Christian resignation. If Kant's justification for aesthetic experience (and, in a certain sense, all of his transcendental philosophy) ultimately rested upon his finely wrought notion of purposiveness without purpose, laid out in sections 10–17 of *The Critique of Judgment*, Nietzsche's revision of that idea (and thus, as he later came to see, of the entirety of Kant's philosophy) could be described as his elaboration of "purposelessness *with purpose*," finding a purpose where none "truly" exists. The 1886 Preface (§§4–5) speaks repeatedly of Nietzsche's discovery of the source of his spiritual cure in his recognition that a *task* (*Aufgabe*), a task that is preeminently *his*, has been given to or laid upon him. One's task, he says there, is "this tyrant in us" that "takes a terrible revenge for every attempt we make to evade or to escape it, for every premature determination, for every time we set ourselves equal to those to whom we do not belong, for every activity, however estimable, if it diverts us from our primary matter, indeed, even for every virtue that would like to protect us against the harshness of our most personal responsibility."[11]

Responsible, though, to whom? And for what, in this world without purpose? The answer to those questions, at least in the late 1870s, is more a method of inquiry than a doctrine. Nietzsche's philosophical acceptance of an ineradicable pur-

11. Nietzsche's discussions of his *Aufgabe* could be read valuably alongside Pippen's comments (in chapter 5) on the importance of "yielding" (*Hingebung*) to Nietzsche's later philosophy, as an antidote to interpretations that put exclusive weight on the notion of a will to power.

poselessness at the end of all human striving required the radical enactment of an ironic ignorance, an active *not knowing*, in a sense deeper than and even contrary to the feigned ignorance of Plato's Socrates. So Janz is correct in finding the crucial distillation of Nietzsche's struggles in these years to be stylistic and methodological: his invention of an experiential and experimental philosophy that manifests itself in the form of the aphoristic essay (or, one might as readily say, the essayistic aphorism). In these ground- and spirit-breaking works, Nietzsche invents for himself a form that is nonlinear, interruptive, interrogative, recursive, and, above all, remarkably flexible with regard to scope and span. This form, honed and rehoned in the carefully crafted aphorisms of *Human, All Too Human*, requires a continual exercise in self-restraint that was part of Nietzsche's self-imposed inoculation against Wagnerian enthusiasms and excesses, against sheer Wagnerian expansiveness. We see the same self-restraint in the tone of these aphorisms, where the coldness already noted by his friend Erwin Rohde in *HAH* stems in part from the terseness of Nietzsche's prose, and stands in contrast to the increasing metaphorical exuberance of the works that follow, beginning with *Dawn*.[12] Here again, Janz translates his astute observation of this shift into biographical exegesis, seeing this stylistic and tonal transformation as a compulsion exerted upon someone needing to avoid excitation, someone unable to read or to write or to edit for extended periods.[13] Yet if anyone was a master at transforming compulsion into willed initiative, surely it was Nietzsche. In adopting an aphoristic form borrowed from identifiable predecessors and adapted to his present needs, he made it wholly his own.

Where this process led Nietzsche over the coming years is best captured by *Ecce Homo*'s section on *Dawn*: "My task, to prepare a moment of supreme self-reflection in humanity, a *great noon*, where it can look back and look out, stepping aside

12. Cf. Rohde's letter to Nietzsche of 16 June 1878, *KGB* II:6/2, 896.
13. Janz, *Friedrich Nietzsche*, 2:32.

from the mastery of chance and priest to pose for the first time the question *in its entirety* as to why? what for?—this task necessarily follows from the insight that humanity does *not* take the right road of itself, is absolutely *not* divinely ruled, but rather that precisely within its most sacred value judgments, the instinct of negation, of decay, the instinct of *décadence* has seductively been at work. The question about the descent [*Herkunft*] of moral values is therefore a question of the *first rank* with me, because it determines the future of humanity" (*EH* "Why I Write Such Good Books" D2).[14] Nietzsche's task, Nietzsche's method, is to pose questions, repeatedly and from all sides, with no presuppositions and no reservations. The original epigram to *HAH* (titled "In Place of a Preface") comes from Descartes's *Discourse on Method* and, tellingly, speaks of the outcome of following its method, the method of doubt, in emotional or spiritual terms, as the joyfulness (*Freudigkeit*) that its pursuit entails.

For all of its philosophical and stylistic novelty, however, *Human, All Too Human* is equally a record of assimilation, adaptation, and even mimicry, a shoot grafted upon traditions with which Nietzsche was intimately familiar and in which he was deeply immersing himself at the time of its composition—as Nietzsche himself would concede and as his Preface makes clear. *Mixed Opinions* closes with Aphorism 408, entitled "*The trip to Hades*," and offers us a list of some of his most significant shadow-precursors. "I, too, have been in the underworld, like Odysseus, and will be there yet again; and I have not only sacrificed rams in order to be able to speak with some of the dead, but have not spared my own blood. There were four pairs who did not deny themselves to me, the sacrificer: Epi-

14. One could productively investigate the affinities between Nietzsche's account of human historical development and Darwin's evolutionary theories, as John Richardson has done with impressive precision and thoroughness in *Nietzsche's New Darwinism* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2004).

curus and Montaigne, Goethe and Spinoza, Plato and Rousseau, Pascal and Schopenhauer."[15] Stressing their importance for him, Nietzsche continues: "These are the ones with whom I must come to terms when I have wandered for a long time alone; I will let them judge when I am right and wrong, I will listen to them when they thereby judge one another right and wrong. Whatever I may say, decide upon, think through for myself and others: upon those eight I fix my eyes and see theirs fixed upon me." These figures are more alive than living people, Nietzsche says, alive in their liveliness. "It is a matter of *eternal liveliness*: for what do 'eternal life' and life in general matter!"

As in the Sorrento year of 1876–77, what Nietzsche was reading (or often, having read to him due to his eye problems) mattered as much in 1877–79 as at any period of his life. Books were often his only daily interlocutors, voices who left their marks in his notebooks (hence it is fitting that this volume of the *Collected Works* includes an initial segment of the *HAH Nachlaß* material from the Colli-Montinari edition). Nietzsche's notebooks and letters provide a rich source of information about the sheer range and variety of his reading.[16] Among the most crucial influences were the French aphorists; Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Fontenelle, Vauvenargues, and Chamfort are the ones that he lists in *WS* 214, describing them there as the modern authors closest to the spirit of classical antiquity.[17] But Nietzsche's notebooks show

15. The names on this list, as well as the pairings, are fascinating, doubtless worth an essay in themselves in terms of their specific relation to Nietzsche's thought at this time. This list includes many of the figures most often referred to by Nietzsche in his notebooks of this period. The most surprising inclusion is Rousseau, not someone with whom Nietzsche readily confessed affinity, and the paramount example to many people of the sentimental Romanticism that *HAH* vehemently rejects.

16. See, for instance, 39[8].

17. See Pippen's acute assessment of this relationship, especially chapter 2, "What Is a Gay Science?," with its discussion of Montaigne's place in this intellectual tradition for Nietzsche. Pippen is the first commentator to have given this awareness its due weight for the entirety of Nietzsche's

him also in close conversation with a range of other authors who experimented with their own aphoristic, essayistic, digressive, and fragmented forms: Goethe's *Maxims*, *Campaign in France*, and letters, Schopenhauer's *Parerga and Paralipomena*, Lichtenberg's aphorisms, and Emerson's *Essays* are among the texts to which these notebooks most frequently refer. Also at this time, Nietzsche was doing considerable reading in material-deterministic philosophy, as *Ecce Homo* reports: "from then on, I have actually dealt with nothing but physiology, medicine, and the sciences" (*EH* "Why I Write Such Good Books" HAH3).[18] Thus, *WS* 216 singles out Claude Adrien Helvétius, the French utilitarian philosopher, as the antithesis to all that Nietzsche finds most corrosive in German philosophy, describing him as "in Germany the most abused of all the good moralists and good humans."

Nietzsche was deeply engaged with more traditional academic works as well, reading and annotating such scholars as Friedrich Blass on Greek rhetoric and elocution (summer 1878) and Jacob Burckhardt on Greek cultural history and art (spring and summer 1878), both of whom intensified his sense of the paramount importance of Greek stylistic models.[19] Nietzsche's increasing affinity for nature made him more alert, too, to what he termed the "heroic-idyllic" form of philosophizing that he found best embodied in Epicurus.[20] Of equal

work. As he says, "Nietzsche is much better understood not as a great German metaphysician, or as the last metaphysician of the West, or as the destroyer and culminator of metaphysics, or as very interested in metaphysics or a new theory of nature at all, but as one of the great 'French moralists.' The point is not only that that is how he sees himself but that this is what he is trying 'to do' with his work" (*Nietzsche*, 9). Pippen's argument goes on usefully to deconstruct a number of myths prevalent in Nietzsche reception and criticism, including narrowly deconstructive interpretations of his project.

18. See, in this regard, also Nietzsche's comments about his association with Paul Rée, *EH* "Why I Write Such Good Books" *HAH6*.

19. Cf. Gray's comments on this topic, afterword, *CW* II, 476.

20. Cf. Ansell-Pearson, editor's afterword, *D* 378–80.

importance were Nietzsche's forays into fields that we would now term cultural studies. He read carefully, for instance, the *Manual of Social Science* written by the American author H. C. Carey and various other works on social, literary, and political history and theory.[21]

From one perspective, then, *HAH II* can appear to be simply an appendix to *HAH*, a pair of volumes collecting afterthoughts and leftover observations that had not made the cut for *HAH*. Its Preface describes it in exactly these terms: "a continuation and doubling of a spiritual cure, namely the *anti-romantic* self-treatment that my instinct, which had remained healthy, had itself discovered, itself prescribed for me against a temporary sickness from the most dangerous form of Romanticism" (§2). And, in fact, *HAH II* can be read profitably as a companion volume to its predecessor, an extension and reinforcement of essentially the same "*lesson of health*" and "good will *toward* pessimism (§2)."[22] While some of the material upon which Nietzsche drew for these new texts came from additional notebooks that he kept from 1878–79, many aphorisms also grew from unused entries in the earlier notebooks of 1876–78. As the Colli-Montinari edition reports, Nietzsche filled ten notebooks in the months between May and November 1878; five of these formed the core of the *Mixed Opinions* volume, the remainder focused upon Wagner's art and the Wagner movement in Germany; the latter were intended for a projected work that Nietzsche never wrote, provisionally entitled *Der neue Umblick* ("The New Overview," a title conveying the sense of its author gazing anew at the world surrounding him). No additional notebooks exist from November 1878 to summer 1879, a period when Nietzsche was

21. See, for instance, the list of books, many of them ultimately ordered through his sister, in 39[8].

22. Thus, both *HAH* and *HAH II* have, near their start, strongly parallel criticisms of the traditional methods of European philosophy in *HAH* 2 and *MM* 5, respectively.

increasingly ill and making his final efforts to fulfill his professorial duties. Six new notebooks, dated June–September 1879 and eventually rewritten as a clean copy into two larger notebooks, formed the core of *The Wanderer and His Shadow*. Throughout this entire period, Nietzsche worked closely with his friend and former student Heinrich Köselitz (a musician and composer, living in Venice, who had adopted a professional pseudonym suggested by Nietzsche, Peter Gast). Gast had the difficult task of deciphering Nietzsche's sometimes nearly illegible writing; indeed, Nietzsche laments in a letter to Gast of 5 October 1879 (*KGB* II:5, 450) that he had himself been unable to decipher some twenty "*Gedankenketten* [chains of thoughts]" and thus was forced to exclude them from the final text. Nietzsche credited Gast with significant contributions to the completed manuscripts, and Janz describes him as Nietzsche's "empathetic collaborator and not only editor or proofreader."[23]

HAH II is self-evidently less structured than *HAH*, doubtless because Nietzsche simply lacked the time and stamina to organize his aphorisms fully prior to publication. Neither *Mixed Opinions and Maxims* nor *The Wanderer and His Shadow*, for instance, has the division into topical chapters that gave thematic structure to *HAH*; both parts present what can at times seem to be a fairly random mix of maxims and aphorisms — or, as the title of the first book chose to put it, opinions. In portions of these texts, threads do link certain sequences of aphorisms; in other places, the assortment can seem highly miscellaneous and unordered. The first title, however, conveys something intrinsic to Nietzsche's method in its juxtaposition of the implicit universalism of the epigrammatic maxim (beloved by his French predecessors) and Nietzsche's unremitting commitment to change and becoming, manifested in the flux of opinions. His aphoristic style, broken and fragmented by intent and not solely by compulsion, stands as a conscious repudiation of and alternative to the Wagnerian *Gesamtkunstwerk* and simplistic Romantic

23. Janz, *Friedrich Nietzsche*, 2:32.

notions of organic wholeness. Assimilative and accretive—but without ever being fully synthetic—it draws upon and experiments with other literary forms as well, such as the parable, the fable and the dialogue.

At the same time, there is a striking parallelism of theme and even of structure between *HAH II* and *HAH*. Nietzsche continues to use many of the same analytical categories and terms, he deals with many of the same topics, and large sections of the *MM* and *WS* manuscripts could in fact have been organized into chapters.[24] Moreover, the titles for such chapters might easily have corresponded to the ones used in *HAH*: metaphysics, morality and community, religion (especially Christianity), art (especially music), style, society, politics, and culture are recurrent concerns, and these topics are laid out across both *MM* and *WS* in roughly the same sequence as in the chapters of *HAH*.[25] Reaching across the individual segments or sequences, characteristic concerns tend to recur, cross-stitching specific themes into the fabric of the whole: style as a moral phenomenon, which matters as much for philosophy and religion as for literature and art; the constitutive metaphoricity of language, which has its impact across all spheres of human existence; the political ramifications of aesthetics and the aesthetic ramifications of politics; the social, political, religious, philosophical, and legal intertwining of phenomena such as guilt and punishment.

Above all, what we find at the center of *HAH II* is a continuation of Nietzsche's persistent focus upon origins; we find, that

24. Several possible schemas for such chapter organization can be found in the notebooks, for instance 30[53], 30[166], and 40[16].

25. Thus, *WS* has relatively coherent subunits dealing with: metaphysics (aphorisms 1–17), morality and justice (18–71), religion (72–86), style (87–147), and music (148–69) in its first half. The remaining aphorisms are more mixed, dealing broadly with cultural issues of various kinds, but with strands on specific topics such as youth and age (265–69), gender (270–74), politics and economics (275–294), etc. A similar rough pattern can be found in *MM* as well.

is, the origins of Nietzsche's own genealogical method. Michel Foucault has astutely noted the importance of *HAH* in this regard, treating the topic with philological and philosophical brilliance in "Nietzsche, Genealogy, History." There, he draws upon Nietzsche's work to clarify the distinction Foucault himself wants to make between two distinct modes of pursuing historical investigations.[26] As Foucault rightly notes, Nietzsche does not yet at this early period always distinguish sharply among the key terms that he employs to describe different ways of coming at history. While noting that other terms are also in play, Foucault stresses the contrast he sees between *Ursprung* ("origin" in the sense of a primal source), on one side, and *Herkunft* ("origin" in both a looser sense of where things come from and in a more specific sense of descent or antecedents) and *Entstehung* ("origin" in the sense of emergence, or literally, standing forth from), on the other. And he sees in Nietzsche's works, starting at the time of *Human, All Too Human*, an ongoing critique of the illusory faith that human beings have in origins as privileged sources of values, which manifests itself both in the ironic or critical usage of *Ursprung*, and in its replacement, when used in a more positive, analytical sense, by the term *Herkunft* or *Entstehung*. What the latter terms point toward is this realization: "If the genealogist refuses to extend his faith in metaphysics, if he listens to history, he finds that there is 'something altogether different' behind things: not a timeless and essential secret, but the secret that they have no essence or that their essence was fabricated in a piecemeal fashion from alien forms."[27] Origins are composites, without essential coherence or clearly articulated purpose, except inso-

26. Michel Foucault, "Nietzsche, Genealogy, History," trans. Donald F. Brouchard and Sherry Simon, in *Essential Works of Foucault 1954–1984. Volume 2: Aesthetics, Method, and Epistemology*, ed. James D. Faubion (New York: The New Press, 1998), 369–91. *HAH* and *HAH II* can thus usefully be considered as deriving from the third *Unfashionable Observations* essay, "On the Utility and Liability of History for Life" (*CW* 2).

27. Foucault, "Nietzsche, Genealogy, History," 371.

far as the sense of there being such coherence or purpose gets imposed by the retrospective imagination of human beings. Hence, the past does not have the sacrosanct priority that Edmund Burke and a whole succeeding line of antirevolutionary conservatives sought to give it over the present. But genealogy in this Foucaultian sense is also an active rejection of teleology and, in particular, of the liberal Enlightenment faith in progress and the infinite perfectibility of human affairs. As a historical method, it will, Foucault says, "cultivate the details and accidents that accompany every beginning; it will be scrupulously attentive to their petty malice; it will await their emergence, once unmasked, in the face of the other. . . . The genealogist needs history to dispel the chimeras of the origin . . ."[28] Therefore, "As it is wrong to search for descent in an uninterrupted continuity, we should avoid thinking of emergence as the final term of a historical development; the eye was not always intended for contemplation, and punishment has had other purposes than setting an example."[29] What predominates in history is metamorphosis and becoming; the perplexing problem for philosophers is the persistent, almost ineradicable human tendency to avoid recognition of that fact, our curious, all-too-human evasions of what is.

From this method, Nietzsche produces, for instance, an account of justice that sees it predominantly in terms of establishing or reestablishing equity and balance (*WS* 22, 32, 34), ultimately more a matter of quantitative neutralization than of moral or utilitarian calculation. He frequently juxtaposes incompatibles, pointing out how business practices and criminality have a great deal in common, how justice cannot be

28. Ibid., 373.

29. Ibid., 376. Foucault moves on from here to his own distinctive analysis of genealogy (376ff.) as disclosing to the attentive reader of the past "the endlessly repeated play of dominations" (377). On the evolution of the eye, see Darwin's interestingly parallel analysis in the section entitled "Organs of Extreme Perfection and Complication" in chapter 6 ("Difficulties on Theory") of *The Origin of Species.*

divorced from self-interest, how truth and error are aligned. Even though Nietzsche's famed formula for this process has not yet emerged, his thinking is already pressing beyond the moral mind-set of good versus evil. In doing so, he probes moral phenomena with a method of point and counterpoint, voice and countervoice, that will characterize all of his work to come.

In *HAH II*, we can see anticipations of many of Nietzsche's later concepts, emergent ideas that come to fuller expression in his later works. One of the key concepts for this text is that of the free spirit. Already evoked in the subtitle of *HAH*, the first edition of which had been dedicated to Voltaire, "the greatest liberator of the human spirit," the notion of freedom of spirit (or of mind) was Nietzsche's human, all-too-human formulation of the essence of his aspiration, his best definition at this time of the destination of his "task." In the Preface to *HAH II*, that freedom is identified with the condition of health that arises from shedding the skin of Romantic pessimism. "From [this volume] there speaks a pessimist who has often enough gone forth from his own skin, but always returned inside it once again . . . a spirit who understands the serpent's cleverness *in changing its skin*" (*HAH II* P2). Significantly, the idea of the free spirit emerges most explicitly in *HAH II* amid Nietzsche's reflections upon Greek art (*MM* 218–24), in the midst of a series of reflections upon literary *style*. There Nietzsche praises the classical Greeks for the clarity, purity and lucidity of their prose, describing this as a difficult attainment, "a laboring and struggling from darkness, extravagance and tastelessness out into the light that makes us recall the toil of the heroes who had to build the first pathways through forests and swamps. . . . It was not considered at all easy to say something quite purely and lucidly; where else did the great admiration for the epigram of Simonides come from, which presents itself so simply, without gilded points, without the arabesques of wit—but it says what it has to say clearly and with the calmness of the sun, not straining after effects like the lightning bolt. . . . Simplicity, suppleness, sobriety

were *wrung out* of the hereditary popular disposition, not given to it" (*MM* 219).

The subsequent aphorism defines and praises what is "*truly pagan*" about Greek culture. "They took what is all too human to be inevitable and preferred, instead of reviling it, to give it a sort of second-order right by finding a place for it among the customs of society and religious cults; indeed, they termed everything in human beings that has *power* divine and wrote it on the walls of their heaven." They displayed, in short, "the most comprehensive regard for *the reality of everything human*." Nietzsche goes on to ask about the point of emergence of this capacity. "Where did the Greeks get this freedom, this sense for what is real? Perhaps from Homer and from the poets before him; for it is precisely the poets, whose own natures tend not to be the fairest and wisest, who instead possess that pleasure in *every kind* of real and effective thing and who do not wish completely to deny even evil" (*MM* 220). Freedom as *the sense for what is real*, along with the ability to articulate that awareness without self-delusion and without self-contempt, in language of a deceptively hard-sought simplicity—that was the quality Nietzsche sought to absorb from the Greeks through proximity to them and detachment from the very un-Hellenic world around him. A sense for the real in its immediacy, but also, equally, a sense for the reality and persistence of the history that lies behind that immediacy. For as the title of *MM* 222 (which speaks of the origins of the gods) says, "*The simple is neither the first in time, nor the last.*"

Such freedom of spirit, for Nietzsche, is less a matter of inner, Cartesian self-reflection and more an experience of voyaging outward. "Immediate self-observation is far from sufficient for getting to know ourselves: we need history, for the past flows on, through us, in a hundred waves; indeed, we are ourselves nothing except what we experience at every moment of this onward flow. And even here, if we want to descend into the river of what seems to be our most individual and personal nature, the saying of Heraclitus holds true: we do not step into

the same river twice." Hence, "we must *travel*, as the patriarch Herodotus traveled, to other nations—these are, in fact, only the solidified earlier *stages of cultures*, on which we can *place* ourselves" (*MM* 223, the title of which is "*Where we must travel*"). For this intellectual wanderer, "self-knowledge becomes knowledge of everything, with regard to the entire past: just as, according to a different chain of observations only hinted at here, self-determination and self-education could in the freest and most far-sighted spirits become the determination of everything, with regard to all future humanity" (*MM* 223). *MM* goes on to contend that the turn to Christianity that follows this era of Hellenic free-spiritedness, antithetical though it seems to the spirit of antiquity as Nietzsche sees it, is nonetheless a mode of its preservation (not to say salvation). Although "*poison*" to "young, vigorous barbarian peoples" (such as the ancient Germans), Christianity kept antiquity from full destruction. "Against its own will, Christianity had to help make the 'world' of antiquity immortal" (*MM* 224).

Sun and shadow go together, so the shadowy other side of things, even of freedom, is the wanderer's necessary accompaniment. Already in his notebooks of this time, Nietzsche notes the confounding linkages so central to his later thought—between freedom and power, or between freedom and necessity. In July 1879 he noted to himself, "We strive for independence (freedom) for the sake of *power*, not the reverse" (41[3]). Freedom is for him a matter of strength more than anything else; again here we see Nietzsche's frequent recourse to quantitative criteria for evaluation. "This form of freedom of the will, which we praise in [someone of strong will], is *firmness* and *strength* of willing, along with experience and weakness of imagination, likewise mastery or desire for mastery and self-confidence. We speak of *freedom* because this is *generally* connected to strength and mastery" (42[25]). Here lie the origins not just of individual personality, but of society. "The strong individual originally [*ursprünglich*] treated not only nature, but also society and weaker individuals as objects of

plunder: he uses them up as much as he can and then moves on. . . . His expression of power [*Macht*] is at the same time an expression of revenge against his painful and fearful circumstances [against reality or necessity, we might say]. . . . He soon notices that what sustains him or causes his downfall is not what he *is*, but instead what he *is considered to be*: here is the origin [*Ursprung*] of *vanity*" (*WS* 181). And from vanity flows most of what we understand as human society.

As Christianity and the world of antiquity oppose each other and, in doing so, recombine into something different from either, so, too, with the free spirit and its opposite, necessity (or seen through a more human lens, fate). The belief in fate is, for Nietzsche, the essential outcome of the scientific sensibility characteristic of the modern age. "You *have* to believe in fate—science can force you to do so. What then grows out of this belief for you—cowardice and resignation or grandeur and sincerity—that bears witness to the soil in which that seed has been spread; but not to the seed itself, for it can turn into anything and everything" (*MM* 363). This counterpointing of contraries, this ability to perceive opposites in what is seemingly the same and to recognize their interdependence, is already the essence of Nietzsche's method even at this very early moment in his mature work.

Throughout both volumes of *HAH*, there runs alongside Nietzsche's concern for self-realization of the individual an equivalent and interconnected concern for the nature of society, for no individual ever lives alone—to understand Nietzsche simply as a radical individualist would be to mistake him utterly. Persisting from the time of the *Unfashionable Observations*, then, is an ongoing interest in the nature and workings of culture, of that resonant German concept of *Bildung*—at once culture and cultivation, education and training, forming and shaping, picture and image. *Bildung* is linked for Nietzsche to the growth of civilization, the often unnatural harnessing of human energies for collective and long-term ends. Throughout *The Wanderer and His Shadow*, Nietzsche seeks to appropriate

the idea of culture to his ends by characteristically giving it a French or Latinate spelling, not the German *Kultur*, but *Cultur*. Culture, too, is for Nietzsche fundamentally a matter of style, of the literacy and literature of a given society or nation reaching its maximum perfection, which, though it necessarily grows out of a given people or society, nonetheless exists apart from it. "*Classic writers* are not the *planters* of intellectual and literary virtues, but rather their *perfecters* and highest points of light, which remain standing over peoples even when these have perished: for they are lighter, freer, purer than those peoples. It is possible to have a higher state of humanity where the Europe of peoples is a dark oblivion, but where Europe still *lives on* in thirty very old, never antiquated books: in the classics" (*WS* 125). *HAH* evokes repeatedly the image of a transnational, European culture, one that could leave the limitations and prejudices of individual nations behind. Even Germans, Nietzsche imagines, stretching his credulity to its limit, might manage somehow to be part of this emergent culture, provided Germans would get over their habits of writing badly (*WS* 87, 95), dressing badly (*WS* 91), and thinking badly (*WS* 123, where Schiller serves as Nietzsche's model of this defect).

Nietzsche sees the development of this capacity for refined culture as an intrinsically and cumulative physiological process, as he indicates in returning once again to his favorite example, the Greeks.[30] "The culture of the Greeks is one of well-off people, and indeed, of people who have been well off for a long time: they had lived through a few centuries *better* than we have (better in every sense, especially much more simply in food and drink): in the end, their brains became so full and so

30. On the relationship of physiology, freedom and evolution in Nietzsche, see Richardson, *Nietzsche's New Darwinism*, especially chapter 2, section 4, "Superhuman Values, by Social Selection (Freedom)," 95–103, and chapter 3, section 4, "Lessons from This Genealogy: Whether/How We Progress," 161–71.

refined, their blood flowed so quickly, like a joyful, brilliant wine, that what was good, what was best about them no longer emerged in a gloomy, ecstatic and violent way, but instead in a beautiful, sunny way" (*WS* 184). Physiological at its core, the long process of cultivating a given people also depends greatly upon geographical and meteorological conditions. "Different cultures," he later notes, "are different spiritual climates, each of which is particularly harmful or healthy for this or that organism. . . . To live at present within a single culture does not suffice as a general prescription; under these conditions, too many highly useful sorts of human beings would die out, those who cannot breathe healthily in it. We must use history to try to give them *air* and to sustain them; even the human beings of backward cultures have their value" (*WS* 188).

The development of culture is for Nietzsche an organic process, one where earlier stages or steps leave their traces, along with the possibility of their reemergence; this is part of what keeps the "progress" of civilization from being a unidirectional process. Hence the instructiveness of crime. "All criminals force society back toward earlier stages of culture than the one upon which it presently stands: they produce a development in reverse." From this follows Nietzsche's insistent aversion to punishment. "[F]inally ask yourself whether the judges themselves and punishment and the entire legal process don't have more of an oppressive than an elevating effect upon noncriminals; the effort to wrap self-defense and revenge in the garments of innocence will never succeed; and every time that we use and sacrifice a human as a means to the ends of society, all higher humanity will mourn our having done so" (*WS* 186). Rather than toward the rebalancings of retributive justice, we need to look elsewhere to find a productive future for humanity.

As Nietzsche feels that in *HAH* he discovered his own task, so he began there to envisage the task that he imagined humanity as a whole might pursue, a task that he depicted in one of the most metaphorical of its aphorisms, *WS* 189.

> What you, with the shortsightedness of old age, fear to be the overpopulation of the earth gives into the hands of those who are more hopeful a great task: humanity should at some point become a tree that overshadows the entire earth, with many billions of blossoms that should all become fruits, one beside the other, and the earth itself should be made ready to nourish this tree. That the start of this, though *still small*, is increasing in sap and in energy, that the sap for nourishing the whole and the individual is streaming through countless channels—from these and from similar tasks we can take the *measure* of whether a present-day human is useful or useless. The task is unspeakably great and audacious: we should all wish to contribute to keeping the tree from decaying before its time! Those who are historically minded can readily succeed in keeping their eyes upon the place of human nature and activity within the totality of time, just as the nature of ants with their artificially piled-up anthills stands before all of our eyes. Judging superficially, we might speak of the "instinct" of all of humanity just as we do in relation to antdom. Examining things more rigorously, we perceive how entire peoples, entire centuries labor to discover and *to test* new means with which they could benefit a great human totality and, in the end, the great collective fruit tree of humanity; and whatever damage individuals, peoples and ages may suffer during this testing, each time the damage renders some individuals *more intelligent*, and this intelligence flows slowly from them across the practices of entire peoples and entire ages. Even ants make mistakes and go about things in the wrong way; humanity can certainly be spoiled and wither away before its time due to the foolishness of its means; there is no guaranteed directive instinct for one or the other. We must instead *look directly at* the great task of *preparing* the earth for a growth in the greatest and happiest fertility—a task of reason, and for reason!

One could simply read this elaborate (perhaps overly elaborate) metaphor for its content and see in Nietzsche traces of

naive Romantic organicism. Yet the layering of different metaphors or analogies in this and other metaphors produces the effect of a mobility of thought, where the potential grandiosity of Nietzsche's conception is self-consciously counterbalanced through the comparison of humans to ants.

The turn on this turn from individual human being to the culture of all humanity is a re-turn yet again, this time to nature. Along with so much else, *HAH II*, like its predecessor volume, is at moments a hymn of praise to nature . . . the aspect of Romanticism from which Nietzsche never sought to separate himself. For he found his own rediscovered health of spirit (if not yet, or ever truly, of body) in hiking amid the mountains and gazing at the sea, in Sorrento and St. Moritz and Rosenlauibad. We find in *HAH II* a recurrent concern with nature, inanimate and animate alike. First, because proximity to nature provides a route to happiness: "We ought to still be as close to the flowers, grasses and butterflies as a child who does not yet reach very far above them. We older people, by contrast, have grown beyond them and have to stoop down to them; I think that the grasses *hate* us if we confess our love for them.—Anyone who wants to have a share of *all* good things must also understand how, at times, to be small" (*WS* 51). But nature has value also because of how, in a way at once revealing and deceptive, it echoes us:

> There are many places in nature where we discover ourselves once again, with a pleasing sense of horror; it is the most beautiful *doppelgängerei*.—How happy anyone must be able to be, who has that feeling right here in this constantly sunny October air, in this mischievously happy play of breezes from early in the day until evening, in this purest brightness and most temperate coolness, in the completely charming and serious character of the hills, lakes and forests of this plateau, which has fearlessly set itself alongside the terrors of eternal snow, here, where Italy and Finland have come together in union, in a place that seems to be home to all the silvery tints of nature:—how happy is he who

> can say: "There is certainly much that is greater and more beautiful in nature, but *this* I find to be intimate and familiar to me, related by blood, indeed, even more than that." (*WS* 338)[31]

Our relations with nature, though, also assist our understanding by betraying the origins and persisting flaws of our morality. "We can still observe the emergence of morality in our behavior toward animals. Where utility and harm do *not* come into question, we have a feeling of complete irresponsibility; we kill and injure insects, for example, or allow them to live and generally think nothing at all about it. . . . If animals do any harm to us, however, we strive in every possible way to *annihilate* them; the means are often cruel enough without us really intending this: it is the cruelty of thoughtlessness. If they are useful, then we *exploit* them: until a more refined shrewdness teaches us that certain animals pay rich rewards for a different sort of treatment, that is, caring for and breeding them. There, for the first time, is where responsibility comes into being." And, as this aphorism sardonically concludes, "Christianity, as everyone knows, has proven itself to be a poor and retrograde religion on this point" (*WS* 57). Conceiving ourselves in relation to nature, however, requires yet another Nietzschean turn. "We speak of nature and, in doing so, forget ourselves: we ourselves are nature, *quand même*—. Hence nature is something completely different from what we feel in speaking its name" (*WS* 327). The background counterpoint for Nietzsche's experience of breakdown and breakthrough is provided by the nature poetry that surfaces again and again in *HAH*, nurtured by the lengthy, solitary walks in the woods and mountains that he took as a crucial piece of his self-therapy.

A newly created form is likely to require newly adapted readers, as Nietzsche was soon to note in contemplating the lack of

31. Nietzsche's *angenehmen Grausen*, pleasurable horror, is altogether characteristic of his manner of thought.

public response (and sales) that these new works of his encountered. There were some reviews, to be sure, often hostile ones, and there was the occasional devoted enthusiast among the few who read these books. But these new works caused nothing like the same consternation among friends and foes that *HAH* had elicited; the primary reaction was apparent indifference. Nietzsche and his publisher alike had to be disappointed by the pace of sales and the scale of response, one reason that so many unsold copies of *MM* and *WS* remained to be rebound later by Fritzsch as *HAH II*. Even friends' reactions to both books on their first appearance was hard to assess in any overall way; as the Colli-Montinari edition puts it, "The recipients [of copies of *MM* sent by Schmeitzner to Nietzsche's friends] reacted in varied ways."[32] Some, such as Jacob Burckhardt, were enthusiastic; many had reservations about particular aphorisms or about the project altogether. Erwin Rohde, one of Nietzsche's oldest of friends, wrote to Franz Overbeck that the idea of the free spirit was "an astonishing, purely negative, unfruitful concept," and that one could easily lose faith in a spirit that "with such virtuosity can adopt every possible standpoint at its pleasure and that praises itself for what those like us feel to be a lack."[33] At the same time, he found the new volume to be less dogmatically attached to this concept, less inclined to veer from Wagnerian infatuation to Réean infatuation. Nietzsche's Wagnerian friends, by contrast, were more consistent in their responses, vehemently disappointed by this new confirmation of his aggressively anti-Romantic path.

Reaction to *WS* upon its publication later that same year (copies reached his friends in December 1879) was similarly muted. The most gratifying response, however, likely came from Erwin Rohde, who said, "The conclusion of your book tears through one's soul; still gentler chords should and must come after this ruptured disharmony" (*KGB* II:6/2, 1247–48).

32. *KSA* 15, 100.
33. *KSA* 15, 102.

To which Nietzsche responded on 28 December, "Rarely has it gone so well for me [as in receiving your letter]: usually for me the personal end-result of a book was that a friend, feeling offended, abandoned me (as my shadow does). I know the feeling of friendless isolation quite well, the splendid attestation of your loyalty has completely shaken me" (*KGB* II:5, 474).

For his contemporaries, and still for us today, Nietzsche's essayistic aphorisms require particular reading skills and particular modes of attention. While there may not be any single right way to read *Human, All Too Human*, there are surely wrong ones, the worst of which would be simply to read the work too quickly or even too steadily. Pace, that is, is critical. To read, to pause, to reflect— that is the mode of assimilation required for a text where the blank spaces, the often idiosyncratic punctuation, and the wordplay are all doing significant amounts of work. These essayistic aphorisms are best read much as they were written, in snatches, as short, staccato bursts of thought. Equally misguided would be attempting to read the works without attempting to *hear* them, to read them with a tin ear. *Human, All Too Human* is a work that relies heavily upon the active memory of its reader, not simply upon the immediately visible coherencies of any single page— a memory not just for ideas, but for words and for the etymologies of words. Philosophy for Nietzsche is always a matter of linguistic and genealogical discrimination, a liveliness of mind that can hear echoes and can thereby attain an attunement of sensibilities— for a time. It is, in short, all too human: temporary, provisional, in process.[34]

This volume of the *CW* includes as well Nietzsche's notebooks from 1878–79. While akin to the published versions in their open-ended, experimental nature, these notes offer very

34. See Pippen's alert comments on the importance of (literary) style and methods for Nietzsche, 64, 69, 90, and elsewhere. As he says on p. 70, "an independent book on Nietzsche's style" is "a book we still need."

different problems of reading and interpretation. At times fragmentary, preliminary, and unrefined, they can be highly illuminating in comparison with the ultimately published forms into which they were revised. The notebooks were clearly for Nietzsche a testing ground for his judgments; as a result, individual notes were incorporated in quite varying ways into the final text—sometimes largely unchanged, but often substantially expanded and sometimes so thoroughly revised as to be almost unrecognizable. As Richard Gray has noted, one sees in these notebooks Nietzsche's ongoing struggle as writer to find an adequate form for expression of his consciously idiosyncratic way of philosophical thought. The creative process for *Human, All Too Human* is thus much like the one Gray describes for the period of Nietzsche's *Unfashionable Observations*: "The ideas that emerge in the unpublished writings, although they appear in transmogrified form, in many ways shape and focus the cultural critiques voiced in the *Unfashionable Observations*."[35] As Gray has also noted, however, the tone in which the notebook entries is presented often differs markedly from that selected for the published versions of Nietzsche's ideas—"more critical and skeptical," Gray concludes, and often more specific and pointed as well.

Thus, the "artist" described in general terms in *Human, All Too Human* often turns out to refer in the notebook entries specifically to Richard Wagner, for example, where Nietzsche's comments can be scathing: "I have thereby drawn the lot of the idealists who have been offended by the object of which they have made so much—an ideal monster: the real Wagner shrivels up" (30[67]).[36] "Listen to the second act of the *Götterdämmerung without* drama: it is muddled

35. Gray, afterword, *CW* II, 489.

36. Various notes from throughout Notebook 30 represent a series of attempts by Nietzsche to clarify for the purposes of a preface to *WS* his relationship with Wagner and with Wagner's art.

music, wild as a bad dream and as terribly clear as if it wanted to be clear even to deaf people. This *speaking, without saying anything*: is alarming. . . . Is it *praise* to say that this music is, by itself, unbearable *as a whole*?" (30[111]). But one sees there, too, Nietzsche's attempt at integrity and balance: "The *highest task in the* **end**, to *thank* Wagner and Schopenhauer publicly and at the same time to make them take sides against themselves" (30[85]). And even self-critique: "Insight into the *injustice of idealism*, in that I revenged myself on Wagner for my deceived expectations" (30[114]). This trait, seeing the general through particulars, through personal and experiential particulars, is a key part of what gives Nietzsche's philosophy its fundamentally literary character.

In a number of ways, the return to the title of Nietzsche's previous book is apt for this volume, a sign at once of both the modesty and the immodesty of his project, his task. Human beings, these aphorisms and mini-essays continue to remind us, are only human, and we would be far better off shaking our recurrent illusion that we are divine, along with the equally recurrent illusion that we are simply bestial. Much unnecessary suffering results from either mistake, in a life filled with more than enough suffering already. But they are at the same time *thoroughly* human, of a kind unlike anything that has inhabited the earth before them, partaking (among other things) of a sort of species-being that is quite remarkable and rich with potential. Standing on the foundation of that thought, we might actually begin to recognize the new dawn and the joyful science that lie before us—as one possibility among others.

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